SPORT

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

NOW 35¢

JANUARY

DON DRYSDALE: ANATOMY OF A CLUTCH PITCHER

Pride and Pain In Pro Football "You Play with Small Hurts"

BY JOHNNY KEANE: HOW THE YANKEES CAN COME BACK

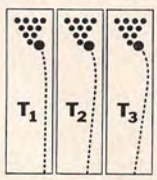
o Scouts' ketball merica

LEY JOHNSON
ouis Cardinals

THE RISE OF CHARLEY JOHNSON

what to get for "old hard-to-get-for"

You just slip a Brunswick Bowler's Gift Certificate into his Christmas sock. They start at $4.95. Then he can pick whatever piece of Brunswick bowling equipment that strikes his fancy. May we suggest our Trac-Master. Even if he already has a ball, he'll appreciate a Trac-Master. It's the only bowling ball with a choice of 3 hooking potentials.



Or, he can choose a new bowling bag, or a new pair of professional bowling shoes. What's that? He's a she? No problem. Brunswick makes bowling balls, bags and shoes for the gals, too. Very smart equipment, sensibly priced. Merry Christmas.

Brunswick

THE NO. 1 NAME IN BOWLING

SEE YOUR PRO DEALER

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution • **417 South Dearborn, Dept. 49-051, Chicago, Illinois 60605**

Please send me, without cost or obligation, FREE booklet and full information on the field I have checked below:

ACCOUNTING
- ☐ Complete Accounting with CPA Training
- ☐ General Accounting
- ☐ Income Tax
- ☐ Accounting Fundamentals
- ☐ Auditing
- ☐ Controllership
- ☐ CPA Training
- ☐ Modern Bookkeeping

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- ☐ Complete Business Management
- ☐ Credit and Collections
- ☐ Office Management
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Business Correspondence

LAW COURSES
- ☐ Bachelor of Laws Degree
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Insurance Law
- ☐ Claim Adjusting Law
- ☐ Law for Police Officers
- ☐ Law for Trust Officers

SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ Sales Management
- ☐ Complete Sales Training

DRAFTING
- ☐ Basic Drafting
- ☐ Aeronautical Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

REAL ESTATE
- ☐ Complete Real Estate
- ☐ Real Estate Brokerage
- ☐ Real Estate Management
- ☐ Real Estate Sales

TRAFFIC AND TRANSPORTATION
- ☐ Complete Traffic Mgt.
- ☐ Transportation Law
- ☐ Rates and Tariffs
- ☐ Agency and Services
- ☐ Motor Truck Traffic

STENOTYPE
- ☐ Machine Shorthand

TECHNICAL COURSES
- ☐ Mechanical Refrigeration
- ☐ Air Conditioning, Refrigeration and Heating
- ☐ Diesel

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Diploma

CAREERS FOR WOMEN
- ☐ Interior Decorator
- ☐ Dental Assistant
- ☐ Secretarial
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Real Estate

Name.....Age.....

Address.....County.....

City & State.....Zip No.....

Occupation..... Working Hours....A.M.....P.M.

322

If you had mailed this coupon a year ago, your salary could be way up too!

WHY NOT MAIL IT TODAY?

Look at these enthusiastic letters. Have you ever seen anything like them? There are hundreds and hundreds more that pour in from LaSalle students week after week, month after month, year after year.

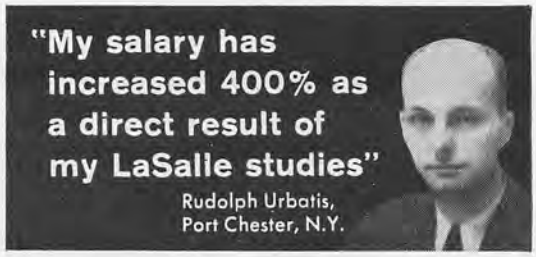
Do you know that many graduates attribute their increases in income largely to their LaSalle training?

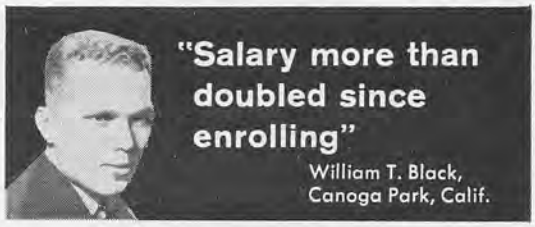
All LaSalle students have one ambition in common—to get out of the ranks of the untrained and earn big money, prestige and security in a key job. Isn't that your goal too?

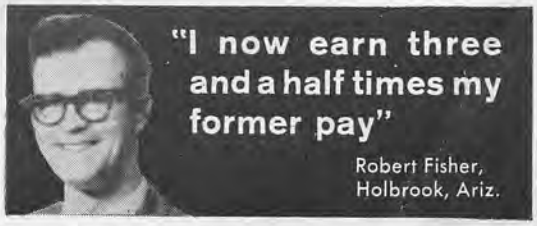
Without interfering with your present work—and by devoting only a little of your spare time—you too can prepare rapidly for advancement in the field of your choice through LaSalle home study. The cost is surprisingly low.

LaSalle has been an acknowledged leader in home education for more than half a century. It has provided training in business, high school, and technical subjects to more than 1,000,000 ambitious men and women. Its distinguished faculty includes some of the country's most outstanding authorities. That is why your LaSalle diploma is a credential recognized and respected everywhere.

Check the subject you are interested in—then send the coupon above for FREE booklet. No obligation.







LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution • **417 S. Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60605**

SPORT

JANUARY, 1966 VOL. 41, NO. 1

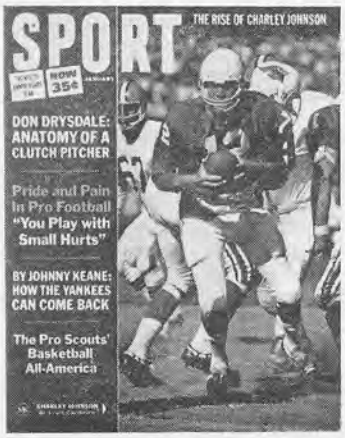
SPORT

AL SILVERMAN
Editor

STEVE GELMAN Managing Editor
AL BURGER Art Director
BERRY STAINBACK Assistant Managing Editor
FRED KATZ Associate Editor
RON RAPOPORT Associate Editor
ANGELA TAN Art Assistant
DALE SHAW Outdoors Editor
MARTIN BLUMENTHAL Staff Photographer

THE LINEUP FOR JANUARY:

8 HOW THE YANKEES CAN COME BACK.....Johnny Keane
10 THEY ALL LOVE BOB HAYES' FLASH.....Gary Cartwright
14 THE PRO SCOUTS' BASKETBALL ALL-AMERICA.....Jerry Krause
THE SPECIALIST IN PRO FOOTBALL, NO. 16
18 DON CHANDLER, KICKER.....Joe Falls
20 DON DRYSDALE: ANATOMY OF A CLUTCH PITCHER.....Arnold Hano
24 THE FRUSTRATION OF THE NEGRO ATHLETE.....Myron Cope
26 "STRONG LEGS RUN THAT WEAK LEGS MAY WALK" Photos by Charles Doherty
30 HOCKEY'S HAPPY HEAVY.....Stan Fischler
32 "NOW THAT I'M HERE, WHERE AM I?".....Bill Libby
38 THE HUNGER OF WILLIS REED.....Phil Pepe
40 HOW YAZ SHOOK HIMSELF UP.....Al Hirshberg
"YOU PLAY WITH SMALL HURTS" . . .
43 PRIDE AND PAIN IN PRO FOOTBALL.....Dave Anderson
46 A PORTFOLIO OF FOOTBALL SUFFERING...Paintings and Text by Ernie Barnes
52 BROOKS ROBINSON'S LOG OF A STRETCH RUN TO NOWHERE..Brooks Robinson


SPORT
THE RISE OF CHARLEY JOHNSON
NOW 35¢
DON DRYSDALE: ANATOMY OF A CLUTCH PITCHER
Pride and Pain In Pro Football "You Play with Small Hurts"
BY JOHNNY KEANE: HOW THE YANKEES CAN COME BACK
The Pro Scouts' Basketball All-America

COVER—
CHARLEY JOHNSON
by Malcolm Emmons

THE SPORT SPECIAL:

56 THE RISE OF CHARLEY JOHNSON.....John Devaney

THE SPORT BONUS REPORT:

36 TEENAGE ATHLETE OF THE MONTH: "A TOUGH LITTLE SQUIRT" Mickey Herskowitz
37 TALK TO THE STARS
37 INSIDE FACTS.....Allan Roth

AND ALSO:

4 LETTERS TO SPORT
4 NEXT MONTH IN SPORT
6 SPORT TALK
62 KOUFAX WINS ANOTHER CORVETTE
66 THE SPORT QUIZ
GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORT
70 JERSEY JOE'S LAST CHANCE
BY MAURICE RICHARD
78 INSIDE HOCKEY
84 TIME OUT WITH THE EDITORS

COLOR:

13 BOB HAYES
20 DON DRYSDALE
48, 49 PAINTINGS BY ERNIE BARNES
53 BROOKS ROBINSON
56 CHARLEY JOHNSON

SPORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, New York, N. Y.

EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Gerald A. Bartell, Chairman of the Board and Publisher; Lee B. Bartell, President and Treasurer; Frederick A. Klein, Executive Vice President and Associate Publisher-General Manager; Melvin M. Bartell, Vice President-Secretary; Macfadden Publications, Inc.; Sol N. Himmelman, Vice President-Circulation; Jack J. Podell, Vice President-Editorial; Lloyd C. Jamieson, Director of Advertising and Marketing. Advertising offices also at 221 No. LaSalle Street, Chicago; and 711 South Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: U. S. & Possessions, one year, $4.00; two years, $7.00; three years, $10.00. In Canada, $6.00 per year. All other countries, $7.00 per year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Eight weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish a stencil impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old as well as your new address. Write to SPORT, Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017.

MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage and will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury. **FOREIGN** editions handled through International Division of Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Gerald A. Bartell, President; Sol Himmelman, Sales Director.

ENTERED as Second Class Matter July 25, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y., and other Post Offices. Authorized as Second Class Mail, P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.
© 1965 by Macfadden-Bartell Corporation. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun la Convencion Panamericana de propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. by Art Color Printing Co.

February SPORT on sale January 13

How to CRACK the education barrier

Is there an "education barrier" between you and promotion? Are young college graduates being brought in to fill positions above you?

You can break down that barrier . . . gain real security, responsibility, prestige . . . *surprise fellow employees and win their respect.* You can match yourself against the smartest of the college boys and come out a WINNER. Here's how!

AN HOUR A DAY THE I.C.S. WAY!

If you can spare an hour a day, if you have the determination to make good, if you're willing to invest pennies now for dollars later on—then I.C.S. can help you. You can be a man or woman, young or old, skilled or unskilled. So long as you can understand simple language and illustrated training manuals, you need have no doubts. The I.C.S. hour-a-day plan is SUCCESS-PROVED. You learn while you earn—anywhere, any time.

Just pick the subject you want!

Only I.C.S. offers you such a wide range of subjects to choose from. Drafting. Engineering. Television. Aeronautics. Business. High School. 249 courses in all. *I.C.S. is the oldest, largest home-study school. It is also the best known in business and industry.*

Free catalog plus free booklets!

When you mail the coupon below, you get a complete booklet on the subject you check with information about employment opportunities, training requirements, etc. And you get "How to Succeed"—36 pages of valuable tips on winning recognition, pay raises, success. Also, a free sample lesson in basic mathematics.

Clip coupon here—and take your first big step to real success! I.C.S., Scranton, Penna. 18515

Accredited Member National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS ICS

Dept. 1402, Scranton, Penna. 18515 (In Hawaii: P. O. Box 418, Honolulu. In other countries: I. C. S. World, Ltd.)

Yes, I want to know about how I can get ahead through I. C. S. Rush me FREE Success Kit with 3 valuable booklets: "How to Succeed," opportunity booklet on the field I've checked below, actual sample I. C. S. lesson. (Special WICS booklets for women.) CONVENIENT PAYMENT PLAN.

ARCHITECTURE and BUILDING TRADES
- ☐ Air Conditioning Maint.
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Arch. Drawing & Design
- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Carpenter-Builder
- ☐ Carpentry & Millwork
- ☐ Heating & Air Conditioning with Drawing
- ☐ House Planning, Interior Design
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration, Air Conditioning

ART and DESIGN
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Interior Decorating
- ☐ Sign Painting & Design
- ☐ Sketching & Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Auto Mechanic-Technician
- ☐ Body Rebuilding, Refinishing
- ☐ Electrical Technician
- ☐ Engine Tune-Up
- ☐ Transmission Specialist

BUSINESS
- ☐ Accounting (Canadian)
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Canadian Business Courses
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Gen'l Accounting
- ☐ Industrial Psychology
- ☐ Managing a Small Store
- ☐ Practical Accounting
- ☐ Programming for Digital Computers
- ☐ Programming the 1401
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Real Estate Sales
- ☐ Retail Business Mgmt.
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Sales Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

CHEMICAL
- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Engineering
- ☐ Gen'l Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ Plastics Technician

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Eng'n'r'ng
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Sewage Plant Op'r
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying & Mapping
- ☐ Water Works Operator

DRAFTING
- ☐ Architectural
- ☐ Drafting Technology
- ☐ Electrical and Electronic
- ☐ Mechanical
- ☐ Structural

ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Appliance Servicing
- ☐ Elec. Eng. Technician
- ☐ Ind. Elect. Technician
- ☐ Motor Repairman
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Reading Electrical Blueprints

ELECTRONICS
- ☐ Electronic Computers
- ☐ Electronics Fundamentals
- ☐ Electronics Technician
- ☐ General Electronics
- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Practical Telephony

ENGINEERING (Professional)
- ☐ Chemical ☐ Civil
- ☐ Electrical ☐ Mechanical
- ☐ Math & Mechanics for Engineering

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Business
- ☐ High School (Canadian)
- ☐ High School General
- ☐ High School Math
- ☐ High School Secretarial
- ☐ High School Vocational
- ☐ College Preparatory

LANGUAGES (Edited by Berlitz)
- ☐ French ☐ German
- ☐ Italian ☐ Spanish

MECHANICAL and SHOP
- ☐ Gas and Electric Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Ind. Instrumentation
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Prints
- ☐ Tool Design

SECRETARIAL
- ☐ Clerk-Typist
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Shorthand
- ☐ Stenographic ☐ Typist

STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Power Plant Eng'n'r'ng
- ☐ Steam Engineering

SUPERVISION
- ☐ Foremanship-Sup'rv'n
- ☐ Personnel-Lab. Rel'ns

TV-RADIO
- ☐ Radio & TV Servicing
- ☐ Radiotelephone License

MISCELLANEOUS
- ☐ Textile
- ☐ Other (Please specify)

Name_____ Age_____
(Please indicate whether Mr., Miss or Mrs.)

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

Occupation_____ Employed by_____

☐ **I am a member of U. S. Armed Forces. Send me facts about special low rates.**

Working Hours_____ A.M. to_____ P.M. ***Special Training Programs for Industry***

LETTERS TO SPORT

205 EAST 42 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

CASEY NOW

It is quite obvious that SPORT recently has been trying to give baseball the boot-in-the-pants it deserves. Problems in choosing a commissioner and inducting a "great" into the Hall of Fame are the result of antiquated practices. So are falling attendance and lack of color. Baseball must step out of the past and into the present: rapidly.

Your suggestion in November that Casey Stengel be inducted into the Hall of Fame, in his lifetime, would be the finest tribute the men of the game could pay to the "Old Professor." That is, *if* the men can get together to vote. Of course the five-year rule should be waived, and if that committee of the Veterans of the Hall of Fame can't find the time to assemble and vote, they should be abolished along with baseball's other ancient routines. If this committee waits until 1967, it may be, as SPORT said, "too late." I ask, "Too late for what?" Too late to save the pastime from becoming the wastetime.

Hartford, Conn. **C. F. Breen**

NOT GUILTY BY ASSOCIATION

If I were to list my favorite major-league teams in order, the Dodgers would rank a distant 20th. But they do have one truly genuine star very worthy of recognition: Ron Fairly. I guess it's because he uses a bat instead of a banjo.

Oneonta, N.Y. **Richard J. Molinari**

LOGICAL

Who can argue when "The Coaches Grade The Players"? They list more Baltimore Colt players as the best or among the best in the league. So from this fine article one must certainly say that the Colts are the greatest team in football.

Decatur, Ill. **Steve Rush**

NOT SO LOGICAL

I was very disturbed to read that Bob Lilly of the Dallas Cowboys was only second best at his position, defensive tackle. Not only do I think that Lilly is better than Merlin Olsen, but in your specialist story on Lilly the coaches themselves (most of them, at least) voted Lilly the quickest end or tackle in the NFL, besides calling him the smartest and most valuable end or tackle. I think that SPORT or the coaches are so busy they can't even make up their minds.

Providence, R.I. **David Cokin**

TWO CHEERS

Thanks for beginning the column on hockey by Maurice Richard, one of the sport's greatest players. I hope this helps to encourage more people to follow hockey, which seems to be overlooked as a major sport.

Waukegan, Ill. **Pat Jerina**

I would like to commend you on the fine idea of picking a Fan Club Spotlight as a department of your magazine. Although my fan club was the biggest Carl Yastrzemski Fan Club in the country before we wrote in to the Spotlight, we increased our membership 200 percent. We now have people inquiring from all over the U.S. and Canada.

Warren, R.I. **M. Bob Gordon**

MR. CLUTCH

Your story on Gary Collins was pretty good except for the title. There is only one "Mr. Clutch" in sports: Jerry West.

Los Angeles, Calif. **Bill West**

I read with mixed feelings of interest and surprise the Hal Lebovitz story on Gary Collins. My surprise stems from Hal's reports that people, not knowing Gary well, falsely interpret his attitude and manner as "conceit." While not doubting Hal's authenticity (he's one of the finest, fairest sportswriters today), I have twice prevailed upon Gary Collins to perform in comedy skits over the radio station where I am employed.

These skits good-naturedly poked fun at Gary's well-known football talents. On each occasion, Gary proved to be "all-PRO" in cooperation and humor, yet these were the only two times I have dealt with him personally.

As an added footnote to cynics who will claim: "Sure, who wouldn't be nice for money?"—Gary courteously gave of his time and services without cost! (Take that, Arnold Hano!)

Cleveland, O. **Ray Koeppen**

FOR THE RECORD

I read with great interest and enjoyment Bill Furlong's superb article in November on the great '47 Notre Dame team. It was, of course, impossible to determine who was better that season—Notre Dame or the Magicians from Michigan. What a game it would have made.

Mr. Furlong compares their victories over USC. He mentions too that the Irish were national champions. Officially true, but he fails to tell that on January 2 a quick recapitulation revealed that the Wolverines were the heavy choice as No. 1 after they too had had a shot at the Trojans.

Spokane, Wash. **Kent Brennan**

LAUGHING ON THE OUTSIDE

I didn't learn too much about linebacking from Wayne Walker, but I did learn what a ball it must be having this guy on a ballclub. This cat's too much! You should have entitled the article: "Wayne Walker, Outside Comedian."

Brighton, Mass. **Tommy McCarthy**

COOKIE AND CUBA

In the name of thousands of Cuban refugees located in South Florida, we have only one thing to say: Thanks for the fine article about our compatriot "Cookie" Rojas, the Phillies' ballplayer. Articles of this kind help the cause of Free Cuba, because they make easy the mutual comprehension and sympathy.

Miami, Fla. **Alvaro Cisneros**

NEXT MONTH IN SPORT

TED WILLIAMS

SPORT MAN OF THE YEAR

BOBBY HULL

Who accomplished the most in the world of sport in 1965? Who will win SPORT's Man of the Year Award? Find out next month. Also find out who the top performers were in all the major sports in '65.

Two major pro basketball stories are offered in the February SPORT. One, a story that had to be told, "Pro Basketball's Hidden Fear." The other, a warm, witty, personal memoir by one of pro basketball's all-time greats, Bob Pettit, as he tells his favorite, and funniest, basketball stories.

Baseball excitement is headed by a special 11-page tribute to Ted Williams. We feature an intimate close-up of Williams by the sportswriter who knew him best, Joe Reichler. Also, an unusual look at Williams by Ed Linn called, "Growing Up With Ted." Plus a big photo story highlighting Ted's career. . . . Also in baseball, we have inside stories on Tony Cloninger, the Braves' pitcher, and Fred Whitfield, slugging first-baseman of the Cleveland Indians.

The biggest name in hockey these days is Bobby Hull and we cover him in detail in the February SPORT SPECIAL. . . . In pro football, we have the last in our Specialist series, the halfback, featuring Tim Brown of the Philadelphia Eagles. . . . Plus a look at one of pro football's hottest rookies, Gale Sayers of the Chicago Bears. . . . And a revealing profile of the young track sensation, Gerry Lindgren. . . . All this and more in the February SPORT.

GALE SAYERS

AT YOUR NEWSSTAND JANUARY 13

- For Action, Security, Big Pay -

WE CHALLENGE YOU TO TOP THIS JOB!

Earn To $15 An Hour ★ Work Part-Time Or Full-Time ★ Car Furnished — Expenses Paid ★ No Selling — No Previous Experience Needed ★ Only Average Education Required

NO OTHER CAREER OFFERS YOU A BRIGHTER FUTURE

Consider this fact. In the short time it takes you to read this page 1,100 accidents will take place. Over 440,000 will occur before this day ends. *These accidents must be investigated.* The law demands it. Yet in 4 out of 5 cities, towns and rural communities, no one has been trained for this vital work.

KEEP PRESENT JOB UNTIL READY TO SWITCH

Step into this fast-moving Accident Investigation field. *Already* hundreds of men we have trained are making big money. Joe Miller earned $14,768 his first year. A. J. Allen earned over $2,000 in ten weeks. Robert Meier says "I'm now earning $7.50 to $15.00 an hour in my own business . . . Universal's course is wonderful."

FREE EMPLOYMENT HELP GIVEN

We CAN and WILL show you how to rapidly build your own full-time or part-time business. Or if you wish a big-pay job as Company Claims Investigator, our Placement Service will give you *real* assistance. Hundreds of firms needing men call upon Universal. *We place far more men in this booming field than any other individual, company or school.*

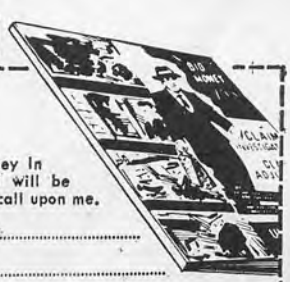
WE FINANCE YOU

Write today for complete information. Costs are less than you'd imagine. And even on these low costs you need pay only a portion — less than half — in order to complete your training. We finance the rest for you. You may pay out of actual earnings. And you can keep present job while learning. Send now for free book. No salesman will call. You are not committed in any way.

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN

Let us show you how easy it is to get into this exciting new career in just a matter of weeks. You need NO prior experience or higher education. There's NO investment in expensive equipment. You do NO selling. Furthermore, this fast-growing Accident Investigation field has no seasonal layoffs . . . no time out for strikes . . . no oversupply of men . . . no worry about automation. We ask you to compare these terrific advantages with the job you now have! Cash in on this big demand for trained men NOW. *Write today!*

Mail Now for FREE BOOK



M. O. Wilson, Dept. M-1
Universal Schools,
6801 Hillcrest, Dallas, Texas 75205

Please rush me your FREE BOOK on Big Money In The Booming Accident Investigation Field. I will be under no obligation — and no salesman will call upon me.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip Code .....

SPORT TALK

BOBBY JOHN FERRY-KERR

The Bullets traded Walt Bellamy to the Knicks early this season and in the first meeting between the two teams Baltimore won big. The new Bullet center, a fellow named Bobby John Ferry-Kerr, as the imaginative Johnny Kerr and Bob Ferry like to think of themselves, scored 24 points to Bellamy's 15. We had dinner with Kerr and Ferry the next night and they were still feeling very good. They had played little behind Bellamy and now they would be splitting games, at least until Bad News Barnes could be tried at center. If Barnes made it, Ferry feared he would be traded, but on this night there was only laughter.

"Bobby and I are trying to make the All-Star team as a tandem," Kerr said. "We have to go together as one. You've heard of *Van* Arsdale, why not Kerr-Ferry?"

"We're averaging 24 points a game—12 apiece," Ferry said with a roar.

"Eleven rebounds—5½ apiece!" Kerr said, laughing. "The one bad thing is, we're averaging *nine* fouls a game."

"The only thing we'll lead the league in is throwing balls in bounds," Ferry said, rocking with laughter.

"If we'd known we were gonna start, we'd have asked for a raise," Kerr said.

"If we ever get a tap-off, they've got a new league rule they have to stop the game and give us the ball," Ferry said.

"Every year I used to announce my retirement at the end of the season," said Kerr, who had joined the Bullets from the 76ers during the exhibition season. "But last year we got Chamberlain and I couldn't announce my 12th annual retirement. They'd have said: 'Fine, go ahead.'"

"How long are you gonna play, Red?" Ferry asked.

"Well," Kerr said, "they make you retire at 65."

"Yeah, but this is a combined effort."

"Right, we try twice as hard. How old are you, Bobby?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Good," said Kerr, who's 33, "in four more years we can collect Social Security."

"You've got five years left."

"Well, you better have 2½ of 'em!"

"I was worried last night," Ferry said, "you were getting red too soon. You've gotta stay in at least the first quarter."

"I've gotta go up to my room now and talk to my legs," Kerr said, looking down at his lap. " 'Come on, legs, you thought you had the year off, but you can do it.' "

"We go in at half-time and pump 'em up," Ferry said.

"I tell him: 'Don't foul out—I can't go it alone.' "

Ferry was asked what he thought about his future when Kerr had joined the team. "I thought I was gone," he said. "I have a sign on my wall—'Have U-Haul-It, will travel.' "

"Bobby's got the same sneakers he wore at Detroit two years ago. But he's changed the laces three times."

"The team's saved a lot of money with Walt gone," Ferry said. "They fired one full-time trainer they had to have to rub him down every night. No, I don't care if you use the quote—just as long as you don't say I said it." He roared. "Say Johnny Egan said it—Walt won't hit him."

"Say, did you see that trainer San Francisco's got traveling with them? He's about 14 years old."

"That's because he travels half-fare," Ferry said. He leaned forward intently. "You know, we've got our famous cross-over dribble down good now."

"It only works against big guys," Kerr said.

"Mine only works against Lenny Chappell," Ferry said, "and his only works against Darrall Imhoff."

Ferry and Kerr have to be the two funniest centers in the league.

"Yeah," Kerr said, "everybody laughs at us—Wilt, Russell, Zelmo . . . All the other centers got a petition up—they don't want us to retire."

"Johnny has a red Volkswagen with a roof that opens up. He drives downtown with his head sticking out the roof. All the kids think he's nuts. We can always tell if he's been driving it when he comes to practice—by the bugs on his teeth."

We don't want Ferry and Kerr to retire, either.

Sharon Wilson, Montclair State College

CAMPUS QUEEN CANDIDATE NO. 4

Sharon Wilson of Montclair State College is candidate No. 4 in our 15th annual Campus Queen Contest. She will be followed next month by our final candidate. All five finalists will be presented in the March issue so that you can vote for your favorite.

A senior majoring in Spanish, the 20-year-old Miss Wilson plans a teaching career after graduation. Sharon measures in at 5-3, 34-24-35. She is a good bowler, swimmer, frugger and Watusier.

MYRON BAD BREAKS

Myron Pottios of the Pittsburgh Steelers is regarded as one of the NFL's top middle linebackers. But Pottios has spent more time on the bench than Chief Justice Earl Warren. He opened the '62, '64 and '65 seasons sidelined with broken bones. Which has led some of Pottios' opponents to say, "The thing he does best is break his arm." Realizing the loss of their middle backer is a staggering blow to their defense, Steeler fans have not been overly patient with Pottios. He was sitting on the sidelines during the home opener last year, his arm in a sling. From the stands someone yelled, "Hey, Pottios, watch out you don't fall off the bench and break your left arm, too."

The 6-2, 240-pounder is called "Brittle Bones" in Pittsburgh, but it has reached the point where you had better not stand too close to him when you say it. "A lot of people here call me 'Brittle Bones,' which is altogether ridiculous," Myron says. "My bones are no different than anybody else's. I've heard of kids born with a bone disease where if they sneeze their bones break, but I've never heard of anything other than that. I get perturbed when they call me 'Brittle Bones.' Ballplayers kid me quite a bit and they can get away with it. But when some bystander says it I give 'em a few choice words, and if they want to get a little rowdy. . . . Well, it just makes me sick, put it that way. I just don't go for it at all because it's just a bunch of baloney. Some goofy sportswriter here in Pittsburgh labeled me with the thing and I'm stuck with it."

Pottios can't explain why he's been injured so much, except that maybe his style of play has been a contributing factor. "When I go out there," he says, "I like to hit somebody and I don't just like to make the tackle, I like to drive 'em back. Probably a lot of my injuries were my own fault as a result."

Actually, his injuries have been so freakish he doesn't even know how they happened. In a '62 exhibition game against Detroit, a Lion caught a pass and Pottios hustled over to help bring him down. "But the weakside safety made the tackle and I stopped," Myron says. "I was just standing there watching when Jim Gibbons came over to block me. He saw the play was over and he tried to stop. He came into me very, very easily; in fact, he didn't even knock me down. But he hit me in such a way that he just snapped both bones in my arm."

In the final exhibition of '64, against the Colts, he again broke the arm on a freakish happenstance. John Mackey came down and cut across the middle on a pass route. "As he came in front of me I clotheslined him (stuck his arm straight out so the receiver would run into it about neck high)," Myron says. "But he ducked his head and my arm glanced off his helmet and cracked." (Justice triumphed, some would say, because clotheslining is illegal. "It's not dirty or anything," Pottios says, "and they very seldom call it.")

In an exhibition this year, against the Giants, Pottios ran to his right to help on a tackle. "I should've made the tackle with my right shoulder," he says, "but I'd had tendonitis in it during the winter and it was still bothering me, so I favored the shoulder and tried to hit with my left. In throwing my body around, my arm somehow got caught in there and I dislocated the left shoulder." What, no broken bones? "Well, there was a little piece of chip came out of the bone when the shoulder came out of the socket."

After it happened Pottios said he might retire. He'd suffered a lot of pain all winter from the tendonitis (the result of an old football injury) and he said if he had to go through that agony again this coming winter he'd quit. We talked to him right after he started playing again, halfway through the season, and Myron said, "I don't want to quit, I love the game. But if I have to keep going through this misery I don't think it'll be worth my while."

The Steelers wouldn't like that at all. Despite the injuries, Pottios has made the Pro Bowl team every year he's played. Now what he wants to do is get rid of the "Brittle Bones" label. "I don't know how I can overcome it except go out there and keep playing without getting hurt."

Bill Jerome

As a pro, Myron Pottios, *66*, has had some bad breaks . . . mostly to his right arm.

FAN CLUB SPOTLIGHT

These people report they have fan clubs for the following: Don Bostrom, 60 Pine Tree Lane, Pembroke, Mass. 02359: **New York Giants.** John Newsom, 3008 Nathan Dr., Lawrence, Kan. 66044: **Sandy Koufax.** Bill Gerstein, 7723 Essex Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60649: **Andy Livingston** and **Gale Sayers.** Carol Jourden, 3664 Trumbull Ave., Detroit, Mich. 48216: **Jim Northrup** and **Larry Sherry.** Kathy Fanning, 1537 E. 84th Pl., Chicago, Ill. 60619: **Fred Stanfield.** Victor Talotta, 170 Grant Ave., Cementon, Pa. 18033: **Bobby Richardson.** Steve Weingardt, 217 S. Poinsettia Pl., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036: **Dick Barnett.**

UGH!

Jets middle linebacker Wahoo McDaniel was being presented with a five-foot-high trophy as Indian Athlete of the Year. Chief Thundercloud of the Mic-Mac tribe didn't know who the previous Indian Athlete of the Year was, but he explained why Wahoo was being honored.

"We picked him," Chief Thundercloud said, "because he is the first Indian to play professional football."

"What," a reporter asked, "about Jim Thorpe?"

"He played professional baseball," the Chief said, "not football."

"Sure Thorpe played football."

"Well," the Chief said, "that makes Wahoo the second Indian to play professional football."

See you next month.

——**BERRY STAINBACK**

HOW THE YANKEES CAN COME BACK

By JOHNNY KEANE

with Jack Zanger

In a frank and revealing story, the manager of a team that had won five pennants in a row until 1965 tells what went wrong, why the ballclub collapsed and how, in 1966, he expects quite different results

MY FIRST SEASON as manager of the Yankees was a disappointing one for me but it was not disillusioning. The difference lies in the fact that although we failed to win the pennant, I still feel that at full strength we could have stayed in contention all year. The Yankee ballclub I took over was the best team I've ever managed. It still is, and that's why I believe we'll be right back up there in 1966.

What hurt us most last year was injuries. The big man, of course, was Roger Maris, who played only 46 games. When we lost Roger we lost power hitting and home runs that would have turned around a lot of games for us. Ellie Howard and Tony Kubek were hurting for much of the season, too, which took some of the guts out of our lineup. And Mickey Mantle was injured periodically, although he played in over a hundred games for us, which is about what we expected from him. So, it wasn't one man or one injury that prevented us from winning the pennant. But when it happens to three or four of your top players, why, that cuts your legs out from under you. Just give me this same club again, and barring injuries, I'll make a run for it with anybody.

People who say our bad showing last year was a sign of collapse are wrong. I'm satisfied with the club as it was composed last season. It's true, our pitching could have been better, and we have a few youngsters who might move into the picture in the spring and give us more stability there. But we could have won with the pitching of last year, if the pitching had gotten the support it usually gets. We needed hitting. We needed the big bats in there all the time from Mantle (⟶ TO PAGE 67)

"Restoring our long-ball punch," says Keane, "will be one of my main concerns when we get to spring training."

COPYRIGHT © 1966, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS WHICH IDENTIFY ONLY THE PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Enjoy a fireside picnic.

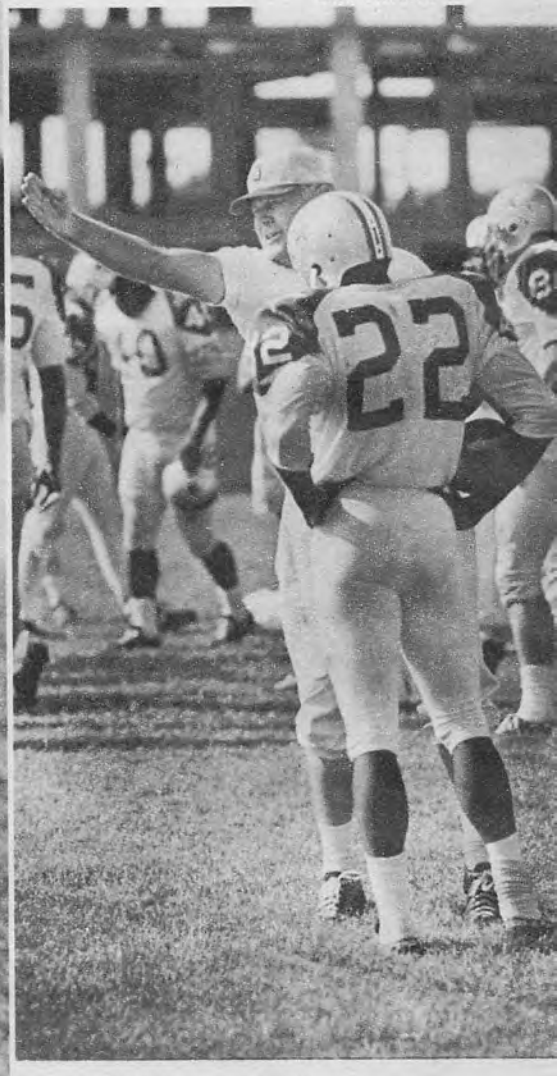
Piping-hot cheeseburgers—fresh, crisp salad—and plenty of ice-cold Coca-Cola—served to your family in the warm glow of firelight. Come to think of it, you really don't need the fireplace. All by itself Coke gives a lift to your spirits... a boost to your energy...a big, bold, unmistakable taste. In short: Coca-Cola is more than an ordinary soft drink.

things go better with Coke
TRADE-MARK

Drink Coca-Cola

Malcolm Emmons

Rich Clarkson



Dallas end coach Red Hickey, *talking to Hayes above,* says, "There's no doubt in my mind, if nothing physical happens to this boy, he will be one of the all-time greats. He has to be: He has the moves, he can catch in a crowd, he's durable, he's teachable . . . and he runs the 100 in 9.1—or whatever he needs to."

THEY ALL LOVE BOB HAYES' FLASH

At the All-Star camp they called Hayes "the guy with the 9.1 speed and 12-flat hands." How wrong they were

By GARY CARTWRIGHT

BOB HAYES merely *thought* he was the world's fastest human. Here he was, with a five-yard head start, being hauled from behind by Jim Myers, the boulder-shouldered offensive line coach of the Dallas Cowboys. Myers was propelled by terror. It was the final '65 preseason game and a fractured-second earlier Myers had learned that the wedge man on his kickoff team was injured. Myers trundled down the Cowboy bench, shouting, "We need somebody to break up the wedge!", and there went Hayes, all business and yelling like a savage, "Lemme do it, I'll break it up!" The wedge-buster on a kickoff team is that much-martyred point scout—that lamb of sacrificial tendencies—who hurls down field to slam against the onrush of blockers. Wobbling rookies, fading veterans and mad dogs are assigned the job.

Hayes volunteered. Or tried to. Mindful that a cozy post in the Northern District of Anchorage awaited the coach who allowed this 5-11, 185-pound, $100,000 art object to get tangled up with a buffalo stampede, Myers caught Hayes easily enough. At the same time he caught the scent of a football player. Myers would say later: "That told me all I needed to know about whether Hayes was a football player. That sold me."

Super-salesman Hayes hit the league running. First he ran by his critics at the College All-Star camp, where the prophetic evaluation was, "He's the guy with the 9.1 feet and 12-flat hands." But Hayes exploded upon the Dallas camp with such daring that coach Tom Landry changed his entire offense after four preseason games to get the speedster into the regular lineup.

One week deep in the season Cowboy end coach Red Hickey, a seer who dates to the Don Hutson Era, nominated Hayes as "Rookie of the Year." Later Hickey would say, "There's no doubt in my mind, if nothing physical happens to this boy, he will be one of the all-time greats. He has to be: He has the moves, he can catch in a crowd, he's durable, he's teachable, he's one of the most unaffected

kids I've ever been around . . . and he runs the 100 in 9.1—or whatever he needs to."

Two weeks deep in the season Cardinal coach Wally Lemm said, "When you fear the Cowboy receivers you're talking about Buddy Dial and Frank Clarke. But it's true, Hayes can beat you in one play."

Three weeks deep in the season Landry said, "His blinding speed amazes you, amazes everyone. Even after weeks of practice it didn't occur to us what this kind of speed was. The message got through in that second game with Washington when we watched him take a down-and-in, run by two halfbacks who had a perfect angle and leave them like lamp posts. Rookies don't normally command enough respect to get special coverage, but the defenses are already starting to recognize something rare in Hayes. Even Dial and Clarke don't get that kind of special attention now."

As football players, track men usually make good vases. They are pretty, rather delicate and uniformly useless. Hayes is so different that football people have already stopped comparing him to Frank Budd, Bob Boyd (the one-time Ram, not the Baltimore defensive back), Glenn Davis, Ray Norton and the other great sprinters who attempted the adjustment to National League football. It is normal to assume that great trackmen abhor violence, and since their reputations were first established by the fact they ran away from opponents, this is sometimes true.

More often, the fault is physical—bad hands, poor moves, a lack of durability. Says Hickey, "You don't run down that track unless you have guts." But the difference is, Hayes was a football player who incidentally could run faster than anyone in the world. He went to Florida A&M on a football scholarship. When an assistant coach noticed him sprinting by the likes of Bob Paremore and Hewitt Dixon and stopped practice to scold the two swift upperclassmen ("Coach," defended Dixon, "I never ran faster in my life!"), Florida A&M knew it had something.

"I ran 9.3 as a freshman," says Hayes. "That's when I first realized the Olympics were four years away. But what I've always wanted to be was a football player, a pro."

As the Olympics got closer, Hayes got farther from the football field. Records were humiliated: He holds world records in the 60-yard indoor dash (5.9), 70-yard indoor dash (6.9), 100-yard dash (9.1), and he anchored the American 400-meter relay team to a victory and a world record of 39-flat in the Tokyo Olympics. For his lap, Hayes was clocked in 8.6. "I don't know how fast I ran," he said later. "Fast as I had to, though."

Bob Hayes is a man who can outrun anything except the fear he seems to have that he isn't the man he would like to be. Football feeds his deepest motivation. Each Sunday, against the most brutal competition Americans have made sport of, Hayes proves his manhood to himself and everyone watching. Cowboy fans watch him in record numbers. After three games of the 1965 season the Dallas Football Club had already surpassed its total attendance of 1960, its first season in the league. In a city once regarded as the NFL's weakest draw, better than 60,000 turned out each Sunday, most of them to watch Hayes.

Hayes has a fine blend of confidence and humility, and the key to his personality is when he declares, "I want people to believe in me. It makes me do what I have to do when I'm not sure I can do it."

The fans love his flash. Nobody understood 9.1 speed until they watched him in the opener against the Giants. His first NFL catch was a quick flip to the flat. It went for 37 yards and would have gone for a touchdown had Hayes waited for his blockers. His second catch was another short one. He made a brief zag, a zig, then turned on the afterburner and screamed by three Giant defenders for 45 yards and a touchdown. In game No. 2, against Washington, he was sensational. "What impressed me about Hayes was his moves," said Johnny Sample after Hayes gave the veteran cornerback a double sideline fake and caught a touchdown pass—the first anyone had caught on Sample as a Redskin.

They adore Hayes' flash, all right, but what they really dig is his determination and toughness. This says something about Hayes that even Olympic gold medals are prone to mumble.

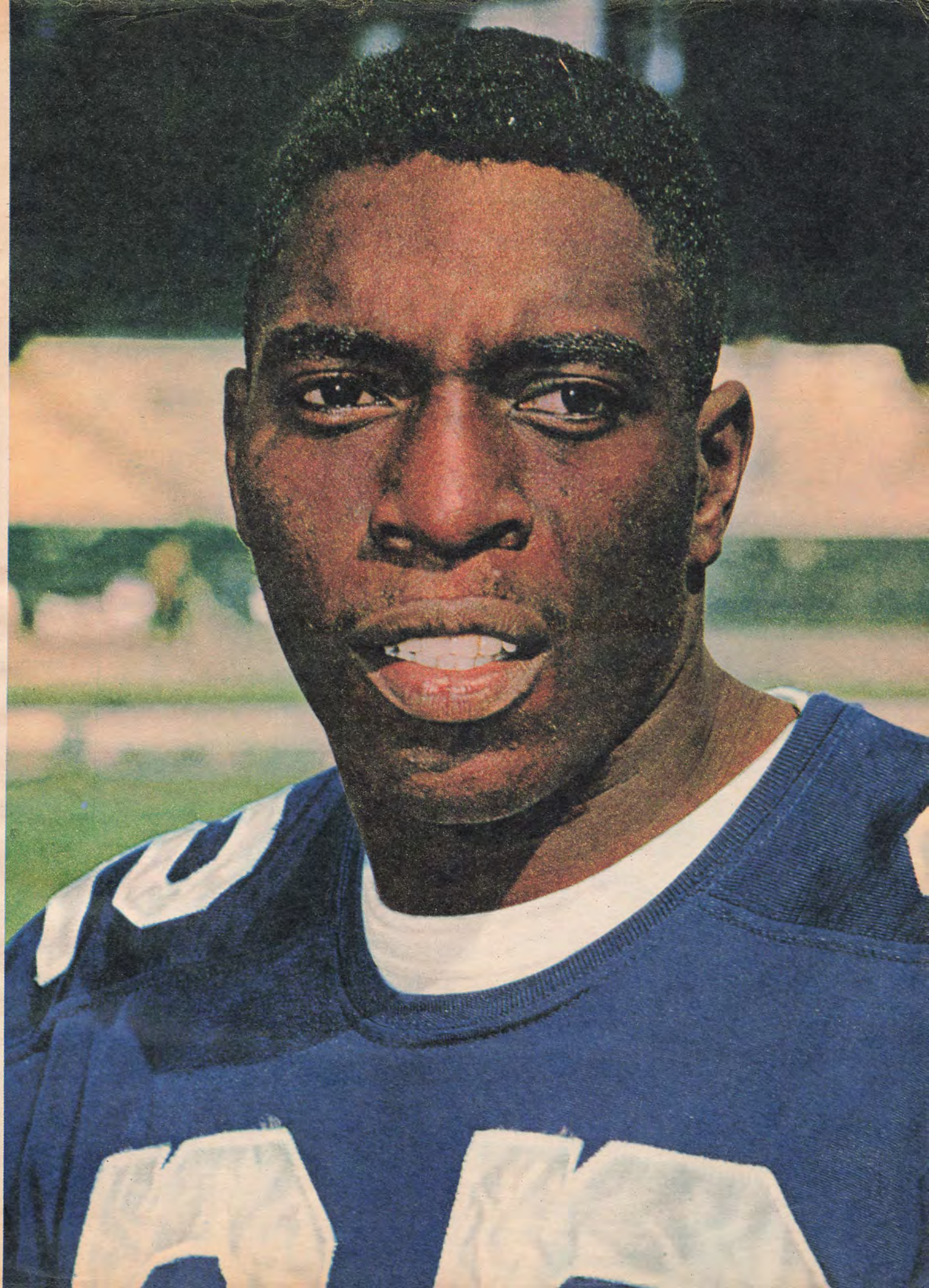
In the Giant game Clarke caught a slant-in and Hayes whipped his limber 5-11, 185-pound hulk against would-be (⟶ TO PAGE 68)

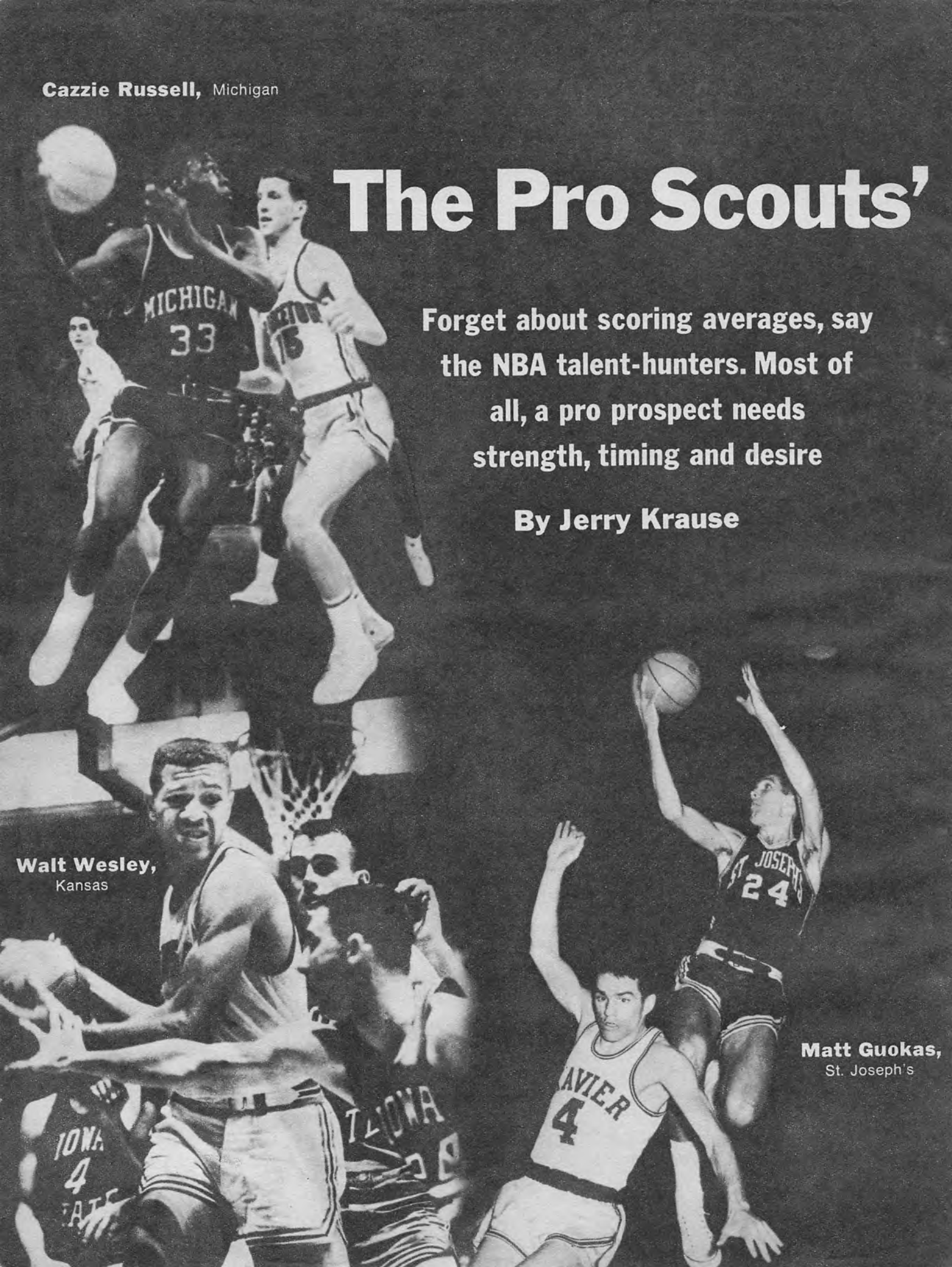
BOB HAYES

continued

Hayes once told his Florida A&M coach, Jake Gaither: "I get my kicks from football. I like to see a guy get hit hard and get up and try again. That proves he is a man." Hayes has proved that.

Color by Malcolm Emmons





The Pro Scouts'

Forget about scoring averages, say the NBA talent-hunters. Most of all, a pro prospect needs strength, timing and desire

By Jerry Krause

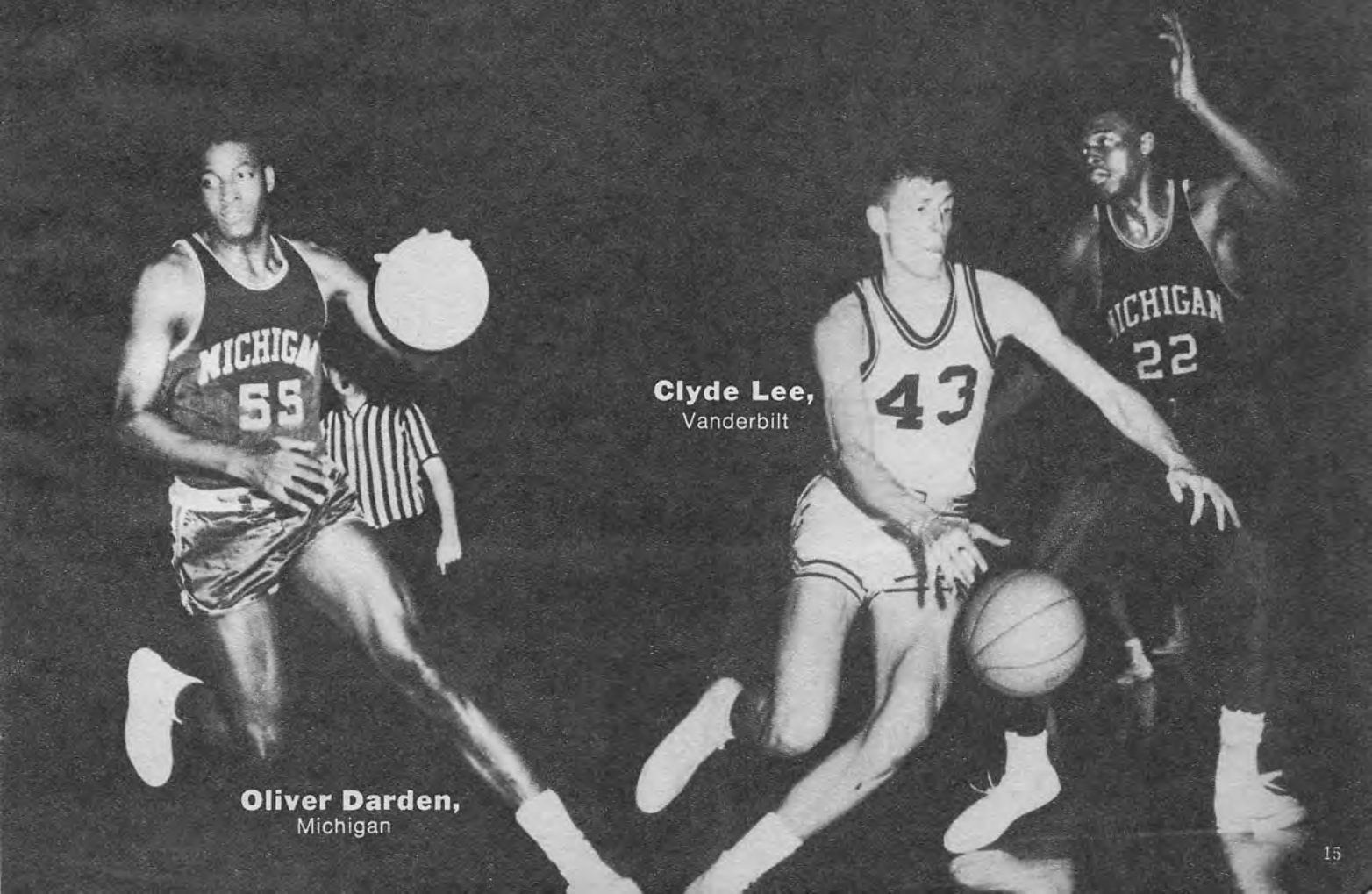
Basketball All-America

LAST YEAR, WHILE I was the Baltimore Bullets' head scout, a college coach sent me the following scouting report: "Forward, 6-7, 205. Averaging 30 points per game. Tremendous jumper, good shooter, fine moves, excellent passer, better than average defensive ability, great desire. Tremendous college player. Can't miss making it big in the pro league."

Was this small-college player the possible answer to the Bullets' need for another big forward? Was this a boy every scout looks for? My boss, Buddy Jeannette, then the Bullet coach and now the general manager, read the report, told me to grab my well worn air travel card and see the prospect play.

Two nights later I saw the boy. The "can't-miss prospect" didn't exist. The player I saw was a 6-7, 190-pounder with no frame to add weight, pretty good jumping and shooting ability, good speed, not nearly enough strength to play forward in the pro league and not enough ball-handling ability to make the switch to guard. Nevertheless, just as the coach had said, he was a fine college player.

The coach sent the same report to the NBA's two other full-time scouts—Red Holzman of New York and Earl Lloyd of Detroit. Apparently they shared my opinion of the "prospect"



Clyde Lee,
Vanderbilt

Oliver Darden,
Michigan

The Pro Scouts' Basketball All-America

continued

FIRST TEAM

PLAYER	SCHOOL	HT.	YEAR
Oliver Darden	Michigan	6-7	Sr.
Clyde Lee	Vanderbilt	6-9	Sr.
Walt Wesley	Kansas	7-0	Sr.
Cazzie Russell	Michigan	6-5	Sr.
Matt Guokas Jr.	St. Joseph's	6-5	Jr.

SECOND TEAM

PLAYER	SCHOOL	HT.	YEAR
Ed Lacey	UCLA	6-7	Jr.
Lou Hudson	Minnesota	6-5	Sr.
Mel Daniels	New Mexico	6-9	Jr.
Dave Bing	Syracuse	6-3	Sr.
Bob Leonard	Wake Forest	6-3	Sr.

THIRD TEAM

PLAYER	SCHOOL	HT.	YEAR
Dave Schellhase	Purdue	6-4	Sr.
Sonny Dove	St. John's	6-7	Jr.
Henry Finkel	Dayton	7-0	Sr.
Steve Barnett	Oregon	6-3	Sr.
John Austin	Boston College	6-1	Sr.

ALL SOPHOMORE

PLAYER	SCHOOL	HT.
Wes Unseld	Louisville	6-8
Larry Miller	North Carolina	6-4
Ron Williams	West Virginia	6-3
Mike Lewis	Duke	6-7
Jim Kissane	Boston College	6-7

SMALL COLLEGE ALL-AMERICA

PLAYER	SCHOOL	HT.
Larry Humes	Evansville	6-4
Earl Monroe	Winston-Salem	6-2
Dick Pruet	Jacksonville	6-9
Ken Wilburn	Central Ohio	6-6
Henry Logan	West. Carolina	5-11

SPECIAL MENTION

PLAYER	SCHOOL	HT.	YEAR
Kelly Pete	Wichita	6-1	Sr.
Chris Pervall	Iowa	6-2	Sr.
Bob Lewis	North Carolina	6-2	Jr.
Jim Burns	Northwestern	6-4	Jr.
Don Freeman	Illinois	6-1	Sr.
Jim Walker	Providence	6-3	Jr.
Stan Washington	Michigan State	6-4	Sr.
Wes Bailosuknia	Connecticut	6-3	Jr.
Jim Ellis	San Francisco	6-6	Sr.
Lonnie Wright	Colorado State	6-2	Sr.
Bob Verga	Duke	6-1	Jr.
Jim Ware	Oklahoma City	6-8	Sr.
Leon Clark	Wyoming	6-6	Sr.
Dorrie Murray	Detroit	6-8	Sr.
Tom Kerwin	Centenary	6-7	Sr.
Dexter Westbrook	Providence	6-7	Jr.
Mike Silliman	Army	6-6	Sr.
Jim Williams	Temple	6-8	Sr.
Cliff Anderson	St. Joseph's	6-4	Jr.
Ed Jackson	Bradley	6-6	Sr.
Jack Marin	Duke	6-6	Sr.

because he was eventually drafted by a club that had done very little scouting and probably had never seen the boy play.

I cite this example simply to show how differently a pro scout and a college coach will view the same player. The pros and colleges play two entirely different games and you only have to look over a few recent All-America teams to discover that 30 points a game in college doth not a pro player make.

Who will be the 1965-66 All-Americas from a pro scout's point of view? Who are the college players who can become members of the exclusive group of 99 men who draw National Basketball Association paychecks the first and 15th of every month? For the first time, SPORT's pre-season All-America basketball preview has been chosen by professional scouts—the toughest, shrewdest judges of basketball talent in the world. Here are their first-team choices—some predictable, some surprising:

Oliver Darden of Michigan. Clyde Lee of Vanderbilt. Walt Wesley of Kansas. Cazzie Russell of Michigan. Matt Guokas Jr. of St. Joseph's.

A quick glance at this team should tell you what a pro scout essentially looks for in a college player. The group averages 6-7 and 216 pounds. Each player has most of the "tools"—size, speed, strength, quickness, shooting and jumping ability; hands, moves, desire, passing, reactions, brains and defensive ability.

The men who picked the team were three full-time scouts—Holzman, Lloyd and myself—and general managers Marty Blake of St. Louis, Pepper Wilson of Cincinnati, Bob Feerick of San Francisco and Boston general manager-coach, Red Auerbach.

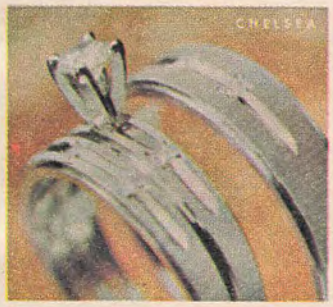
Obviously the scouting systems vary greatly. Only two clubs now have men who do nothing but scout. Others use general managers for special assignments and "bird dog" systems. The rest rely strictly on "bird dogs," usually a college coach or an ex-pro.

The scouts each had their own method of scouting college basketball talent. Some scouts are "physical ability" men. Some want specific "tools" in each prospect. Some think desire is more important than certain physical qualities.

"I stress pure physical ability more than anything else," says Bob Feerick. "If a boy hasn't got the size, strength, speed and other physical assets, it doesn't matter how much desire he's got. It's a big man's game for the most part."

Earl Lloyd, himself once a 6-8, 230-pound NBA forward, says, "I want that 230-pound forward. I want a boy who can knock people down and take a pounding. These 6-7, 185-pound college forwards are up against a tremendous disadvantage before they ever start. Sometimes you can scout a boy by watching him take off his sweat suit. Remember, we play 80 games in around 150 days. You've got to be strong to go at that pace."

(⟶ TO PAGE 63)



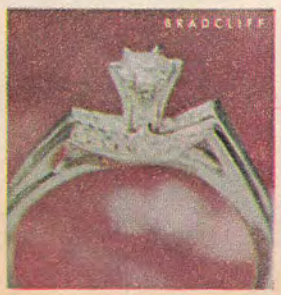
Perfect . . . . for your engagement

Love and romance are captured forever in the brilliant styling of every Keepsake diamond engagement ring. Each setting is a masterpiece of design, reflecting the full brilliance and beauty of the center diamond . . . a perfect gem of flawless clarity, fine color and meticulous modern cut.

The name, Keepsake, in the ring and on the tag is your assurance of fine quality and lasting satisfaction. Your very personal Keepsake is awaiting your selection at your Keepsake Jeweler's store. Find him in the yellow pages under "Jewelers."

REGISTERED
Keepsake®
DIAMOND RINGS

Prices from $100. to $2500. Rings Enlarged to Show Beauty of Detail. ® Trade-Mark Reg.



HOW TO BE SURE WHEN BUYING A DIAMOND RING

To help me get more value for my money please send folder "Choosing Your Engagement and Wedding Rings" . . . also for my fiance send new 20-page booklet "How to Plan Your Engagement and Wedding" both for only 25c.

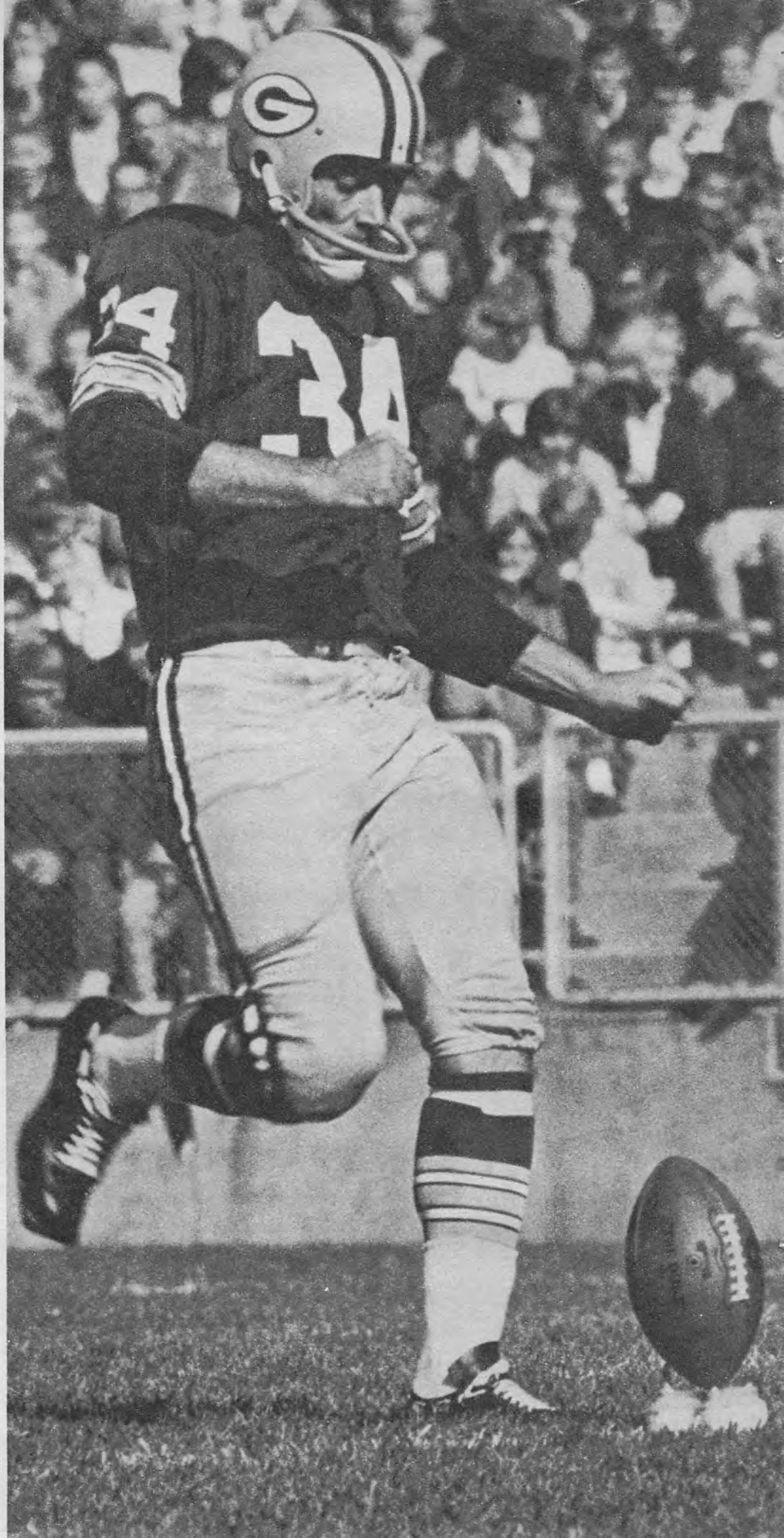
Sp 1-66

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Co._____ State_____

KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS, SYRACUSE, N. Y. 13202



Chandler, *punting above*, set an NFL record this season with a 90-yarder against the San Francisco 49ers. The punt actually traveled 113 yards, but the line of scrimmage was the ten. "I hit it pretty good," Don said later through a grin. If he ever hits one *very* good we may have a new satellite.

The Packers had problems with kick-offs and placements in '64. Chandler, *kicking off at left and placekicking above,* was acquired in trade during the off-season and proved excellent in both departments this season. Through the first six games of '65 he had kicked ten of 12 field goals.

THE SPECIALIST IN PRO FOOTBALL, No. 16

DON CHANDLER, KICKER

He does not throw a football, he does not catch a football, he does not, very often, run with a football. All he does is hit it with his foot—punt and placekick—and win games

By JOE FALLS

Photos by Vernon J. Biever

ON A BUSY Sunday, Don Chandler will work maybe two minutes for the Green Bay Packers. Minute for minute, that makes him the best-paid player on the team. Coach Vince Lombardi also considers him one of the most important players on the team.

So do Paul Hornung, Jerry Kramer and Lee Roy Caffey. You see, Chandler took them all off the spot this season—Lombardi included—with his expert punting and placekicking. The Packers, to a man, feel the raw-boned Oklahoman is worth every penny of his flossy thousand-dollar-a-minute salary.

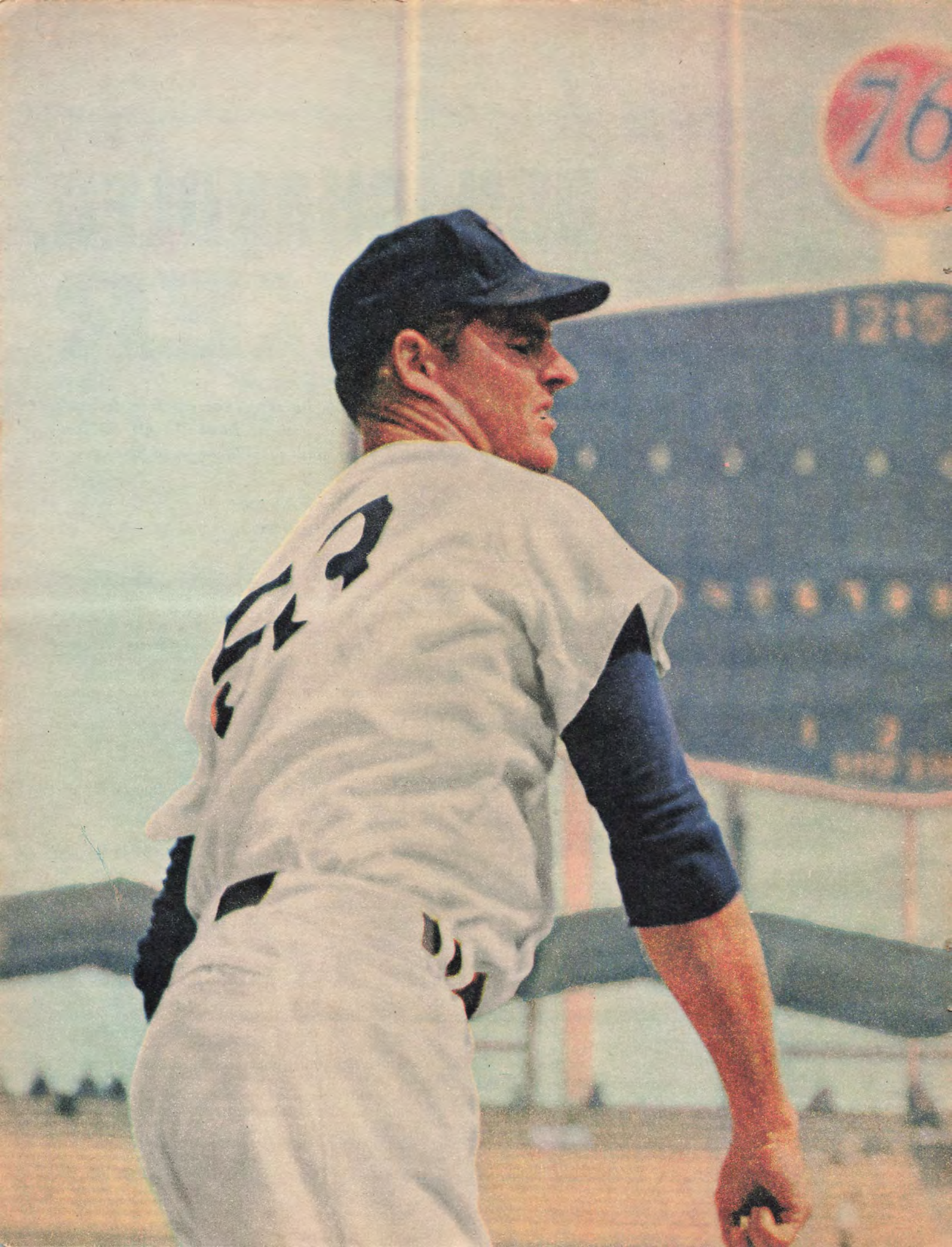
After their years of domination in the Western Conference of the National Football League, the Packers slumped to an 8-5-1 record in 1964. The reason: Nobody could kick the ball. Not Hornung, not Kramer, not Caffey. Not even Lombardi, the mover of mountains.

Hornung was back from his suspension but it turned out that he couldn't kick over a milk pail. The layoff had robbed him of his timing (and probably his confidence) and his feeble field-goal attempts put the Packers in a hole. They wound up way down in a second-place tie.

Hornung's field-goal accuracy tumbled from 61 percent to 31 percent. The thing was, he was missing from close in—a pro club's "automatic" three points. Kramer had handled the placekicking during Hornung's suspension, but an early season illness forced him out of the lineup. Although almost everyone tried to kick off, it wasn't until Caffey was uncovered late in the season that the Packers consistently put the ball in the end zone.

Amid this aura of apprehension, Lombardi pulled off what was probably the trade of the year. He got Chandler from the New York Giants for an undisclosed draft choice named Bob Timberlake. Chandler, who was not up Sherman's Allie, thus filled Green Bay's biggest need. From the moment he kicked five field goals in the Packers' intrasquad game, he was accepted by everyone in Green Bay. A report out of the wee Wisconsin community said even Lombardi's lips were seen to curl up in a smile.

Chandler smiled, too. He had not smiled much in '64. He spent nine seasons with the Giants and they won six conference titles and one world championship. A man can build a very nice home for himself 12 miles outside of Tulsa on the money he makes from six conference titles and one world championship. But Chandler began to get psyched in his final year with the Giants. Their era of domination was over. The Giants won only two games in 1964 and finished in last place in the East. They didn't score very many touchdowns, so Chandler didn't kick very many (⟶ TO PAGE 74)



DON DRYSDALE: ANATOMY OF A CLUTCH PITCHER

He's so good and so indestructible that Don is taken for granted by the Dodgers. But 1965 was a year he had to be good

By ARNOLD HANO

Color by David Sutton

"COURAGE is Don Drysdale's trademark," Wally Moon said, on the field at Dodger Stadium, before the fourth game of the 1965 World Series.

"Lots of guys have courage," Walter Alston said. Alston must weigh words like this. He cannot knock another man, by omission. He is also an honest man. "But I guess Drysdale is the symbol of courage."

Tommy Davis limped about near the batting cage. Davis knows about pain, about enduring. "I can see it. His courage. He shows it to you."

Ron Fairly is an articulate young man, but an organization man. Nothing comes out that will reflect unfavorably on the club. But the big man who would pitch that day demands a different vocabulary from that of the organization man, a different response than, "I think," or "No comment." So Fairly said it: "Don demonstrates courage. By going out there every fourth day, no matter what, by letting you know he's going to be the same guy every fourth day, that he'll give everything he has for 160 games, 162 games, you get a little more confidence in yourself." Fairly stared at Drysdale, measuring the man. "For four years," he said softly, "he's never missed a turn." It is not true—Drysdale missed one turn—but Drysdale and his courage are bigger than numbers, truer than fact.

"It's his face," Jim Lefebvre said. Lefebvre is new to all this, the strain of a pennant, the fever of a

Series, not just a city's fandom riding on every play, but a nation. His voice was high, his own face babyish. "You see it on Don's face, on the mound. You can see him concentrate. He stares. You could call it a killer's face. And it's the same cold stare, in a tie ballgame or if he's ten runs ahead. He never complains, even if he's hurt. He never gets excited. I hope someday I have the same competitive spirit."

Some men typify their ballclub. McGraw's Orioles, and later his Giants, would steal anything not nailed down, would fight anything that walked, snarl abuse at anything with ears, spike anything that might bleed, bump runners out of a baseline, put spit on a baseball. They played that way because McGraw played that way, because McGraw *was* that way. Joe DiMaggio lent a cool silent grace to the Yankees, and soon you knew the Yankees by this quiet class. He was the symbol; he still is. Pepper Martin was a Gashouser, and the team was a 25-sided mirror of Martin.

The Los Angeles Dodgers of 1965 were symbolized by one Donald Scott Drysdale. You have to know Los Angeles, as a sprawling entity, to understand this, and I do not pretend to know it perfectly. No man does. But I've lived out here ten years now, and behind its complexities is one eternal base by which much of it can be explained.

It is a frontier town.

It is the end of the continent. The Pacific's great expanse washes against it. The railroad tracks run out of track. The covered wagons had to stop when they got here, and so does Route 66. It is a town—not a city, despite its two and a half millions—that spreads over vast distances, 450 square miles of it (Manhattan Island is 22 square miles), rolling plains situated between desert and ocean. You have to sense this, to understand any of it.

Don Drysdale belongs out here. He was born here. You can imagine Drysdale strapping on a gun, and walking down an empty street, in search of the bad guys. He is the Sheriff. It fits. Just as it doesn't fit Sandy Koufax. If Koufax walked down the same street, he'd worry about the shine on his shoes. If Drysdale is the Sheriff, Koufax is the city slicker who gets down from the coach, his nostrils pinched with disdain. It is right that Don Drysdale now lives in a small Los Angeles outgrowth called Hidden Hills, population 1007, the owner of three and a half acres of land, a herd of horses and a fence around his spread he himself put up last winter.

Don Drysdale sees things in simple terms. Not that he is not intelligent. He is, very. He has managed to reduce complexities to root matters, the way a frontiersman will. When the pennant was over and a tired Sandy Koufax had won the last and most crucial game, over the Braves, Koufax was immediately his usual urbane sophisticated self. Scarcely drawing a breath, he said: "When Walt came out to ask me how I felt, I said I could get them out. After that, I *had* to get them out. Otherwise Walt would have looked bad for leaving me in."

These are the words of a man who thinks of image, who thinks of the look of things, not the base nature of things.

What did Drysdale say, after that last win?

"It's a case of 25 guys with guts and determination. When somebody got hurt, somebody else took his place. We never had a Willie Mays, a Hank Aaron, a Deron Johnson. But we had 25 guys who never quit."

The gut issue—if we may play with words—was guts. And if any man typified courage, his name was Drysdale. The story of the 1965 Dodgers was the story of Don Drysdale. Yes, it was the story of 25 guys, and surely the story of Sandy Koufax, who is a better pitcher than Drysdale. But beyond the skills and tal-

Don was bothered by a weak knee in '65 but never missed a turn. "Let's cut this talk about the knee," he said to writer Hano. "It's like a bad-hop groundball basehit. Nothing can be done about it. Just try to forget it."

ents of 25 men, beyond the statistics, lies an intangible. The Dodgers had it, and the man who had it most was Don Drysdale, and this intangible made the difference.

What is most unusual about this 1965 is that we are talking about Don Drysdale at all. For years it appeared he would never be a consistent winner. His temper got in the way. He had a reputation not of the good guy walking down the dusty street. He was the bad guy. In a mordant magazine piece in 1960, Al Stump called him "Headhunter with a Horsehide." He called him "The Pop-Off Kid." Fresco Thompson called him "the hardest loser in the business," and suggested Drysdale might be a little spoiled.

Incidents haunted him. There was a fist fight with Johnny Logan back in Brooklyn. He hit Willie Mays, and was fined. He hit Frank Robinson, and was fined and suspended. He hit Joe Cunningham, and Card manager Solly Hemus rushed out, fist drawn back, a riot just inches away. He was baited by benchjockeys, and—he sometimes felt—by his own coaches. He threw his glove, his helmet, his bat. One day he kicked a bag of bats, and hurt his foot. In the minors he had once slammed the lid of a soda bottle cooler on his pitching hand, and broke two bones. He grabbed ethyl chloride, sprayed the injury, and pitched the next day.

You could see him fume on the mound, the steam rising, gorge in his throat. He would literally lose control. He admitted his furies. "I have a rotten temper," he once said. "So what's wrong with that? I hate all hitters. I start a game mad and I stay that way until it's over. I guess I'm a perfectionist. When I throw a curve that hangs, and it goes for a hit, I want to chew up my glove, I want to bite nails in half."

There was the continuing fuss about spitters. When Orlando Pena would say, as he said, "I don't use a spitter. I just throw a sinking fastball, like Lou Burdette," we all laughed. But when Drysdale said he didn't throw a spitter, we all snarled at him.

But something has happened over the years. Today, he says: "No, I don't get mad any more. I'd get so mad at myself I'd get tired. I got so tired of getting mad at myself that I said the heck with it. You try your best. If you win, wonderful. If you don't, the world's not going to end tomorrow."

It is not mysterious, the change. When Don Drysdale fought the Braves with his fists, the date was 1957, and Drysdale was not yet 21 years old. We keep forgetting how young he is. He is six months younger than Sandy Koufax. But he was pitching regularly long before Koufax. In that same 1957, Drysdale hurled 221 innings. He won 17 games. Koufax pitched 104 innings the same year, and won five. Koufax did not have a 200-plus inning season until 1961. Drysdale put together his fifth straight 200-plus inning year the same season. He was just a kid when he became the Dodgers' bright hope. They threw him in there before he had grown up. Perhaps he was spoiled. Mostly, he was young. Now he is 29 years old. And a man.

It was a season, 1965 was, to test men, and it tested them all on the Dodger roster. They were sixth in 1964, and in order to win in 1965, so it seemed last March, everything had to work. Nothing did work, but still they won. That is the story. And always, like a thread of gold, or a pulsing artery, Drysdale was in the middle of it.

(⟶ TO PAGE 64)

No longer an angry young man, Drysdale today speaks of "command," meaning command of his pitches and of himself.

THE FRUSTRATION OF THE NEGRO ATHLETE

So far he's been unable to enjoy those benefits available to his white counterpart. Off-field jobs and endorsements rarely are open to him

By MYRON COPE

Malcolm Emmons

WHAT was John Henry Johnson up to? The question was being asked by NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle last summer. If Rozelle was worried, he had reason to be. Multimillion-dollar businesses do not relish racial trouble. Although Rozelle did not directly ask John Henry, the Pittsburgh fullback, what he was about, he discreetly inquired around.

John Henry was indeed up to something that carried a trouble potential, not only for the NFL but also for the AFL and baseball's major leagues.

Johnson and his good friend John Nisby, then a Washington Redskin lineman who resided not far from John Henry in Pittsburgh, had been sitting around one evening during the off-season, brooding. They were angry because it seemed to them that while a good many jobs in industry and commerce were opening up to professional athletes, hardly any were going to Negroes. Johnson and Nisby had no statistical data to support their convictions, but both men had been around the league a good long while and knew what their eyes and ears told them.

They got in touch with this writer. What could be done, they wanted to know, to focus attention upon their complaint that white athletes were building their futures with solid corporations while Negro athletes were pointed straight down a road that would qualify them to collect garbage? Johnson at the time was unemployed. Nisby worked as a salesman for a brewery. Breweries, of course, require Negro salesmen if they are to sell their beer in Negro neighborhoods. "That's the kind of jobs we get," said Nisby, unenthusiastically.

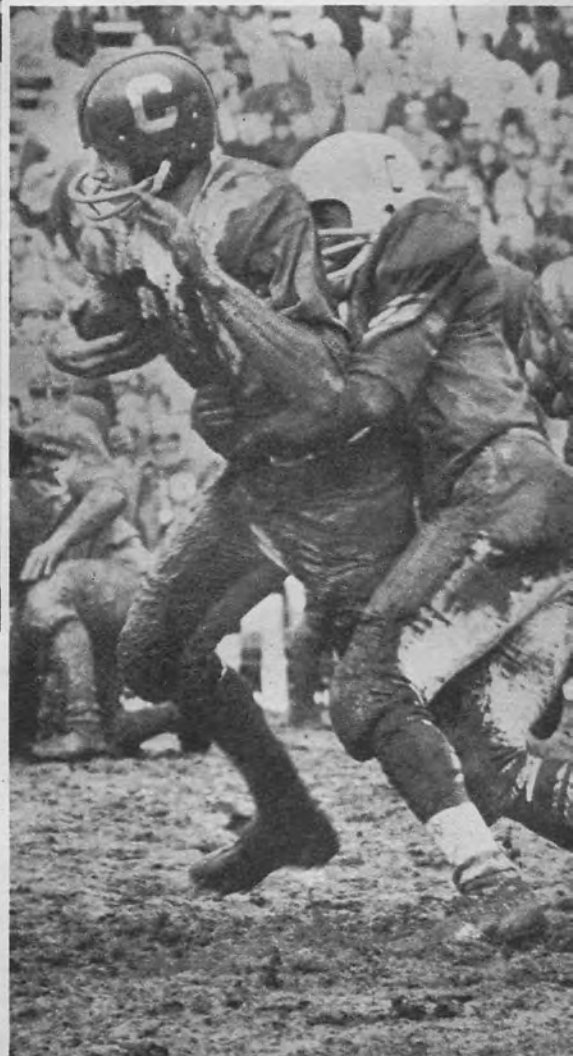
The first thing Johnson and Nisby ought to do, it was suggested to them, was make sure they knew what they were talking about. In other words, it was one thing for them to register a heated impression but another to prove it was so. Obviously white athletes would find it easier than Negroes to obtain jobs, but how marked was the disparity, and if it were truly serious, who was to blame? The ballclubs perhaps? Had the clubs extended themselves to find jobs for their white players while ignoring their colored?

Then again, just to keep matters in perspective, were unfair employment practices against Negro athletes a vital issue? In times when Negroes are battling not only to work but to vote and to dwell and to receive education and dignity, could the general public—even the Negro public—spare much sympathy for an athlete who, while earning perhaps $20,000 (⟶ TO PAGE 75)

"Strong legs run that

In eight words the above motto tells what the East-West game is all about. For many crippled youngsters it is the biggest game their college heroes ever will play

PHOTOS BY CHARLES DOHERTY



It's difficult to say who gets more out of the All-Stars' visit to the Shriners' Hospital — youngsters like Jimmy and Robert, *above left and right*, or players like Gale Sayers, *center*. One fellow who needed little introduction to the children last year was California's Jack Schraub, *carrying the ball at right*. Schraub was a big favorite in the Bay Area and obliged his young followers by scoring the West's winning touchdown on a pass reception.

weak legs may walk"

Wide World

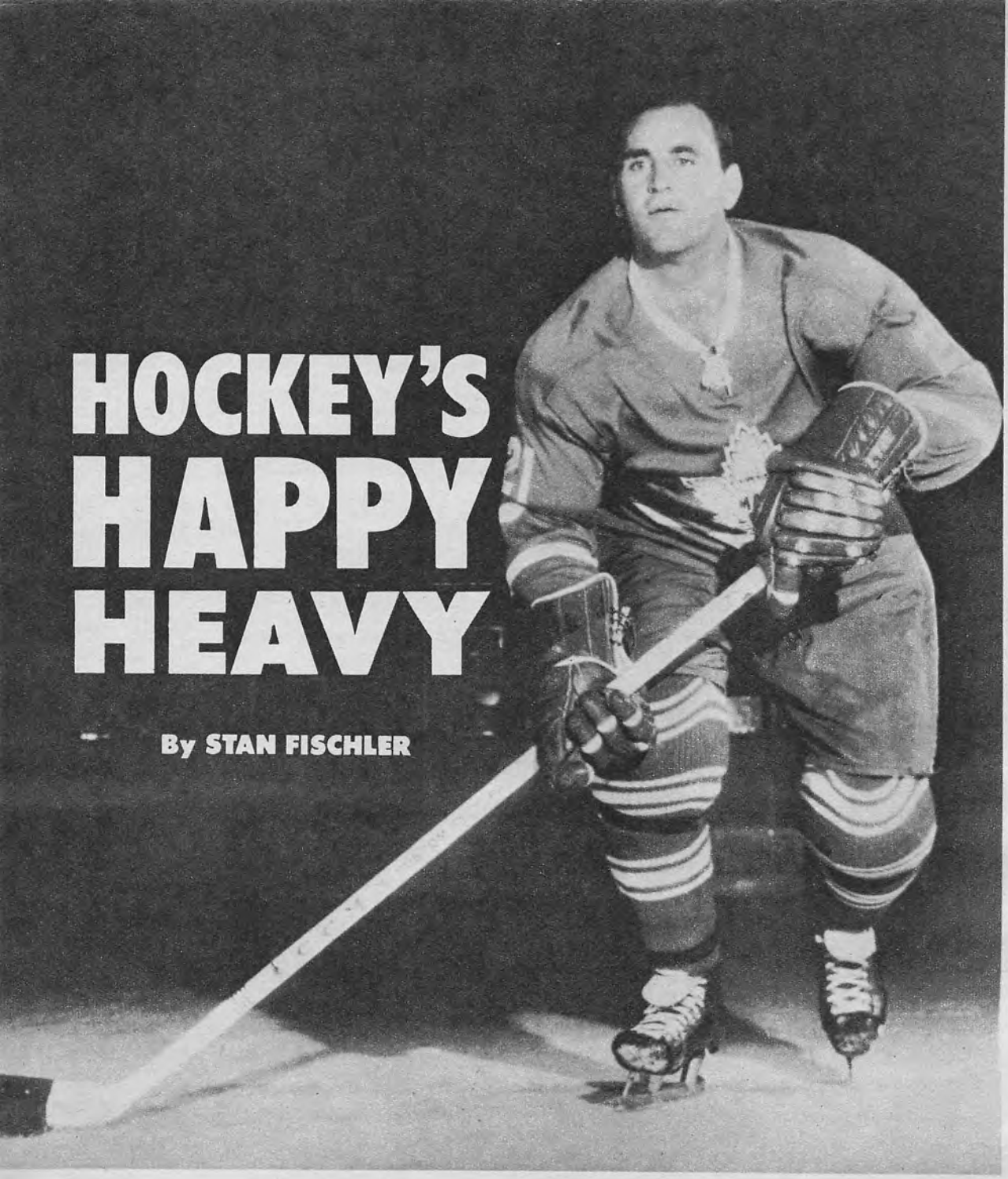
IN 1925 A FOOTBALL GAME was originated in which there would be no losers. It was named the East-West College All-Star Classic and the final score mattered little compared to the $25,000 raised for Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children. Since then the forerunner of college post-season charity games has flourished in a manner befitting its auspicious start. Despite a cold, rainy January day in San Francisco, last year's game (shown on these pages) netted a profit of a quarter-million dollars. The earnings will provide renewed hope for thousands of youngsters, some of whom have yet to take their first unsupported steps. And just as important as the money was the players' personal contact with the children before the game. Said one nurse: "Some of the girls are shy. But they'll talk about this visit for months."

A soupy football field is no place for hula dancers, *left*, but when charity is the winner the show must go on. Fifty girls from Hawaii were flown in for the occasion, along with 4000 homing pigeons. At least one poor seagull, *above*, must have wished for a little of that homing instinct. Making out best of all in the mud was Craig Morton, *with ball at top*, who threw the winning TD pass.

"Strong legs run that weak legs may walk"

Sayers, *No. 48 at left*, later would prove to be a pro rookie sensation, but in the '65 East-West game he had trouble cutting just like everyone else. Much of the credit for the game's pageantry, *above*, and its success belong to the classic's director, William M. Coffman, *center below*, and to O. E. "Babe" Hollingbery, *left*, and Andy Kerr. Both of them are former coaches and are now co-business managers.

At the East-West game, help comes in many forms. *Above*, Navy's Roger Staubach receives aid after being knocked out. He returned to action and won the MVP award. *At right*, a Shriner clown attends to Jimmy Jones' slightly soiled uniform. The affectionate helping hand on Lewis' shoulder, *below*, belongs to Larry Elkins, who brought his wife with him to San Francisco. Lewis' wonderful grin sums up the East-West game better than a thousand speeches.



HOCKEY'S HAPPY HEAVY

By STAN FISCHLER

Whether you're on Bobby Baun's side or against him, he can drive you wild. Still, no one can stay angry at the Toronto star for very long

THE PLANE CARRYING the Toronto Maple Leafs one day last October began taxiing down the runway. Suddenly, general manager-coach Punch Imlach realized someone was missing. Bobby Baun. For the second time in three years the Toronto defenseman had pulled his disappearing act. This was Baun's little way of dramatizing his unhappiness with the contract Imlach had offered him. Little did Bobby suspect the results all this would produce. But even if he had, he probably couldn't have cared less.

"I enjoy giving the shafts," says the 29-year-old Baun in his soft, articulate way. "I consider myself a first-class needler."

The next day a headline in the Toronto *Globe and Mail* proclaimed: "Players Support Baun; Imlach Dilemma Grows." A week later, Baun's roommate, All-Star defenseman Carl Brewer, quit the Leafs for good. 'The Brewer incident grew out of the

Baun incident," said Leaf president Stafford Smythe. "Brewer simply couldn't comprehend a situation such as Baun packing up and leaving camp."

Baun, typically, remained unperturbed. "I'll never get ulcers," the 5-9, 182-pound skater admits. "When I put my head on that pillow I go to sleep. I'm not a worrier."

Why indeed should Bobby Baun have worried? He was too busy making money outside of hockey. If Imlach had tried to phone him—which he didn't—the manager wouldn't have known where to try first. Baun might have been at his automobile agency, or supervising a building job for his contracting firm, or acting as a representative for an Italian restaurant, or helping clean a trout pond, or organizing a gourmet club. All are services he performs for his business, Havana Industries (soon to be changed to Bob Baun Enterprises).

If Baun seems destined to wind up as one of the NHL's wealthiest players, it also sometimes appears that he'll end up as one of the most disliked. Last year, for example, Baun stuck his leg out when Bobby Hull skated by, thereby divorcing Hull's ligaments from their moorings. Hull was incapacitated for the last quarter of the season and missed his chance for the goal-scoring record.

But any dislike for Baun is temporary. Although he is regarded as a heavy—his colleagues call him "The Gorilla"—he is a happy heavy because of his wit, sincerity and good, old-fashioned try. Even Hull can manage a kind word for his tormentor. "I hope he settles his problems with the Leafs," said Hull when he heard of Baun's walkout. "The league needs guys like him."

The league needs him so much it amended its rule barring unsigned players from skating in the All-Star Game. Baun finally signed his contract the day of the game and with an increase estimated at close to $10,000. "I had to give a little," said Baun proudly after he had signed the contract, "but they gave a lot."

Baun's high I.Q. (Irritability Quotient) is due to his lusty bodychecks and a finely honed verbal needle which already has inspired three teammates to take pokes at him. "I'm an aggravating son-of-a-gun," Baun admits. "I'm so aggravating, my wife wonders why more guys don't TKO me."

Imlach has had good cause on several occasions. On an exhibition tour of Western Canada a few years ago, Imlach had scheduled a morning practice. Baun, however, had scheduled a duck hunt for the same time. When he couldn't find Imlach to tell him of the conflict, Bobby went hunting anyway and told Punch the next day that he had visited his grandmother.

Imlach accepted the excuse sympathetically until he sat down with his players for coffee that afternoon. Reading the Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix*, Imlach nearly choked on an item in the sports column: "Bobby Baun of the Leafs spent the morning on a duck hunt."

"I'm sending you home," roared Imlach after summoning Bobby to his table.

"You send me home," Baun replied with typical equanimity, "and I'll go moose-hunting and really visit my grandmother."

Before Imlach could reply, Baun explained the whole story and calmed down his furious coach. So, Baun stayed and Imlach has never regretted it because his happy heavy has helped him build a three-year Stanley Cup dynasty.

Baun's most stirring heroics came in the 1964 Cup finale. The Leafs trailed Detroit in games 3-2, and were clinging to a 3-3 tie in the sixth game. With ten minutes remaining, Baun threw his leg in front of a Gordie Howe shot. The rock-like rubber disk cracked a bone in Baun's ankle and he had to be carried from the ice.

The period ended with the score still tied. As the players left the ice to prepare for a sudden-death overtime, the team doctor stuck a needle in Baun's foot, pressed the pain-killer into his veins, then swathed the ankle with bulging bandages.

Baun buried his head in his hands as the other players trooped back to the ice. He waited and waited and then he lifted himself up and followed them. "When I saw him come out I sent him over the boards," said Imlach. "It was a great show of courage, but you expect those things from a guy like Baun."

As the time-clock's hands approached the two-minute mark, the puck slithered to Baun at center ice. He took a stride and golfed a shot that struck defenseman Bill Gadsby's stick and ricocheted crazily up in the air like a clay pigeon. Before goalie Terry Sawchuck could move, the puck flew over his shoulder and into the net for the winning goal.

With the series tied, 3-3, the Leafs ordered Baun to a doctor for X-rays of his broken ankle but he refused them. "If there was anything wrong, I didn't want to know the details," Baun says.

Riddled with pain-killer, Baun took a regular turn throughout the final game. Toronto won, 4-0, for its third straight Stanley Cup. Baun was selected one of the playoff's three outstanding stars, although his inconsistency has prevented him from being named a First All-Star.

With or without All-Star recognition, Bobby has more than made his presence felt since he came up to the Maple Leafs to stay in the 1957-58 season. "He is the roughest player in the league," says Chicago coach Billy Reay.

"The night Baun missed a game in Chicago we started taking liberties," says Bobby Hull. "We realized he wasn't in town so we could get away with a lot more. When Baun's around, that right side is like an obstacle course."

Sometimes Baun gets caught in his own obstacles as he did in March, 1961, in New York. Camille Henry of the Rangers ran into Baun and in the entanglement Henry's skate sliced through the skin of Baun's neck. It appeared to be a routine injury and Bobby returned in the third period. But seconds after he boarded the team bus following the game, he began to gasp desperately.

He attempted to yell for help but couldn't squeeze out a sound. Neck muscles cut by the skate had started to hemorrhage. Bobby gagged as his tongue slipped down his throat.

Baun waved his arms, groping for attention. When his teammates realized the trouble, they rushed him to a hospital where doctors performed an emergency operation to permit breathing. Less than a week later Bobby was taking a regular turn on the Leaf defense in the Cup playoffs.

"Baun is a marvel," says Leaf trainer Bobby Haggert. "I remember one weekend last season when he hurt his ankle on a Saturday night, kept an ice pack strapped to it for 24 hours, then played the game on Sunday. On his first shift he stepped into Reg Fleming of the Bruins with a check that rattled Reggie's wishbone. Next minute he stopped a shot on the same foot. Instead of crying 'uncle' he stayed out there, didn't miss a shift and handed Fleming two more bruising checks."

Like all his acts of courage, the Bruin episode was interpreted by Baun with a maximum of modesty. "If I've learned anything," he says, "it's that there'll always be a guy bigger and tougher than me the next time out."

So far, Bobby Baun—hockey's happy heavy—has yet to meet that man.

Martin Blumenthal

Paul Lowe has rushed for more yardage than anyone in the history of the AFL, yet even some of his own teammates overshadow him today. No wonder he asks . . .

"Now That

By Bill Libby

PAUL LOWE IS A REBEL with a cause. His cause is Paul Lowe. He has made a long, uneven climb out of the ghetto of Watts in Los Angeles, where the riots were, to San Diego, where the Chargers play. He has an extra buck for the first time in his life. But after five years as one of the most spectacular and accomplished players in professional football, real fame and fortune continue to elude him.

Shifting, moody and restless, in the shadows of sports celebrities, Paul Lowe says he cannot understand why things are not better for him: "I've come a long way and it hasn't been easy, but now that I'm here, where am I? I'm showy, which the fans should like. My statistics are as good as almost anyone's. I've helped my team win some championships. We have a lot of great players on the team, but I think I'm as important to the team as any of them. I think so, even if no one else does. But no one else does—that's the point: not my bosses, not the fans, not even the writers. For all I've done, I'm just another guy."

He looked up with a wistful smile. "You wanna know something?" he asked. "I've never even had a magazine story written about me until now. This summer I went out and bought all those pre-season football books. There must have been a dozen of 'em. Did you ever see a kid open a fancy box on

Paul has the look of a man with responsibilities.

Christmas morning and find out the box was empty? That's me. There wasn't a single story on me in any of them. There wasn't even a picture of me in them. I couldn't find my face anywhere," he said. "Maybe I'm not pretty enough."

He was a superstar in high school, yet few scouts noticed him. He was never all-anything in college, so the pros didn't even draft him. He tried out for the San Francisco 49ers of the National League, and was turned loose. He was signed by the newly formed Los Angeles team of the American League, which was so desperate for football players it also signed two ladies in slacks and a bear dressed like a boy.

Paul sat around a year waiting for the league to begin play, then he played, and went unnoticed.

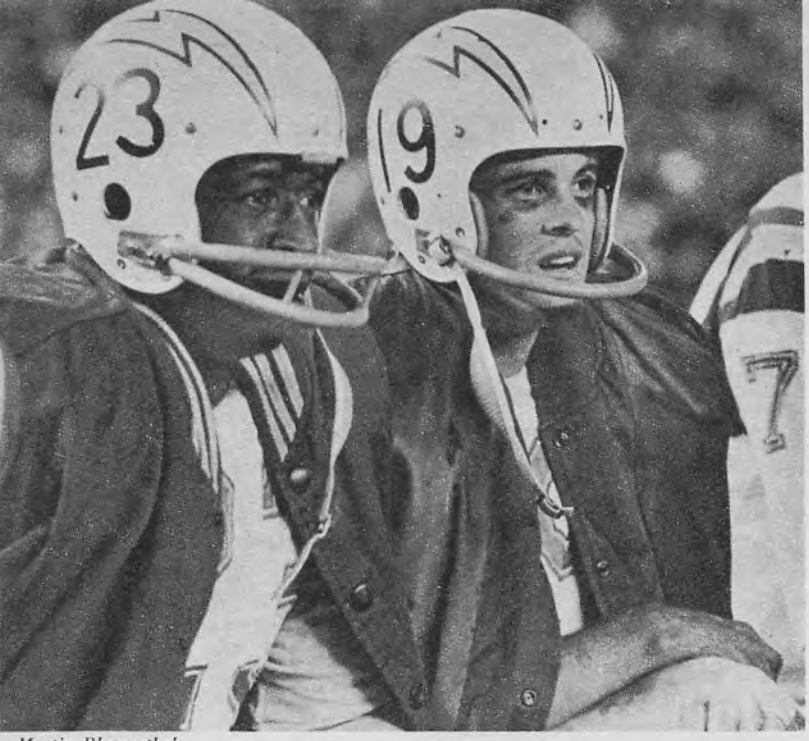
It is hard to figure. In action, Paul Lowe is about as easy to ignore as Sophia Loren in a boys' shower room. He has a unique running style. He holds himself straight up and down and raises his knees high and prances around like a man trying to hold his head above tall grass and his feet away from snakes. Seeking running room, he glides like a skater. Moving into a crowd, he hops like a berserk pogo-stick. Springing into the open, he shifts into high like a racer turning down the home-stretch at Indianapolis.

He is not particularly big or strong and he does not have great balance, but he is quick and fast, he changes speed deceptively, and he is very elusive. Time after time, he will hit into a line and be stopped cold. But the next time, he will find daylight and be gone. A performance against the New York Jets this fall was typical. The first 15 times he carried the ball he ran for 51 yards, respectable but not startling. The 16th time he got the ball, he took a pitchout from John Hadl, turned the right end and streaked 59 yards for a touchdown. So he came out of that game with 110 yards, which kept him comfortably ahead of Cookie Gilchrist for the league's rushing leadership.

Twice in his pro career Paul finished second in the league in rushing. Up to this season he had rushed for 3128 yards, which, despite the loss of one season because of injury, placed him second only to Abner

I'm Here, Where Am I?"

Charger coach Sid Gillman says of his star halfback: "When he's going all out, he is as good as there is . . . He's so eager, he complains if he isn't given the ball on every play."



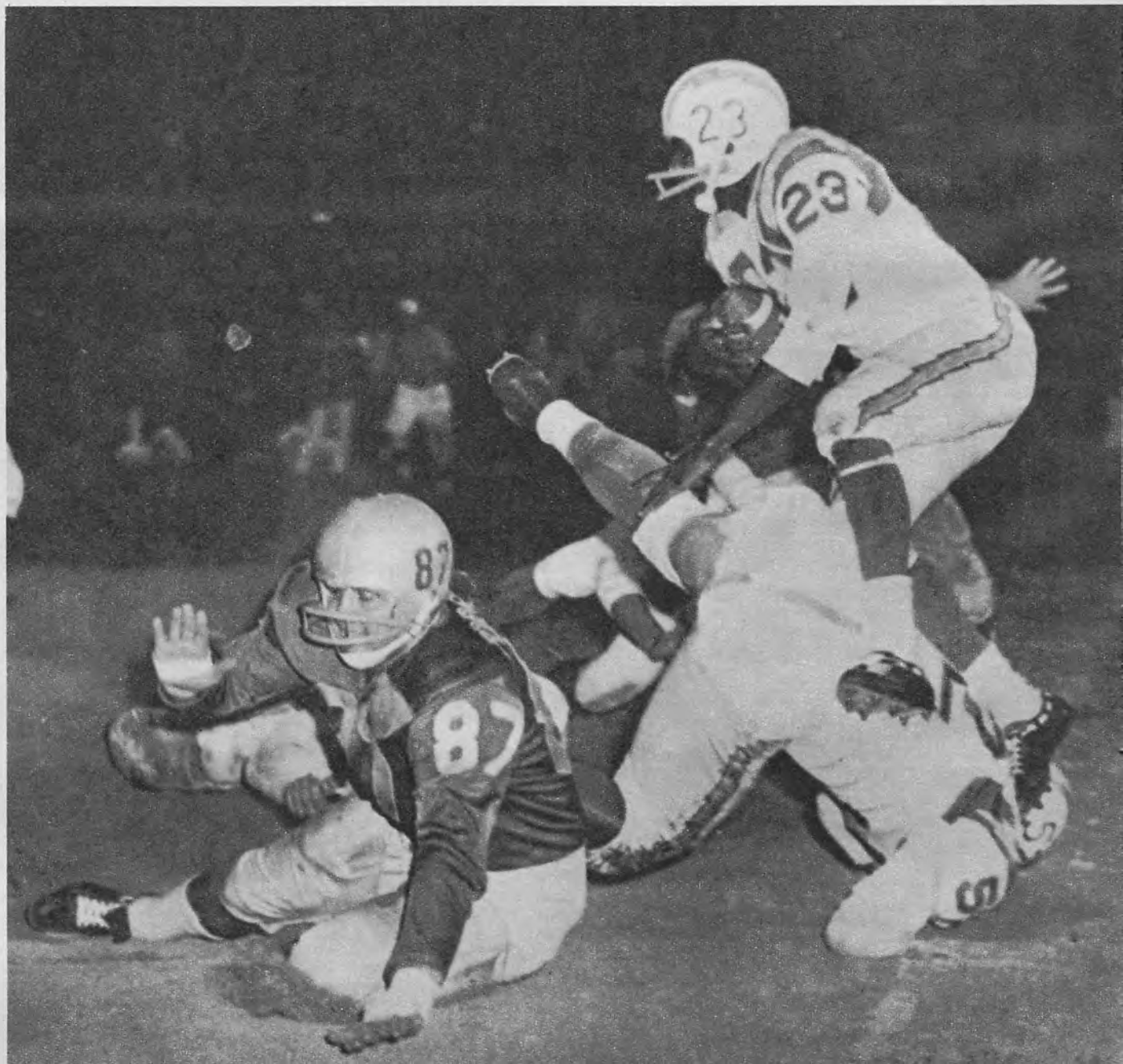
Martin Blumenthal

Haynes in the league's five-year history. His total offense in pro ball is an awesome 5304 yards. Yet even this year, his best, the fans would not know Paul Lowe if they tripped over him. They know his teammates, Lance Alworth and Keith Lincoln and Ernie Ladd, but Paul Lowe they do not know.

Possibly his best run ever came in the 1963 AFL championship playoff against Boston when he electrified the crowd with a 58-yard scoring spurt that turned a 14-7 contest toward its final 51-10 ending. Yet Keith Lincoln had a tremendous game and Lowe's run was forgotten.

Flanked by framed photos of himself in football action, Paul Lowe sat in the tiny den of his house on Marine View in San Diego and talked about himself. He seems slim, smaller than his six-foot, 195-pounds. He wears glasses and has a scholarly appearance. He speaks softly and seriously. You would be more apt to take him for a white-collar

Teammates like Lance Alworth, *left*, get the publicity while Lowe keeps chewing out the yardage with his unique running style, moving "like a berserk pogo-stick."



worker than a football star. He has the look of a man with responsibilities.

His most pressing responsibilities are his wife, the former Sophia Sanders, four daughters and a son. "I'm 28," he says. "I've got a big family and I got to worry about tomorrow."

His wife sat in the living room trying to turn purple into red on the color TV. A friend, tackle Ernie Wright, was snoozing in a soft chair nearby. Paul Lowe made a fist and pressed it into the palm of one hand. He hunched over, looking at the floor, and said, "I try to see things the way they are. I get to play a lot, but I know I don't get the fat plays given to me. I play well, but I don't get the compliments the others get. So, I'm not well-known. I get paid good, but I have to beg for it. I hold out or ask to be traded and I'm called a trouble-maker.

"I'm not out to cause trouble. I feel that any time I am physically sound and mentally content, I can step out on that field and do anything I want to do. I'm in pretty good physical shape now. I'm fairly happy. So I'm having a good year. I think it's my bosses' job to keep me happy, but they haven't always done it, so I can't help worrying about the future. But it's got to be better than the past has been."

Paul was born in Homer, Louisiana, on September 27, 1937. He had two brothers and two sisters. His parents worked hard at menial tasks for a few dollars a week. "I don't guess any Negroes in a town like that down South ever had much," Paul comments. During World War II, his parents left their children with an uncle and went to L.A. to work in a shipyard. Then they sent for the kids and squeezed into a small house in Watts. When the war ended and with it the employment boom, Paul's dad found work as a car-lot "boy," his mother as a presser in a garment factory, and meal money got scarcer.

"At least my parents wanted to work and worked hard," Paul says. "I had maybe a little more than the next kid, which meant maybe an extra pair of pants or newer sneakers. But we didn't have much. No one does down there."

"Down there" is Watts, L.A.'s Harlem. "It's a bad place for a person to grow up," Paul says, "because he is surrounded by bad things and learns the wrong things. As a boy, I saw dope and drinking and prostitution and all sorts of things all around me all the time. If the fellow next door to us wasn't beating up on his wife, the one across the way was. Every section had a gang. I belonged to a gang. I stole things I needed or wanted. We didn't bother to think of it as a crime. The only crime was in being caught. I was lucky. I was never caught."

Paul was one who drew a line and would go no further, however. "One night," he said, "we'd raised hell at a dance and on the way home we jumped this guy. He was a Negro. We didn't know him and he didn't start up with us. There was no reason for us jumpin' him. You didn't have to have a reason. It was just something to do. We knocked him down and the leader of our gang began to kick him in the head. He had on big boots and he stomped him until he darn near killed him. I didn't like that. And it scared me. So I drifted away from the gang."

As it has been for so many poor Negroes, sports was Paul's way out. His favorite sport was and is basketball and he was good at it. He was also a state schoolboy champion hurdler in track. With football, he became the only three-sport all-star the California Interscholastic Federation has had.

"Actually, I didn't go out for football when I first got to Centennial High," Paul recalls. "But I could run faster and throw the ball further than anyone in school, and the coach, Adam Wade, needed a single-wing tailback and asked me to try out. I didn't like it much. The first day I got hit a couple of times, turned in my uniform and quit. I only weighed 162, but it wasn't my size, I just didn't like contact. But the guys started calling me 'chicken' and all my friends were on the team, so I went back out. I still don't like contact. In fact, I avoid it at every opportunity. But I've gotten used to it. I bounce back every time, no matter how hard I'm hit, as my opponents have found out."

Paul did it all for Centennial and hoisted them into the CIF championship game, which provided him with the biggest thrill of his life. In December of 1954 in the L.A. Coliseum, Lowe had run 16 times and passed 16 times when the clock ran out on a 6-6 tie with Glendale Hoover. However, a penalty at the final gun provided Centennial with one last play. Lowe took the center snap, faded back, danced around, eluding several tacklers, spotted Carl Allen in the end zone and spiralled a 43-yard pass, which Carl juggled, then held for a 12-6 win. "Just like Frank Merriwell, baby," Lowe grins.

Paul had married Sophia, who quit school, and had begun to raise a family while still in high school. For some years (⟶ TO PAGE 81)

Martin Blumenthal

Paul says of his neglect: "Publicity starts with management. If they don't talk you up, no one wants to write about you. Lots of guys who deserve it just don't ever get noticed."

THE SPORT **BONUS** REPORT

TEENAGE ATHLETE OF THE MONTH

"A TOUGH LITTLE SQUIRT"

IN HOUSTON, TEXAS, the finest high-school football player in town, in the opinion of the college scouts whose job it is to know such things, weighs a wiry 150, measures 5-7 and may not be much of a college prospect at all.

His name is Mike Holt, and he is a throwback to the days when the Little Davids like Texas Christian quarterback Davey O'Brien could dazzle the world with their footwork.

By the seventh game of the season, the Bellaire High School quarterback had gained more than 1100 yards running, passing and returning punts. But Mike and his head coach, Mickey Sullivan, a onetime Baylor athlete, could speak only in wishful terms of a college scholarship. "It's hard for a coach to give a full scholarship to a kid Mike's size," says Sullivan, "but I hope someone will take a chance on him. He wouldn't be sorry."

Mike runs with a wiggle, can heave a football 60 yards and thrives on punishment like one of Li'l Abner's kigmies.

"He's a tough little squirt," says Sullivan. "In one game he got hit as hard as anybody I've ever seen, five or six times, but he bounced right up."

When Sullivan moved to Bellaire at the end of last season—from a school whose quarterback was 6-2 and 205—he brought along the sprint-out option series. He began searching for a similar type to run it. What he found was Mike Holt, whose stubby frame did not exactly match the classic quarterback dimensions.

But he came through so splendidly that his coach could only deplore the fact that Mike was not twins, so he might throw the ball to himself. "He has a great pair of hands," says Sullivan.

Mike makes fast tracks off the field as well as on. He is a football co-captain, a good scholar and a student leader. When a local television station promoted a "Salute to Youth" program, and began looking around for a model teenage athlete, it picked Mike.

In the summertime, Mike plays a nimble second base. He hit .396 in district play.

When he isn't competing in sports Mike is writing about them for his school paper. His long-range ambition, however, is to become a coach. "If I can't do that," he says, revealing a nice sense of order, "I'd like to try sportswriting."

His father died when he was a tot, and his mother works to support them. Mike is cocky and self-reliant, partly because he has had to be. His quarterbacking philosophy is simple: "I just think about one thing: Scoring. That's my job." Is his size a handicap? "No . . . the tall, skinny guy takes more punishment than I do." Maybe the racy, compact models aren't out of style after all.

MICKEY HERSKOWITZ

Talk To The STARS

Do you have a question you'd like a favorite player to answer? Send it to "Talk To The Stars," SPORT Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

HOYT WILHELM: *When did you learn to throw the knuckleball?*

—Jerry Olszewski, Rockford, Illinois

WILHELM: I have always had the knuckleball; it was a God-given gift. I didn't have to learn it or develop it. I throw it the same way today as I did when I was pitching high-school ball. Naturally, I have better control of it now but basically it is the same knuckleball I've always had. I don't know how it happened. It just came naturally to me.

WALT BELLAMY: *How do you feel about being traded from the Baltimore Bullets to the New York Knickerbockers?*

—John Fried, Detroit, Michigan

BELLAMY: It's a big incentive coming to New York. It's a cordial place and we have a lot of good, young players. If we all stay healthy we can go all the way. I just hope we can generate some enthusiasm from the New York fans.

CURT BLEFARY: *How did you feel about being platooned by Hank Bauer early in the season? Were you glad when you finally got to play full time?*

—Tom Parks, Baltimore, Maryland

BLEFARY: I sure was glad when I got to play full time. The first time was July 1, and I won't forget that date. Still, it's up to the manager. If my name's in the lineup I start. If not, I don't. That's all there is to it. I think I can hit right handers and left handers equally well, and I hope I get to play full time from now on, but I can't say for sure whether I'll be able to.

Inside FACTS *By Allan Roth*

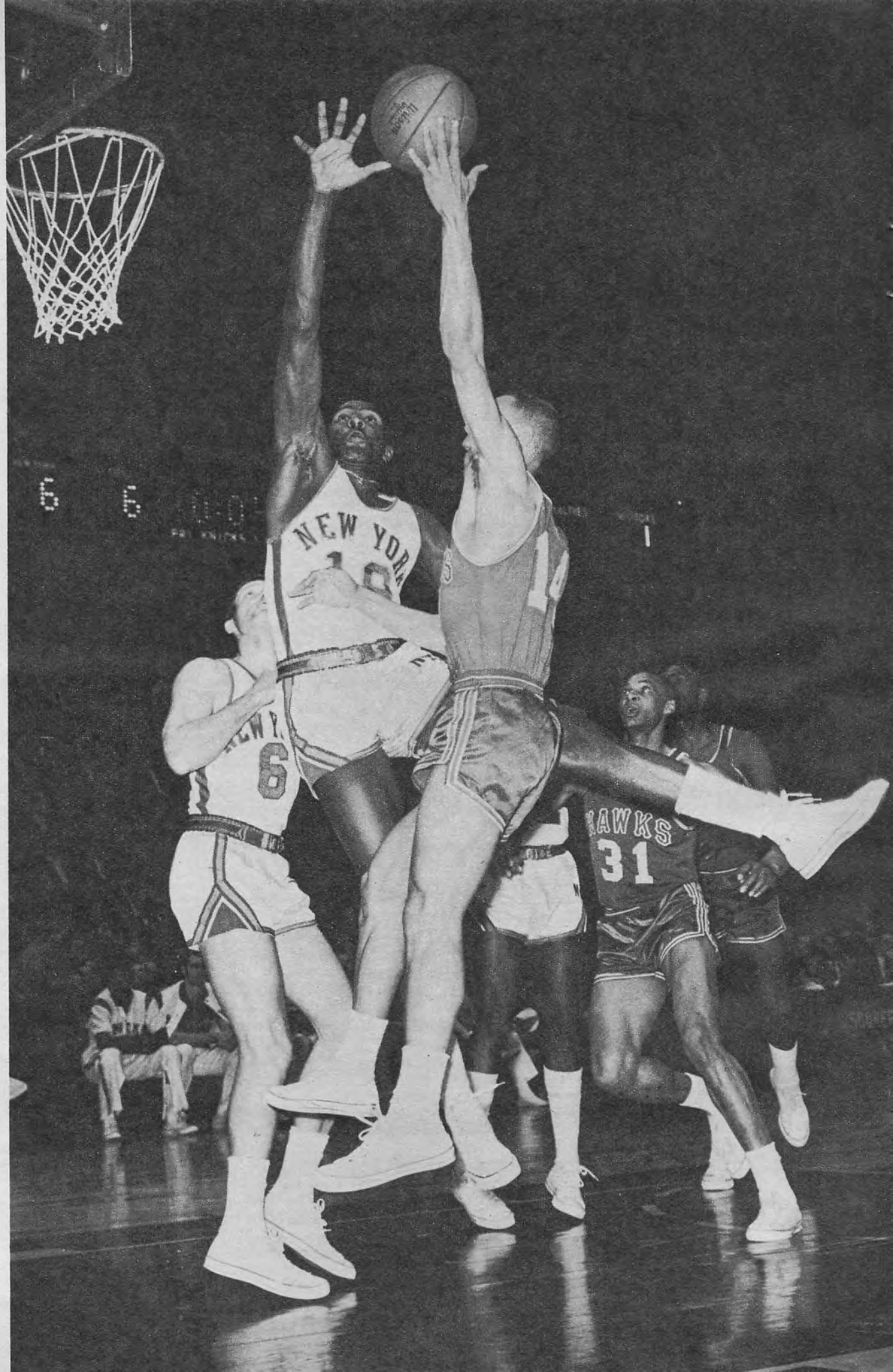
NO NFL CLUB has been led to a conference title by a quarterback with less than five years experience as a pro since Johnny Unitas did it for the Baltimore Colts in 1958 and 1959, his third and fourth seasons in the league. Since then, the least experienced winner was Bart Starr, who led the Green Bay Packers to the Western Conference crown in 1960, in his fifth pro season.

In six of the last seven seasons, the team with the less-experienced quarterback has beaten the club with the more experienced leader in the NFL championship game. Last season, Frank Ryan, in his 7th pro year, led the Cleveland Browns to the championship, defeating Unitas, in his 9th season with the Colts. In 1963, Billy Wade of the Bears was the winner over more-experienced Y.A. Tittle of the Giants, and in 1961 and 1962, Starr led the Packers to victories over Tittle and the Giants.

Clubs playing on their home field have won 22 times and have lost only nine of the 32 championship NFL games that have been played, starting in 1933 (one game was played on a neutral field). The last time that a visiting team won was in 1962, Green Bay defeating New York at Yankee Stadium, 16-7. Home clubs have won three of the five AFL championship games.

Quarterbacks with previous NFL experience have seen almost all of the action in all five AFL championship games, with George Blanda and Jack Kemp each in three contests, Tobin Rote in two games, and Len Dawson and Babe Parilli each in one. The only non-NFL quarterback to lead his team to a division crown was John Hadl of San Diego in 1964, but in the league championship game he saw less service than Rote for the Chargers. The title-game winners have been Blanda for Houston (1960 and 1961), Dawson for Dallas (1962), Rote for San Diego (1963) and Kemp for Buffalo (1964).

The Western Conference winners have captured the NFL championship six times in the last eight seasons, and have won 18 league crowns, compared with 11 for Eastern Conference title-holders (in three seasons, 1950, '51 and '52, the league was divided into American and National Conferences). In each of the last four seasons (1961 through '64), Western Conference teams have had an edge in the inter-conference games.


NEW YOR
6
HAWKS
31

The Hunger Of Willis Reed

An underrated college player, Willis wanted to make the U.S. Olympic team and he wanted to be a first-round pick in the pro draft. He achieved neither goal but still was the NBA's top rookie last season. Now he's a key man with the Knicks, who finally have realistic playoff hopes

By Phil Pepe

GRAMBLING College is a Louisiana school with a student body of 4000, only 1500 of whom have played, are playing or hope to play football. Two-thirds of the students at Grambling are women. It is bounded on the West by Ernie Ladd, on the North by Willie Davis and on the East by Gallo's Barber Shop, the one place in town where in getting your ears lowered you also get them bent by football talk.

This is not to say that football is very big at Grambling. It is no bigger, for example, than the Beatles are at the neighborhood discotheque. It is no bigger than beards in Greenwich Village. It is no bigger than a Kennedy in Massachusetts. This is why the most complimentary thing you can say about Willis Reed, Grambling '64, six-feet, 10-inches tall and 235 pounds, is that he never played college football. It is a privilege that rates with a Moscow bank teller getting a day off to celebrate the Fourth of July.

On a cold night last winter, a man walked into Gallo's Barber Shop, where the local gentry were discussing such vital issues as who should play quarterback on next year's team. He sat down in Richard Gallo's chair and asked, "Why isn't the radio on? Don't you know Willis is playing tonight?"

"We don't have a radio," Richard Gallo said, and the man got up from the chair, walked out of the shop and returned moments later carrying a radio.

Willis Reed has not made them forget football at Grambling, he has merely made them aware of basketball. For four years he *was* basketball at Grambling and last year it was pretty much the same thing with the New York Knickerbockers of the National Basketball Association.

The Knicks were only slightly surprised that Willis developed into their starting center and high scorer and NBA Rookie of the Year all in one season. After all, he brought these credentials to pro basketball:

In college he played mostly facing the basket, which NBA centers never do. He did not make the 1964 Olympic team. He was passed up on the first round by every NBA club in the annual college draft.

But the Knicks drafted Willis Reed on the second round and added his name to a list that reads like a veritable "Who's He?" of basketball. Could Reed ever make the New York fans forget former Knick centers Ron Shavlik, Gary Bergen, Art Spoelstra, Jim Palmer, Ray Felix, Charlie Tyra, Gene Conley, Phil Jordon, Darrall Imhoff, Paul Hogue, Bob Nordmann and Tom Hoover?

The Knicks did not find out immediately that this one was going to be different than the others. It took some time. It took two days. That was how long they had been in camp when a knock came on coach Eddie Donovan's door one night. It was Reed.

"Coach," he said, "could I borrow a rule book?"

"A rule book?" Donovan shrieked.

"Yes," Willis said, "I want to read it."

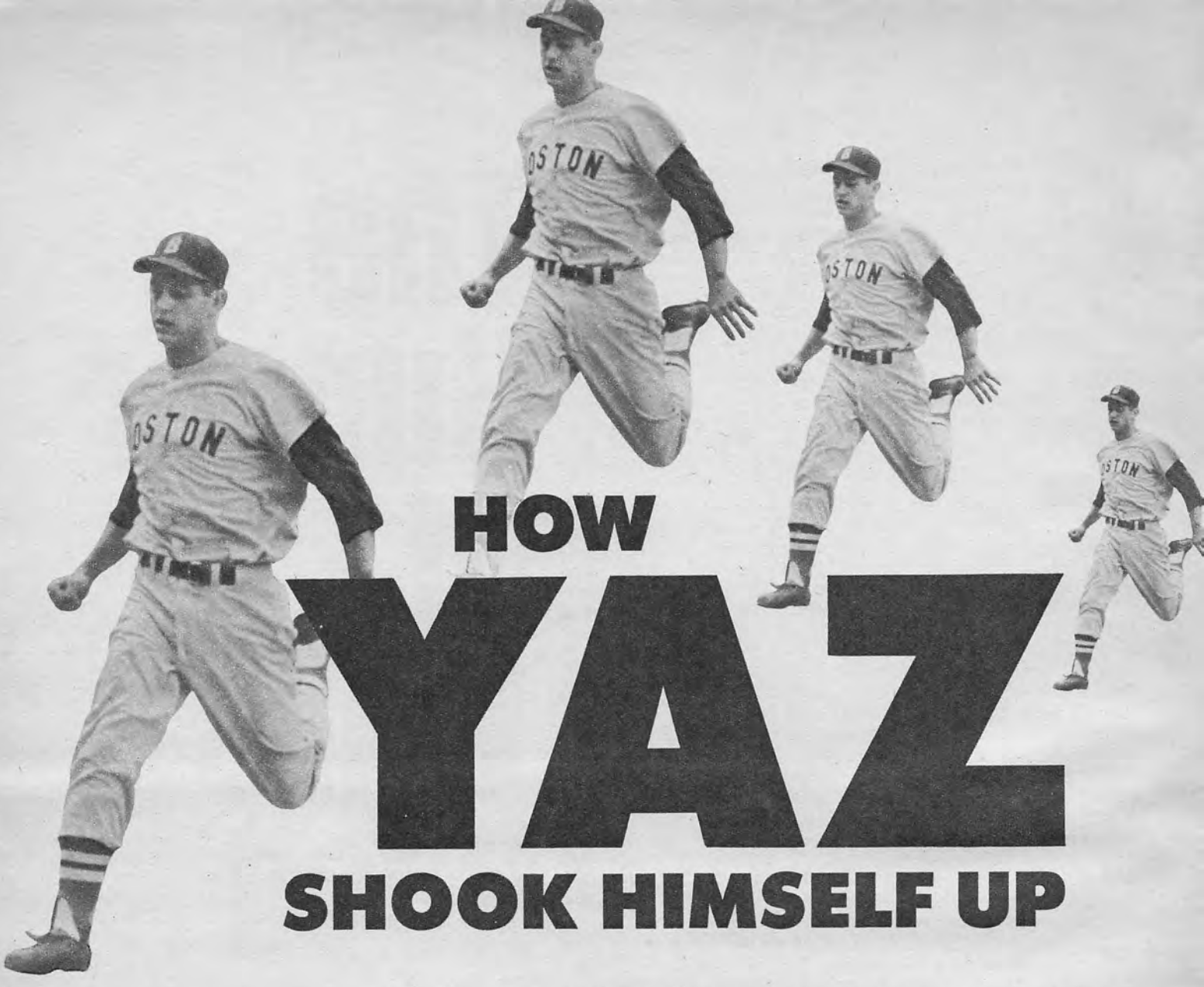
Donovan, now the team's general manager, smiles when he thinks of the unusual request. "I had never heard of a player, any player, asking for a rule book before."

That alone should have earned Reed expulsion from "Centers Anonymous." But it wasn't until the game against the Boston Celtics in Springfield, Massachusetts, a week before the regular season that Reed was officially recognized as being different. He twisted his ankle early in the first half and Donovan insisted Willis go directly to a hospital for X rays.

"Can't I go at half time?" Reed pleaded. "I want to sit on the bench and watch Russell's moves."

Suddenly the Knicks had themselves something special and rare, a regular center. The experience (⟶ TO PAGE 71)

Reed can play defense, *as seen at left*, as well as score points.



HOW YAZ SHOOK HIMSELF UP

Fresh off a batting title in 1963, he grew fat and testy in 1964. Then he took a close look at himself and decided to change. Now Carl truly wants to be a leader

By AL HIRSHBERG

ON THAT DAY near the end of the 1964 season that Billy Herman succeeded Johnny Pesky as manager of the Boston Red Sox, Carl Yastrzemski walked in on Herman. "Next year," Carl said, "I want to be a leader."

Herman looked coldly at Yaz. "You can't be a leader," he said, "not the way you played this year. You've got to report in shape, then beat your brains out." Herman's face softened. "You can be a great ballplayer if you'll work at it."

Herman knew from his own experience as a coach under Pesky that Yastrzemski hadn't worked very hard at it in 1964. The moody young outfielder, who had spent the whole season in a silent, intense feud with Pesky, had nobody but himself to blame for his troubles. These included his unwelcome election by Bronx-cheering Boston fans as their number one target, and a rise in his weight exceeded only by a drop in his batting average. He had gained 20 pounds and lost 32 points, putting himself completely out of the race for the batting championship he had won in 1963 with a .321 average.

That year of his greatest triumph also was the year his battle with Pesky began. It started one day in Kansas City when the manager exploded after Yastrzemski ruined a potential big inning by inept base-running. Carl resented Pesky's blistering reaction, and the end of the season marked the beginning of his winter of discontent.

One day in October, Yaz spoke at a sports banquet. He didn't come just to tell funny stories. "I made some mistakes," he told the audience. "And the manager made some mistakes. It's up to me to correct my mistakes and it's up to the manager to correct his."

A model of indiscretion. If there had been any hope of patching up the differences between Pesky and his batting champion star, that killed it. But that wasn't all. In a classic example of cutting off his nose to spite his face, Carl showed up at spring training for 1964 around 200 pounds. His playing weight is 180.

"It was a foolish thing to do," he told me not long ago as we sat in the living room of his rambling home in Lynnfield, 20 miles north of Boston. "We trained in Arizona then, and it's impossible to lose weight there because you don't perspire. No matter how hard I worked, the fat stayed on. When I stepped on the scales opening day, I panicked. The needle went all the way up to 196. All I had taken off in Arizona was four pounds."

So to Yastrzemski's resentment was added discouragement. The combination was more than he could handle at first. With a batting championship behind him and a glowing future ahead, he just stood still. Mad at himself, his boss and the world, he got off to a miserable start. He didn't exactly loaf, but there were too many times when he didn't hustle either. By mid-season, with the Red Sox struggling to climb out of the lower regions of the American League standing, the fans were on Yastrzemski. They booed his every move and the more they booed the more miserable he became.

He and Pesky hardly spoke. Their failure to communicate caused a major misunderstanding in July. Yastrzemski appeared at the Cleveland ballpark with a fever, but refused to mention it to Pesky. Late in the game he hit into a double play which might have been avoided if he hadn't taken his time running to first base. A furious Pesky benched Yaz for three games. Not until weeks later did Pesky find out that he had been sick that night.

After the 1964 All-Star game Yastrzemski began to move. He hit well in the late stages of the season and finished with a .289 batting average. This wasn't bad—tenth among the league's leading hitters—but it was far below his potential.

"He's got great ability," says Pesky, now a Pirates' coach and a man who bears no grudges. "He's a natural ballplayer who should be be one of the stickouts of the game. I have nothing against him. I hope he makes it big. He certainly has the talent."

Having the talent is one thing. Capitalizing on it is quite another. Yastrzemski is now the first to admit that he did little to capitalize on his talent in 1964. He will even admit that at times the fans were justified in riding him.

"That was partly why I went in to see Herman the day Billy got the job," Yastrzemski told me. "I wanted him to know I was with him, and that I wanted the fans with me. That visit, by the way, was completely out of character for me. Ordinarily I don't believe in going to see the manager. I never did it much. But I felt I could talk to Herman, and I had to let him know I was ready to do all I could to help him."

Yaz did do all he could but it was beyond one man to lead that Red Sox team of 1965 to anything short of

Yastrzemski feuded with his manager, Johnny Pesky, all through the '64 season. Pesky was particularly incensed at the way Yaz ran the bases. *Right*, he's an easy out trying to stretch a double into a triple—and doesn't even bother to slide into third base.

YAZ
continued

almost total destruction. Herman himself had little control over the ballclub in the early stages of the season. By the time he got tough—which he did in the last two months—it was too late. The Red Sox were in ninth place and but for the grace of the Athletics, would have finished tenth.

But if Yastrzemski couldn't lead his teammates, he could and did regain control of his own destiny. He started right away, right after his talk with Herman. All winter he worked faithfully at isometric exercises, a half an hour every night. "Not being a batting champion had its compensations," he said. "The year I won the title people wanted me to speak all over the banquet circuit. I almost ate myself out of baseball. This time nobody wanted me. I stayed away from fried chicken and rich foods, did my exercises regularly and lived a normal, quiet life. I didn't even go to the Boston baseball writers' dinner in January. And when it was time to report for spring training I was in shape."

He was in shape and his attitude was so much better. He had only one thought in mind—to redeem himself. He started hitting well a month after the season began, and he continued to hit well all year. He had to come out of the lineup on three different occasions because of injuries, but his batting wasn't affected. He was the league leader all through the last half of the season. Only a last-minute rush by Tony Oliva of the Twins prevented Carl from winning his second batting title; he finished second at .312.

As happy as he was at his play, Carl thinks he would have done even better had the Red Sox been a contender.

"When you're in the race," he said, "you're interested in everyone on the club. You're part of a unit, not a unit all by yourself. You want to help the other guy, to encourage him, to try to give him your own strength if he needs it. Everything is light and easy and fun. You have a worthwhile goal, and you work toward it. But when you're losing, the whole world changes. Every game is hard work, sometimes every move an ordeal. You tend to forget the others, and think more about yourself. You find it hard to believe that you're part of a team because there seems so little you can do to help. Baseball is a team game and when the team is doing poorly it gets everybody down."

So Yastrzemski's redemption in '65 wasn't complete. Twice Herman had to sit on Carl for sloppy play, fining him once and letting him off with a bawling-out the second time. Neither incident was publicized.

"I fined him for not hustling going after a ground ball hit to left," Herman told me. "A man advanced to third in the first game of a doubleheader, and it might have cost us a run. I blasted Carl and slapped on the fine between games, and he did well in the second. We won both games."

The second incident occurred after Carl failed to run out a pop fly. "I can't fine a man for getting mad at himself," Herman said. "And that's the way Yastrzemski is. He doesn't loaf purposely. He just gets disgusted with his own failures. I have no complaints about him. He gave me everything he had. If I got the same out of everyone else, we wouldn't have finished ninth or anywhere near it."

If nothing else, the two incidents seemed to indicate that the trouble between Yastrzemski and Pesky was basically a personality clash. Pesky never fined Yastrzemski, never blasted him twice in the same season as Herman did. Furthermore, Yaz had his best year under Pesky, and it was Pesky's team that was in the pennant race until mid-season of 1963.

Neither has much to say about the other. When I asked Yastrzemski about Pesky, he switched the subject to Herman, whom he likes. When I asked Pesky about Yastrzemski, he talked only of Yastrzemski's great talents.

But they didn't have to draw pictures for me. Carl, who would take two scoldings and a fine from Herman without rancor, resented Pesky so much he wouldn't even tell him when he was sick. And Pesky, a good manager who lost his job through no fault of his own, obviously thinks Yastrzemski should be a better ballplayer than he is.

There's no question that Carl was a better ballplayer last year than he had ever been before. He did something that few major leaguers can do—he got back the fans who had left him for dead under their barrage of boos. In 1965 he heard few of the unwelcome noises which had plagued him in 1964.

Instead, the fans turned on Tony Conigliaro, the 20-year-old sophomore who led the league in home runs. Conigliaro had so many problems in the early part of the season that he inherited Yastrzemski's wolves. Glad as Yastrzemski was to get rid of them, he was sorry for Conigliaro, and tried to help him. If it hadn't been for Yaz, in fact, Conigliaro might have yelled abuse back, as Ted Williams did in the early days of his career in Boston. Carl warned Tony against it.

"It will only make things worse," he told Tony. "When they get on you like that, the only thing to do is look straight ahead and play your game just as if nobody were around. They go after you because they think you're doing things wrong. The only way to get them back is to try to do things right."

Conigliaro got the message and gradually, he managed to still the hecklers. "It's so easy to lose your head out there," Yaz said, as we sat in his living room. "You get the feeling that everybody hates you, that you can't do anything right. I know exactly how Tony felt because I went through the same thing. Believe me, it's no fun."

So Yastrzemski counsels a younger ballplayer, and this is how he hopes to become a leader. "Look at Mantle," he said. "He doesn't talk much, but the rest of the Yankees look up to him as a leader. The same thing was true of DiMaggio. He didn't get up and make speeches, but he was a leader just the same. Take those two men out of the Yankee lineup, and how many pennants might they have won in the last 30 years?

"That's the kind of leader I'd like to be. That's the kind of help I'd like to give a ballclub. I hope it can be the Red Sox. We're not going to be down forever. The tide has to turn in our favor some time."

Meanwhile he still savors the batting average with which he won the (⟶ TO PAGE 82)

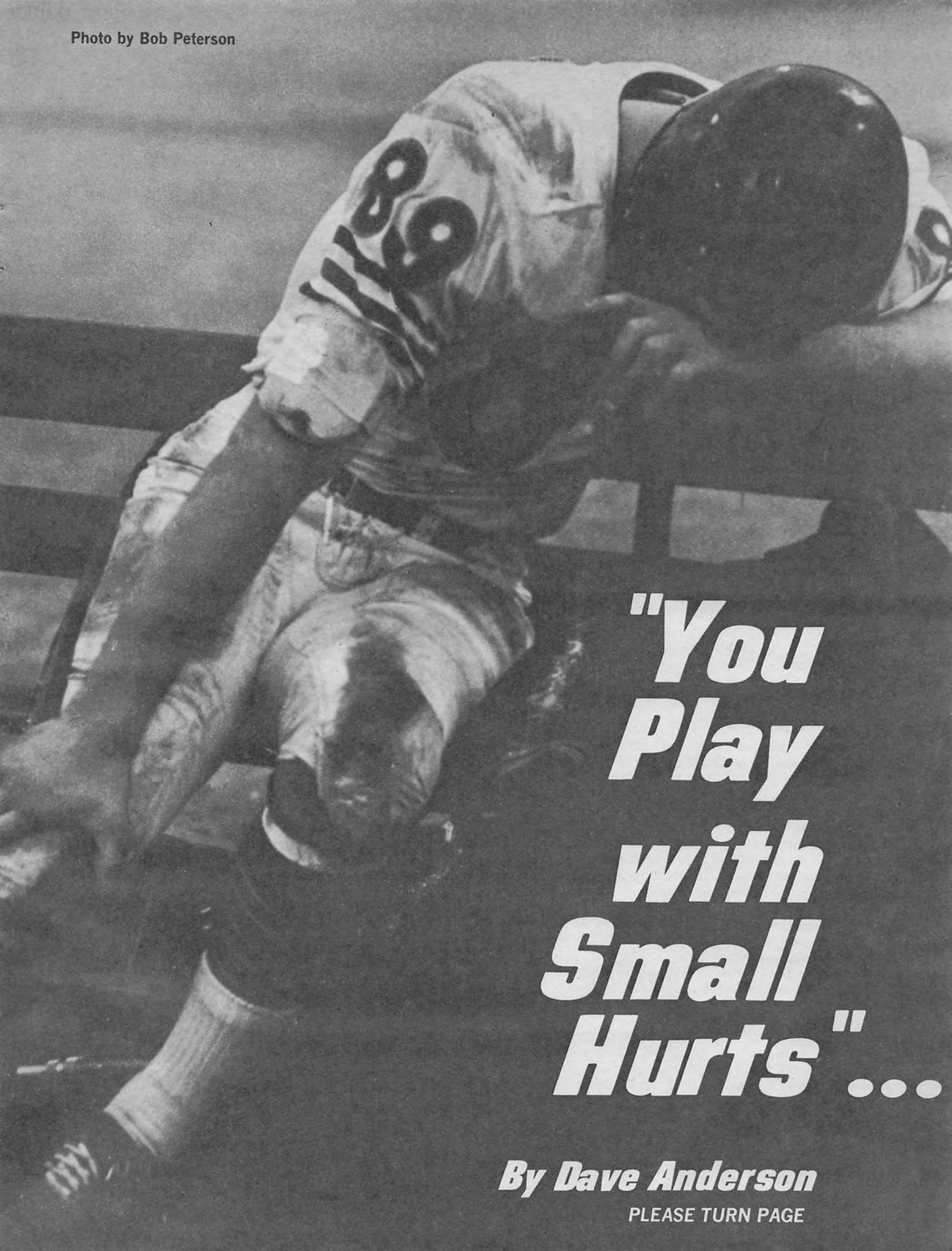


Photo by Bob Peterson

"You Play with Small Hurts"...

By Dave Anderson

PLEASE TURN PAGE

Every pro says it differently: "Put the cast on"; "I'll be all right"; "I can play with it"; "You can bear it for four quarters"; "I'm paid to play." It all adds up to the . . .

Pride and Pain In Pro Football

Martin Blumenthal

SPECKS of adhesive showed where the tape had been. The specks were on the shoulder and elbow and middle finger of John Unitas' right arm. His profession is throwing a football with his right arm. Earlier on this Sunday afternoon not long ago he completed 18 of 30 passes for 236 yards and one touchdown. The Baltimore Colts had needed every yard to get by the San Francisco 49ers, 27-24. When the game ended John Unitas soaked his right arm in the warm bubbling water of the whirlpool bath. He put it under the baking heat of the diathermy machine. Now, nearly an hour later, he had showered and, with a towel around his middle and the telltale specks of adhesive on him, he was in the washroom preparing to shave.

"How's the arm, John?" a passerby said.

"All right," he said. "It's all right."

As he spoke, John Unitas was lathering his face with his left hand.

Cut. Print it. Send it to the Hall of Fame.

His right arm hurt so much he didn't want to lift it to put soap on his face. But outwardly, John Unitas wanted it known that his arm was all right. Not that he was trying to be a hero. Rather, he wanted to avoid sympathy. Sure his shoulder was badly bruised. His elbow was strained. His middle finger was dislocated. They had bothered him all week. Especially the shoulder. One day it hurt so much that all he did in practice was

hand off. He did not attempt to throw the ball.

But on Sunday afternoon John Unitas, pro football player, had been ready.

On Sunday afternoon a pro football player is *expected* to be ready. Unitas is not the exception. He is the rule. "In this game," says New York Giant coach Al Sherman, "a player aches from July to December." As a quarterback, Unitas' performance that day when the pain throbbed through his shoulder perhaps is more dramatic and surely more publicized than that of players at other positions. But it is not more courageous.

When Jim Ringo, the Philadelphia Eagles' center, was with the Green Bay Packers he once had 14 boils on his buttocks. The Packers were to play the Cleveland Browns and before the game Ringo lay on a rubbing table and asked for injections to freeze the area. "The pain," says someone who was there, "brought tears to his eyes." He was bandaged and he put on his uniform and he was on the field, bent over the ball, stretching the pads tight against painful boils . . . for every offensive play. The Packers won big. After the game his hip pads were smeared with bloody pus.

"Here," Jim quietly said to one of the equipment men, "you better throw these away (⟶ TO PAGE 78)

For one ex-player's personal vision of pride and pain in pro football, please turn the page ▸

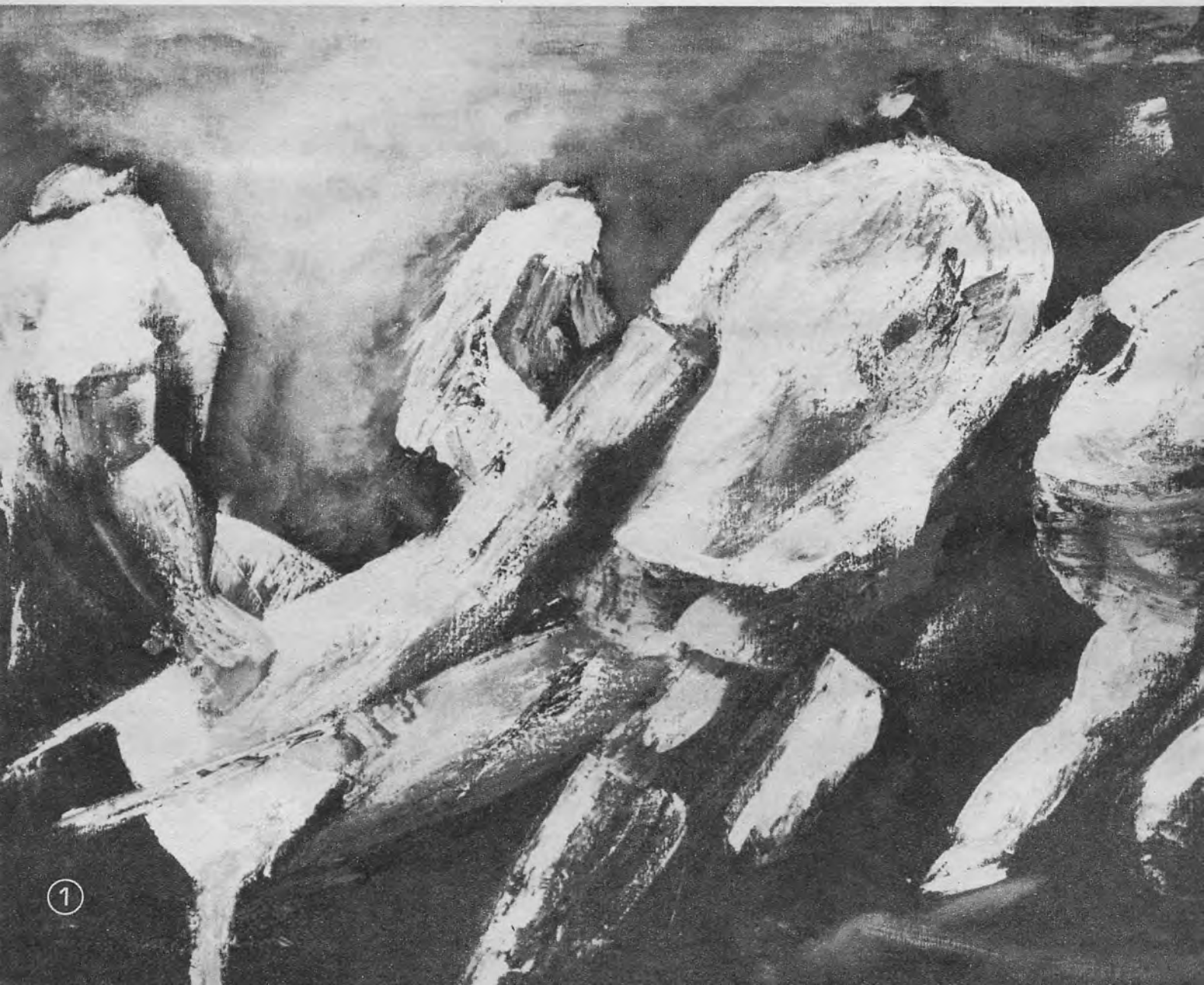
Football as played by the professionals is Mike Ditka fighting off the agony in his right foot, *on the preceding page*; Ernie Stautner ignoring his gashed nose, *at left*; Y.A. Tittle being helped from the field, *above*; Paul Hornung collaring the pain in the pinched nerve in his neck, *top*; and Johnny Unitas having the flow of blood from his nose stanched, *at right*. But despite the hurts, each of them went back into the ballgame.

A Portfolio of...
Football Suffering

PAINTINGS BY ERNIE BARNES

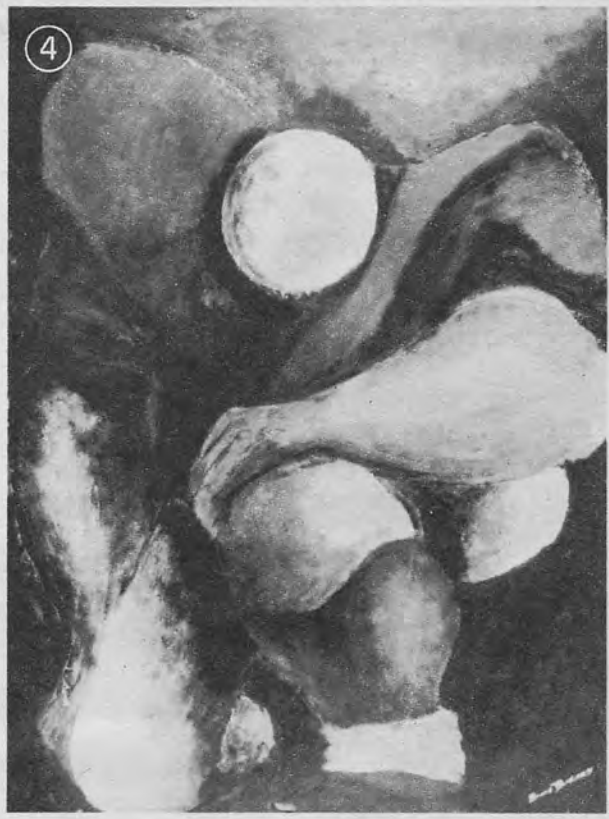
Text and Captions by Ernie Barnes
with Mike Rathet

WHAT I'VE TRIED to get across in my paintings is the constant struggle—the hate—between men that makes pro football such a violent sport. I think I've succeeded because the players who have seen my paintings invariably say, "That's the way it is." They're seeing the paintings from their own physical suffering. The suffering is there. I played five years in the American Football League. I saw Howard Glenn of the New York Titans dying of a broken neck. I saw Chuck Allen of the Chargers with foot bones sticking through his skin. I've seen a hundred guys gagging on their own tongues. And that's why I quit pro football—to show people the game as the player sees it. (⟶ TO PAGE 50)



1

1—STRETCHER BEARERS. This stemmed from the injury to Chuck Allen in '62. I focused on the mood and sadness of an injured man being carried off. That's blood dripping from the stretcher.
2—CONTACT. I've been asked many times, "What do you think about when you pull out of the line to hit somebody?" My answer: "Running through him." Maybe a better reply is seen here.
3—BLOOD CONFERENCE. One day last year George Blanda of the Oilers gave a teammate of ours a kick in the seat of the pants, and got off free. Three of the Denver players got together in a little huddle and made plans to get Blanda on the kickoff. This to me was a blood conference. (No harm done; our executioner missed.)
4—THE BIG MAN. Every team has one, one wall of granite. People gasp at his size and laugh at his jokes, but they stay away from his feet.



A Portfolio of Football Suffering

continued

5—THE BENCH. This was my first painting on pro football, motivated by the news that I had been drafted by the Colts. I felt great. They were a championship team and I saw no other way to portray their winning spirit than to paint them as I did—radiating confidence even while they were sitting inactive. **6—STUD.** You see them at every training camp. They are called studs because everything they do seems to come out wrong, yet the more you deck them the more they come back at you. **7—THE SCORE.** This is my tribute to big, strong backs who put out super effort cracking into bodies at the goal line.

8—AT THE LINE. Last year in a game against Kansas City, I found myself on the bottom of a goal line pileup, stunned by the impact of an unseen blow. When I came out of the huddle on the next play, I was still groggy, unable to focus directly on them. As I went to the line of scrimmage, this is how the Chiefs' massive Front Four looked to me.

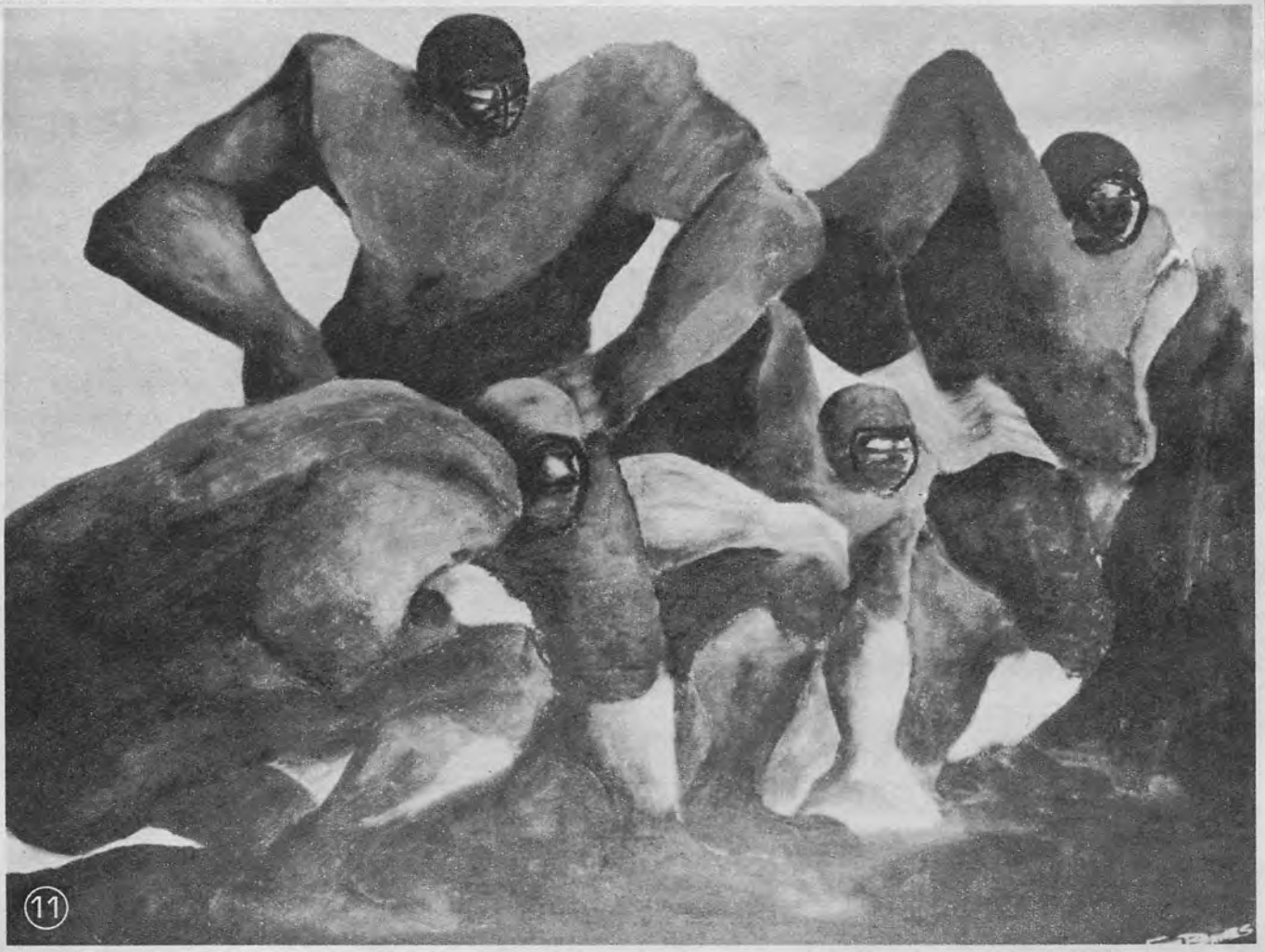
9—SUNDAY'S GLADIATORS. Almost all my feelings about pro football are summed up here—the frenzied people in the stands, the hysterical announcer screaming into the mike, the referee in the middle taking some of the beating, the gladiators themselves thrashing about in combat but also, **bottom right**, showing mutual respect and sportsmanship.

(10)

A Portfolio of Football Suffering

continued

In 1960, sitting on the bench of the Baltimore Colts (I had been drafted tenth by the Colts out of North Carolina College), I had a romanticized opinion of the player. I saw him as a man strong of heart, playing the game in his mind even when he wasn't on the field. Later, when I saw Glenn die, the violence of the game struck me with unimaginable force. Last year, playing with Denver, I'd sit on the bench with a little pad and pencil taped around the top of my stocking. Whenever I could, I'd make a quick sketch of what I saw. If a coach had caught me, I'd probably have been kicked off the team. But by this time I didn't care. I had a vision of pro football that I wanted to paint, and that's why I quit the game. The vision is this: That pro football is a throwback to the bloody days of the Roman Arena; that the fan is the Roman yelling for blood; that the football player is the gladiator, suffering in his hate.

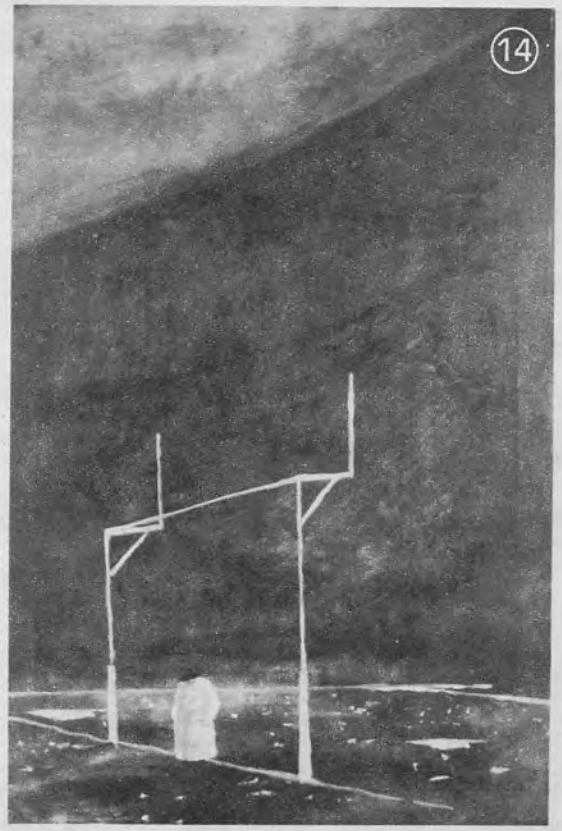


(11)

10—McCRADY'S BEST. In many of my other paintings, the official is usually in the middle of a group of players getting mangled because that's what the players hope for. But when I finally did this painting it was done out of respect, not ridicule for Thurlo McCrady, the AFL's chief of officials.
11—FEARSOME FOURSOME. From 1961 to 1963, San Diego produced the Fearsome Foursome of Ernie Ladd, Bill Hudson, Ron Nery and Earl Faison. My purpose was to portray the blood and guts of the meanest defensive linemen in pro football.
12—BIG ERN. When I left San Diego for Denver in 1963, I had to play opposite my friend and former teammate, Ernie Ladd. Frankly, I was worried about having to square off against him because he was nearly twice my size. The night before the game I couldn't sleep so I got up and painted until 3 in the morning. I didn't have any particular subject in mind. I just painted. What came out was Big Ern, a hulking piece of flesh who has just been dropped to his knees—just the way I wanted to see him. Unfortunately, the game was different.

Don't look for 13—I skipped that number.

14—OCTOBER 4, 1964. Before the game that day Denver coach Jack Faulkner was told that he had one chance left—win, or lose his job. We lost and after the game I watched Faulkner lower his head and walk off through a mass of people who bore signs with his name along with remarks of ridicule. "Why do they berate him?" I thought. "Here is a man who has given his best to what he loves and they insult him." In a way I suffered with him and I tried to paint the way I thought he must have felt by portraying him returning to the field late at night and standing there alone on the dark, littered field.



Brooks Robinson's Log Of A STRETCH RUN TO NOWHERE

Robinson slides by the Twins' Earl Battey, *above*. "You've got to give the Twins credit," Brooks writes. "They met every challenge, they beat everybody when they had to."

By BROOKS ROBINSON

with Doug Brown

Editor's Note: After staggering through their worst month of the 1965 season (14-15 in August) the Baltimore Orioles roared through September at a 20-10 clip . . . and still finished third. What is it like for a ballplayer in the season's closing weeks when his team is virtually out of the pennant race? What specifically was it like for one of the American League's best players, Brooks Robinson? Here are Brooks Robinson's own day-by-day comments.

Saturday, September 11: As I was ready to leave for the park, our oldest boy, Brooks David, 4, swallowed 55 cents. When I called manager Hank Bauer and told him why I might be a little late, he asked, "What was it—a 50-cent piece and a nickel?"

"No," I told him, "it was a quarter, two dimes and two nickels."

I had given Brooks a dime to play with and he must have gotten the rest off the dresser. He choked for a second after swallowing the money. But when my wife, Connie, called the doctor, he said not to worry, just to check the next few days to be sure it comes out.

Color By Ozzie Sweet

That crisis seemed to set the pattern for the day. I tripled in our first run against Kansas City and Boog Powell homered for the second. But the A's scored off Dick Hall in the ninth and were leading, 3-2, when I led off our half with a drive to left field that I thought was going out. It didn't.

In the clubhouse afterward, Stu Miller said Tom Reynolds' glove was a foot above the fence when he caught the ball. Stu said he realized nothing sounds very funny after a loss, but that he just had to tell me that my ball would've hit John Orsino in the stomach if Reynolds had missed it. An Ed Barnowski pitch had knocked John's legs out from under him and he had fallen smack in a mud puddle.

Little Brooks swallowed 55 cents on September 11, worrying big Brooks for most of the rest of the year. His wife Connie put him in charge of looking for the money—a quarter, two dimes and two nickles.

Sunday, September 12: Our pennant chances, quite frankly, aren't too hot. I hoped we'd narrow the Twins' lead in the loss column to about four games because we play them five times later this month. But now we're eight behind in the loss column. So if Minnesota splits its last 16 games, we've got to win all 19 of ours to finish in a tie at 100 victories apiece. It doesn't look good.

You've got to give the Twins credit. They're doing everything they have to do to win. They lost their two big men, Harmon Killebrew and Camilo Pascual, which could have crippled them but didn't. Sam Mele has done a good job managing, but I think that little extra has been provided by their new coaches, Johnny Sain and Billy Martin. Sain has handled the pitching staff masterfully and Martin has encouraged them to be more daring on the bases. Billy is their hatchet man, like Billy Hunter is on our club. We call Hunter "Little Hitler." Sometimes it's better if a coach hops on a guy's tail when he does something wrong.

Minnesota beat Boston today for the 16th time in 17 tries this season. That's something a pennant winner has to do—crucify the second-division teams. We were rained out.

I looked this morning, but no sign of the money Brooks swallowed. Not even a nickel.

Monday, September 13: Spent most of the day trying to figure how to hit Sam McDowell, Cleveland's big lefthander. Last time we faced him, nine days ago, he struck out sixteen and got me twice. Come to think of it, the whole Cleveland staff is tough—the toughest in the league for me. McDowell, Sonny Siebert, Luis Tiant and Lee Strange, those four in particular. But the pitcher in the league who gives me the most trouble is Boston's Earl Wilson. He's tall and loose-jointed and seems to be giving you a leg, a hip, then a couple arms before you see the ball coming.

Anyway, I was just as glad we were rained out again because I could stop thinking about McDowell. I called Connie, told her to put on some spareribs, my favorite, and went home. Still haven't found that 55 cents. Connie said, "It's your job to look for it." I'm looking.

Tuesday, September 14: They call Hank Aguirre a head-hunter, but I think that's being a little harsh on High Henry. Sure, I know he says he has thrown at hitters, but I think as a rule he just brushes you back, which is part of good pitching. Of course, Hank's idea of a brush-back is a pitch a foot and a half inside. He's the guy who put me out a couple weeks with a cracked thumb, but I don't have a grudge against him.

The only thing is, Aguirre has to be ready to suffer the consequences when he's at the plate. Still, our pitchers haven't hit him yet. When you think about it, why should they? We've beaten him five straight times and when you're beating a guy like a drum, you don't want to get him riled up.

The Twins' magic number is seven. Any combination of Minnesota wins and Oriole defeats totaling seven clinches the pennant. I said on my radio show today it looks like they've got a lock on it. But we can still have a good year. We jumped back into second place by splitting with Detroit tonight while the White Sox were losing to the Angels.

I'm going to call the doctor again if I don't find that money tomorrow.

Wednesday, September 15: Back in August, when I was hitting .327, I was getting nose bleeds. I was up too high. Now they've stopped. I'm down to .308. At the time, I said .325 should be good enough to win the batting title, and it looks like I was right. But my chances of winning it aren't any better than our pennant chances because Carl Yas-

trzemski is at..322 and Tony Oliva is only a few points behind him. My only shot is to have a good final 16 games, something like last year when I hit .381 in September. But so far this month I've hit .242.

We beat Kansas City tonight for our 11th win in our last 15 games, yet we're ten games behind Minnesota. We're making our move too late. Powell won it for us with a two-run homer. What a difference that big guy makes when he's hitting! We'd be where the Twins are if he was having the kind of season he did in 1964 when he hit 39 home runs. Seems hard to believe he only has 17. I know exactly how he feels because after I had my first .300 year, with 23 home runs, I slid to .251 and 11 homers the next year.

I talked to the doctor and he said not to worry, we'd get the 55 cents. Sooner or later.

Thursday, September 16: Now Connie's upset. We flew to Los Angeles today and she's going to have to look for the money while we're away for a week.

The only thing I don't like about baseball is the traveling, and it gets worse every year. It was a five-hour flight from Baltimore and when we got here, the clocks said it was 7:30 p.m., but my body said it was 10:30 p.m. They ought to cut a few games off this 162-game schedule so it wouldn't be such a rat race. That's one reason the batting averages are lower than they were 20 years ago.

Our trainer, Ed Weidner, says that even though we fly, traveling is a lot tougher on the players today. And he's been in baseball 40 years. This schedule will cut a guy's career. A man who plays every day ought to get a raise even if he doesn't have a spectacular year. If the owners are making money from the extra eight games, we ought to get some of it. The product is being diluted, but I find it hard to sympathize with the owners because they have brought it on themselves.

I had to laugh when we got to the LA airport. Charlie Lau's fan club greeted him—maybe a dozen people. Charlie's a great guy, but to have a fan club 3000 miles away, when he's not even from LA, is unusual. It's a phenomenon something like the Mets.

Friday, September 17: The Charlie Lau Fan Club may not be the biggest, but it's got to be the noisiest. The CLFC was out in force tonight, a gravel-voiced, beer-drinking bunch raising the devil right behind our dugout. Funny thing is, they cheer everything Charlie does—good or bad. They went wild when he singled off Dean Chance in the fifth for our first hit. And they cheered when he dropped a pop foul. I guess they just like action, as long as Charlie's in the middle of it. They've even got a song about him, sung to the tune of *Hello, Dolly.*

(⟶ TO PAGE 72)

A disappointed player by October 3, Brooks tells how he felt: "Even without changes, we're good enough to win next year."

Neil Leifer

Martin Blumenthal

THE RISE OF CHARLEY JOHNSON

In sports, some success stories begin with a dream. Here is how one dream, of playing professional football, came true—at almost impossible odds

By JOHN DEVANEY

Color by Malcolm Emmons

THE SPORT SPECIAL

The quarterback was sitting, bare-chested, on the edge of the rubbing table. He was holding a white towel to his face, and a large crimson stain was slowly spreading over the towel because blood was pouring from a gash in his chin. The quarterback didn't seem to notice the blood. He was staring at the floor with the rapt concentration of someone watching scenes from his life flash, one by one, on a movie screen.

This was Charley Johnson, St. Louis Cardinal quarterback, in the visitors' clubhouse at Yankee Stadium one afternoon late this October. Minutes before he had run off the field, plunging almost blindly through the swirling crowd, after New York had beaten St. Louis, 14-10. Twice in the game's closing minutes Johnson had brought the Cardinals inside the Giant 25, and twice he had failed to get the touchdown that would have won.

He was reliving those minutes now as he stared, transfixed at the floor. A little later a reporter asked him a question, and in answering it, Charley Johnson told what he saw on that floor. "I'll look at the game films on Tuesday," he said, "and I'll look at those plays, and I'll see how we could've scored. But anyone can see the right plays to call on a film. My job is to see them in games."

A doctor came over to the rubbing table and, tapping the quarterback on the shoulder, wrenched Johnson's gaze away from that private movie on the floor. Charley stretched flat on his back. The doctor jabbed several long hypodermic syringes into the flesh below the mouth. The blood was still flowing from the gash—as it had most of the fourth quarter—and there were splotches of dried blood caking on the table. The sight seemed to affect even the doctor. "I feel," he said, "like the old doc on *Gunsmoke*."

Charley didn't laugh because the doctor was sewing up his chin, just the way you'd sew a button on a shirt: Stick in the needle, draw the thread taut, turn the needle and stick it through the other side, then jerk the jagged ends of flesh together. Four times the doctor did that, with a trainer swabbing blood from the chin, and then they bandaged the chin.

As Charley got up from the table, he saw a writer who'd been with him for more than a week. Johnson rubbed his hand through his wet and mussed straw-colored hair, squinting his eyes in the small-boy way he has. And then, despite the pain of the stitches, the shock of defeat, he smiled that soft, lopsided smile that's so often on his sleepy face. The writer started to say something, but Johnson spoke first. "It's going to be kind of hard," said Charley Johnson, "to write about someone like me."

It is not hard to write about someone like Charley Johnson. You look back at the things you saw him say and do in over a week's time, and dozens of scenes rush at you. The only trouble is: How are you going to write a story that will not sound like you are nominating Charley Johnson for sainthood?

Recently Charley visited the office of Cardinal president Stormy Bidwell. The talk turned to a sports show Charley was doing on a small St. Louis radio station. "You know, Charley," said Bidwell, "a lot of bigger stations would give you more money."

"Maybe," said Charley. "But they were the first to ask me—when I was nothing. It wouldn't be right for me to leave them now."

Bidwell then mentioned several other money deals that had been offered, through the club, to Johnson. Bidwell ticked off the figures he thought Johnson should ask for each.

Charley whistled. "Gee," he said. "I don't know if I should be asking all that money. I'm not a Unitas or a Starr, you know."

Bidwell leaped from behind his desk. "Now look, Charley," he exploded, "don't overdo that humble bit."

Certainly Charley has no reason to feel humble. In 1962, only his second year in the league, he took charge of a pro football offense. Blitzed, bruised and bloodied, he threw buttonhooks to Bobby Joe Conrad and made him the top receiver in the league in 1963. He whistled bombs to Sonny Randle with a gunfighter's accuracy, once hitting him in the end zone in a snow-

storm so thick he couldn't see beyond 20 yards.

By early this season he had passed the 10,000-yard mark in passing, and at 27 years of age was being mentioned in the same breath with Y.A. Tittle, Bobby Layne and John Unitas. In beating Cleveland early this fall, 49-13, Charley passed for 300 yards or more for the tenth time in his career, tying him on the all-time list with Layne and Billy Wade, and putting him only a few behind Unitas (15), Tittle (13) and Sonny Jurgensen (12). And for all of them, 27 was an age they had reached some time ago.

While applauding his passing skills, though, people around the league have had some ifs about Charley: *If* only he read defenses better. *If* only he didn't get rattled when he was in trouble. *If* only he was a tougher leader in running the club.

You heard the ifs in pre-season and after the Cardinals lost their opener to the Eagles, 34-27. This defeat could hardly be blamed on Charley—he threw three touchdown passes. A little later, however, the Cardinals hired Bobby Layne as a kind of personal tutor for Charley. The Cardinals promptly won four straight games, were tied with the Browns for the conference lead, Charley was leading the league in touchdown passes, and Layne was being pictured as a Svengali who'd stared into Charley's eyes and turned him into a master quarterback. One magazine writer stated that Charley's "ego can use an occasional boost," that sometimes he loses confidence, and that Layne had been hired to inject "iron" into him.

The story dismayed Johnson. He talked about it one Saturday morning this October in the Cardinal training quarters, an old stone school house in the wooded countryside outside St. Louis. A trainer was massaging his left shoulder, which had been bruised so badly in a game the preceding week that Charley wouldn't play the next day against the Redskins.

"That magazine writer was wrong," Charley said in his soft Texas drawl. "I've never lost my confidence. If I did, I'd be through as a quarterback. A man loses his confidence, he's got nothing. Now I *have* lost my poise out there. When a play wouldn't work, I'd forget our game plan and start grab-bagging for plays and get into deeper trouble."

He puffed on one of the small cigars he smokes by the dozen each day, squinting through the smoke. "The thing about me is this—I've always had the confidence that if a receiver is loose down there, I can put the ball to him. The times I've lost my poise is when I couldn't come up with the play to get the guy loose down there."

He laughed. He is the kind who enjoys kidding himself. He smiles his amiable smile when people kid him about his memory. He's a guy who remembers a thousand things on a football field and forgets things others never would.

In 1963, Charley, who's a low-80 golfer, hit a 558-yard double eagle, screaming out his drive 300-yards plus, then whacking a No. 2 wood into the hole. *Golf Digest,* which keeps track of such things, published an article stating that only 58 double eagles had been shot in the country that year, and that Charley's was the longest of them all. Someone sent a copy of the article to Johnson.

"A double eagle?" said Charley. And then he brightened. "Oh, yes," he said. "Now I remember. I'd forgotten all about it."

As a quarterback he came to the pros with more problems than just a misty memory. He is barely six feet, not the rangy kind who can look over charging linemen. He is 193 pounds during the season, but balloons to 210 in the summer, then has to fast like a monk. He is not the kind who can run away from tacklers; he is among the half-dozen or so slowest men on the Cardinals. When he first came up, he overthrew deep receivers, and when he took something off the ball, his passes wobbled.

And there was one thing more: He sometimes seemed too nice a guy to be a leader. At the start of this season Willis Crenshaw, a second-year fullback, was a team joke. On a play to the left, Crenshaw would run to the right. Charley would be holding the ball for a handoff, staring into space until tacklers cascaded on him. Crenshaw would come back to the huddle and say, "Sorry, babe, my fault," and Charley would say, "Stick in there, Willis."

The Cardinals thought Charley should hit Willis with a stick. But Charley didn't and Crenshaw will always be grateful. "Your confidence is pretty low when you make a mistake," he says. "They yell at you, and maybe you got no confidence at all." By mid-season Crenshaw had bloomed into a Cookie Gilchrist-kind of punishing fullback.

"I don't like to holler at people," Johnson was saying after the trainer had finished massaging his shoulder. "Most of the guys on this team, we started out together. We learned together. I don't think they expect me to holler at them. I don't want to holler at them.

"They know when I get mad. They know when I blow a play, and I know when they blow a play. They know I didn't want to blow it. I know they didn't want to blow it. I can't see dressing down a man for making a mistake."

One who did dress them down was Bobby Layne, the greatest whipcracker of them all, and when he came to St. Louis, it seemed obvious: He was there to teach Charley to crack the whip.

On this Saturday in the Cardinal clubhouse, Charley went off to a meeting, and while he was gone, a writer went over to Layne, who was sprawled on a trunk, his suit rumpled, fingering an inch-long cigarette. He was asked if he had been brought in to change Charley.

"Not at all," Layne said in his rasping voice. "He was an established quarterback when I got here. You change him, he's not Charley Johnson, and that'll hurt him. I just told him that you throw 45 passes in a game and you're in trouble. A lot of people don't realize this: If you throw three straight incomplete passes, you use up maybe only 20 seconds on the clock. Now—*boom*—your defense has to go right back in there again, their tongues hanging out. You use three running plays and even if you don't get a first down, you've reduced the number of minutes your defense has to work out there."

A little later, smoking a cigar and sipping a container of black coffee, Johnson nodded when he was told what Layne had said. "Before Bobby came here," he said, "what I had confidence in was my passing. If I was in a pinch, I passed. If I went up to the line and had any doubts, I checked to a pass. The defenses knew I was going to pass, and I got into trouble. Bobby has gotten across to me that the only way to throw effectively is to make them look for the run."

He smiled. "That seems real simple, doesn't it? But I'll tell you: That would still be hard to teach me if we didn't have the running backs we got this year."

He ticked them off on his fingers: Crenshaw, Joe Childress, Thunder Thornton, Bill Triplett, Prentice Gautt. "For several years we had only Prentice, Joe and John David [Crow]," he said. "John David was hurt a lot. I had receivers like Bobby Joe and Sonny. Naturally I had more confidence in my receiving than in my running. If I had to make 20 yards, I'd figure: One or two passes and we make it easy. That's a lot of yards to make running.

"Now I'm willing to call runs more often. Suppose we run and lose five. Before I wouldn't use that play again. But Bobby got this across to me: When a defense stops a play, it gets a boot out of stopping it. It's aching for you to call it again so they can stop you one more time. You wait until you need a first down, and then you show it to them again. But now it's play-action pass (fake the run and throw), and I have time to set back there—maybe a lot of time.

"Another thing Bobby got across to me: Say it's third and 16. Before I was a cinch to pass. This year I may run, knowing the chances are against us making 16. But later in the game, when I need a first down and it's third and 12, say, the defense has to think—He ran before . . . how are we going to play him this time?"

He was talking in the detached way of a scientist, which Charley is—part of the day. Next June, after five years of study, he will get his doctorate in chemical engineering. "What I am studying," he told his clubhouse visitor in his polite and patient way, "is rheology —that's R-H-E-O-L-O-G-Y—which is the science of deformation and flow. Being interested in plastics, I'm more concerned about the flow part."

Naturally.

For five football seasons Charley has flowed between the Cardinal practice field and the campus at Washington University—exactly 22 minutes by car. He spent his mornings in classes jotting in notebooks titled, "Expansion of Laminar Jets of Organic Liquids Issuing from Capillary Tubes." Then he'd leap into his car, zoom off to practice, where he'd memorize square-outs and zig-ins. In the evenings he'd often go back to his laboratory and puzzle into the night over the atomic structure of some new plastic resin.

"There were a few days," he was saying as he dressed in the clubhouse, "when I'd be looking at a playbook and be thinking plastics. Other days I'd be looking at a text book and be thinking plays."

He kept them separate often enough, though, to pull down mostly A's and B's. He had to; as he says, "C no get 'em here. You get a C and you take a course over."

A few minutes later, his injured shoulder taped, the empty left sleeve of his cardigan flapping in the breeze, Johnson left the Cardinal clubhouse with offensive captain Ken Gray. As Gray steered his station wagon through the rolling hills of a suburb, he pointed to a rambling mansion. "Now if I had your future, Charley Johnson," said Gray, a guard, "I'd buy that house."

Johnson smiled, the sleepy look on his face, and he said: "My future is your future."

Gray burst out laughing. He turned to someone in the back and said: "That Charley's got so much brains you can't understand him."

Gray understood Charley quite well. This was Charley's way of being both modest and truthful. He was, he had pointed out, only as good as his offense. And if this young offense—no one is over 30, yet they average five years' pro experience—should jell, the future of the Cardinals will be as bright as the future of Charley Johnson.

Gray and Johnson were joined at Charley's house by Joe Robb, the defensive end. In separate cars they drove to Allan's, a wholesale-grocery warehouse. There Byron Allan, an excitable Cardinal fan, insisted that Charley and the others cart off as many cans of groceries as their cars would hold.

Charley's Buick sagged as it pulled away. The rear of the car looked like a supermarket, with cans stacked from floor to roof. "Weren't they nice people?" said Johnson, a can of plums on the nape of his neck. "People like that, it's hard to get to meet them. People who know nice people like that, they keep them to themselves."

If people really did keep nice people to themselves, Charley Johnson never would have gotten out of Big Spring, Texas. Tell him that and his face would flush and he'd say "Shoot," an expression he uses a lot. But what he was going to do this Saturday afternoon told something about the kind of person he is.

He was driving to a store to hand out trophies to kids who'd won a football contest. Someone had phoned him the morning before and asked: Please come. No fee was mentioned, but they'd sure appreciate his being there. Charley could have said he had to study plays, which was true. He could have said he had some engineering studying to do, which was true. He could have said he was supposed to rest his shoulder, which was true. He could have said the Cardinals have a strict rule against players making an appearance after Wednesdays, which was true. Charley Johnson said, "I'll come."

But now he was an hour and a half late. He had called twice from the grocery warehouse to say he would be detained, but as he gunned the car toward the store, he pounded a hand against the wheel and muttered, "I feel silly coming so late. Making all those kids wait."

At the store the kids' eyes shone ecstatically when he walked in. He handed out the trophies, making sure he mentioned each boy's first name and he said something to each. The ceremony was held outside, and it was cold and windy, and the only protection for his sore shoulder was that thin cardigan. But when one boy asked for an autograph, he signed, and then they all asked, and he ended up signing some 20 times.

Later, driving to his home, he allowed that yes, he did like children. He gets a dozen or so letters each week from children, and each one gets a personal reply from Charley. "I really enjoy reading their letters," he said, "though I wish they'd put in stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Then I could answer them a lot more quickly."

He lit a cigar. "When I was a kid back in Big Spring," he said, "we never saw any famous athletes. I know how much it would have meant for me to meet—or even just see—a sports star."

Sports star! He was trying to grab back the words even as they were coming out of his mouth. "Oh, look," he said, "I mean it's not me they get a kick out of seeing. I don't mean I'm doing some kid a great big favor by giving him my autograph. I don't mean that at all. It's the position I hold—a pro quarterback—that's what they look up to."

Whatever they look up to, by all the odds in Las Vegas, Charley Johnson should not be where he is today. However, he did get off to a fast start. Charley's father was the tax assessor in Big Spring, where they raise cotton and drill for oil when they're not scraping out of their eyes the sand that whips in from the desert. His father had him centering footballs when he was one, and at three he could throw well enough to give a passing exhibition between halves of a football game.

In high school Charley wanted to be a doctor and to play football. His A's in school indicated he might get the shingle, but his quarterbacking for Big Spring High didn't induce any college coaches to risk sand-blindness to come see him.

Each year the area's coaches and sportswriters picked an all-star team. Since the coaches and writers could pick their own players, and since the Big Spring sportswriter was a close friend of the Johnson family, Charley figured he'd get at least one vote. He was the only quarterback of eight who didn't get a mention.

Still he had his dreams: He watched Unitas on television and saw himself calling plays with Unitas' daring. He read in the sports pages—he read them avidly—of John David Crow and Bobby Joe Conrad at Texas A&M, and dreamed of playing in the Cotton Bowl (in the dream he was wearing an SMU jersey).

No college, big or little, was interested in helping him make the dream come true. He enrolled at Schreiner Institute, a junior college at Kerrville, Texas, but Schreiner dropped football, and now the odds had to be a million to one he'd ever throw a football in the Cotton Bowl. Charley went back to Schreiner the next year, because he had nowhere else to go, and made the basketball team.

In the winter of 1957 a scout from New Mexico State came to Big Spring to see a basketball tournament in which Charley was playing. Charley's Uncle Jack, big (6-3) and persuasive, badgered the scout with praise of Charley's skills in basketball and football. Late one night in a chili parlor the scout caved in (it was either the hour or the chili) and agreed to give Charley a basketball-football scholarship.

Charley lit out for Las Cruces, New Mexico, where State coach Warren Woodson was busy stuffing bolts of lightning in a bottle. The bottle was his football team and the bolts of lightning were fleet types like Pervis Atkins, Bobby Gaiters, Bob Jackson, E. A. Sims and Bob Kelly.

With Charley pulling the cork at quarterback, the bolts of lightning ran over and around Border Conference teams, and when they weren't running, Charley was flicking the ball to them. By Woodson dictum, he threw at least 20 passes a game. Johnson finished second in the nation in total offense in 1959, third in 1960. The team was unbeaten in 1960, and in 1959 and 1960 it went to the Sun Bowl, where Charley twice was MVP.

Well, he had never played in the Cotton Bowl, but he had played twice in the Sun Bowl, and for Charley the dream had come true. He was married now, to Barbara Lynne Shields, a high-school sweetheart. They had a small apartment in Las Cruces, and Charley had what he calls "my career plan" all mapped out. Two years in the army, then a career as a chemical engineer, maybe settling down in a small town in the Southwest like Las Cruces. There, on weekends, he played golf, hunted or fished. On Sunday nights he and Barbara, both devout Methodists, taught lessons from the Bible to teenagers, then chaperoned a quiet social affair of dancing and Cokes. This was their kind of life.

In 1959, the then Chicago Cardinals drafted Charley as a future on their 10th pick, but the Johnsons didn't think pro football would ever be a part of their life. "I never even dreamed of it," says Barbara. "Chicago, it seemed like the very end of the earth."

"I'd seen only one live pro game," Charley was saying on this October afternoon as he steered the Buick home. The stacks of groceries from Allan's were teetering in the back, and Charley's passenger visualized the headline if the car should suddenly jerk to a stop: CARDINAL QUARTERBACK CHARLEY JOHNSON AND WRITER CRUSHED UNDER GROCERY CANS.

"But I was a real big sports fan," Charley went on. "I decided I'd go to the Cardinal camp because I'd always wanted to see what pro football players were really like. I wanted to get a close look at all the famous names—Crow and Conrad, maybe Unitas and Tittle—that I'd been reading about. I figured, even if I get cut the second day, the thrill of getting to see some of those guys up close will be worth it all."

At the camp in the fall of 1961, Johnson was fifth of five quarterbacks. "I had a good day in one scrimmage," he said, "and I thought to myself: *This isn't so hard.* Then I started to read about defenses, and I thought: *Oh, no, I'll never learn all this.*"

But he stuck as No. 3 quarterback behind the veteran Sam Etcheverry and Ralph Guglielmi. The Cards' new coach, Wally Lemm, traded Guglielmi when the 1962 season started, and now Charley was No. 2. Midway through that year the Cardinals trailed the Giants, 31-7, and Lemm threw in the kid to see what he could do.

The kid threw seven straight completions and Lemm started him the next week against the Redskins. Johnson brought the team from a half-time deficit to a 17-17 tie. In the clubhouse the sore-armed Etcheverry presented him with the game ball—and with it, his job.

The Cardinals were 3-6-1 in 1962 under Charley. In 1963, playing in the Cotton Bowl as he dreamed he would, Charley helped lift the club to 9-5 and third place. But he was making lots of mistakes. "When my receivers would be covered," he was saying as he drove the Buick, "I'd run around back there, waiting and hoping somebody would get clear. I just hated to see a play go down the drain. But I would have had fewer interceptions and lost less yards if I'd just thrown the ball away.

"I also had to learn to have faith in our game plan. If a play didn't work, I scrapped it. I had to learn that when a play doesn't work, the reason may be any one of three things. One, the play just may not be good against this team's personnel, and in that case it should be scrapped. Or, two, the defense may have used a stunt that busted the play this time, but the play is still good if I use it when they're not stunting. Or, three, someone on our side busted an assignment.

"The good quarterback finds out why a play didn't work. It's easy to get disillusioned about a play. It's hard to find why a play didn't work.

"You have to know defenses. Sometimes I'd think I saw them doing a certain thing, and I'd figure this play would work against that defense. And *boom!*—now it's second and 20 to go. I'd think: *I was so sure that would work, and look where it got us.* My poise would be shattered and I'd start grab-bagging for plays."

In a big game last year Charley showed he was learning to keep his poise. This was the next-to-final game of the season, against the Browns. If St. Louis won, the Cardinals would be Eastern champs, provided New York beat the Browns the following week. But early in the second period Cleveland led, 3-0.

"Our game plan was to throw short passes into certain lanes," Charley said above the clatter of the grocery cans. "I called for a short pass to Prentice [Gautt], but the Browns blitzed a linebacker. Prentice was thinking, and he picked up the blitzer."

But now Charley's primary receiver was sprawled on the grass. He did some quick computing and looked down the middle. There, as he figured, was Joe Childress—all alone. Charley hit him and Childress ran 46 yards to score. St. Louis won, 28-19. But Cleveland beat the Giants to win the Eastern title by half a game. This fall, on the wall of the Cards' training room, was a sign:

IN 1964 ONE HALF GAME COST $7,500 PLUS, OR
*2 NEW CARS
*EUROPEAN TRIP FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY
*GENEROUS PAYMENT ON A NEW HOUSE
*100 SHARES OF GENERAL MOTORS
*4 YEARS OF COLLEGE
IF YOU WANT THOSE THINGS, *HIT HARD!*

His passenger mentioned the sign to Johnson. Did he think about it much? "Oh, I blame myself," he said. "If I'd been more consistent, we wouldn't have lost the three games we lost during a slump. I got to come through when we really need it. That's something that doesn't show in the statistics.

"Look, I go over films of games we won, and I find a gross of things I did wrong. Like I call for one play when I should have called for something else. But the plays work and I get credit. It's credit I don't deserve."

His passenger wondered aloud: Might not such agonizing introspection be damaging to a quarterback's confidence?

"I don't think so," he said. "Shoot, I was a starter in my second year up here. I couldn't believe it. I was afraid the big bubble would burst. Well, one way to make sure it didn't burst was to make mental notes of everything I did wrong."

Did he still think the bubble might burst?

"Not this year," he said. "Not any more."

A little later, after parking Buick grocery store in the basement garage, he was showing his visitor through his new split-level home, set on a curving street amid rows of lush green lawns in Ledue, a St. Louis suburb. "We've lived in old army barracks at school," he said, "in apartments, in rented homes. This is the first place of our own." There was pride in his voice.

"Good heavens!" someone screamed downstairs.

"My wife's just seen all those cans of groceries," said Charley. Downstairs Barbara was staring button-eyed at the stacks of cans. After explaining where he got them, Charley showed his visitor his wood-paneled basement den. On shelves were trophies from college, the game ball Etcheverry had given him, an autographed ball from his 1964 Pro Bowl game, a picture of himself with Wally Lemm.

Charley flopped on a couch and started playing cowboys and Indians with his son, Craig, 3, but Charley was an easy target because his daughter, Jill, 1, was trying to smother him with blubbery kisses. When there was a lull in the kissing and the "bang-bang-you're-dead" action, Charley suddenly turned and said: "I feel strange, knowing I probably won't play tomorrow. I don't have that anxious feeling I usually get."

He didn't play the next day. Cardinal No. 2 quarterback Buddy Humphrey was brilliant, but Sonny Jurgensen was deadly with third-down passes. The Redskins won, 25-21, and Cleveland won. Now St. Louis was a game back in second place.

Shortly after five o'clock the next morning, lights flicked on in the Johnson split level. Yawning, Charley stumbled downstairs, sat at a table, and began writing, in a flowing long-hand, the script for his radio show. By six, when an engineer arrived from the station with a tape recorder, Johnson had finished.

At eight that morning St. Louis sports fans heard a WIL announcer shout (it's a shouting kind of station): And NOW, WIL's sports director, Charley JOHNSON."

Charley came on just as strong. "Good MORNING, sports fans. Well, yesterday the Washington REDSKINS played the kind of football they have been capable of playing all year long. Unfortunately, of ALL places, they played it here in St. Louis yesterday, winning their first GAME of the season. . . ."

He went on to give all the pro football scores, his voice as bouncy as a discs jockey's. A little later someone who heard the show told him he sounded more forceful on radio than he does in person. "When I started doing the show," he said, "I'd speak the way I normally do, and it came out flat—just awful. Then I started hitting some words hard, going up and down in volume. I felt like an awful phony, but when they played it back on the tape, it sounded all right."

His success on radio has brought offers of public relations jobs. "I use my school work as an excuse to turn down job offers," he says. "I'm the type who has trou-

ble saying 'no' to people. Anyway, people forget that I've spent ten years studying chemical engineering. Even if I could make more money in public relations, I'm not going to junk engineering until I find out whether I like it or not."

At 10 on this Monday morning he was in room 18, a laboratory at Washington University. Johnson's doctor's dissertation will concern a machine he and other graduate students have designed and had built. It is called an extruder, a basic device in making plastic products. Pellet-shaped plastic resins are dropped into one end of the extruder, which passes them through a long barrel, squeezing and heating the resins to form a liquid, which flows out the other end. Poured into a mould, the liquid hardens into anything from a child's toy to a structural I beam.

"Our extruder will be used to test new plastic resins," Charley explained slowly, and as always, with patience. "The extruders they have now, they are big and they use up a lot of resins in a test, maybe $250,000 worth. Ours is small, only an inch-and-a-half by a foot. It will use up only a small amount of resins, maybe only $1000 worth, yet we hope it will yield the same formation."

On his desk was a thick book. The Design and Evaluation of an Extruder. His visitor thumbed through it. There were 114 typewritten pages, cluttered with diagrams and chemical formulas. This was a thesis a previous graduate student had done. Would Charley's be as complex?

He looked surprised. "Oh, more involved," he said. "This is a master's thesis. I'm doing a doctorate thesis, and there is a lot more you have to add."

His visitor left him reading a paper on extruders. By that Wednesday, though, Charley's reading had shifted to the Cardinal game plan for Sunday's meeting with the Giants. Lemm believes in simplicity. He gave Charley six running plays and six passing plays, with maybe half the pass plays coming off play-action.

On Friday Layne ticked off a half-dozen things that Charley should look for in the Giant defense. "They are things we see on films or things we know about the thinking of the Giant defensive coaches," said Charley. "Things like habits of personnel, is this guy still doing that? Bobby keeps reminding me of them—right up to the game."

Late Saturday afternoon the team flew to New York. In room 1540 of the Belmont-Plaza Hotel, Johnson stiffly peeled off his jacket. A visitor asked how his shoulder felt.

"Sore, but I think I'll play."

His visitor mentioned something that Prentice Gautt had told him earlier in the week. In a game against Pittsburgh, Gautt had fumbled, killing a drive. Gautt came off, head down, angry at himself. Johnson grabbed him by both arms and said, "Keep your head up. Remember, you're a pro."

"Nobody had ever said anything like that to me before," said Gautt. "Golly, I thought, I *am* a pro, and I felt better. It was the nicest thing anyone has ever done for me in football."

"Did Prentice really say that?" said Johnson, obviously pleased, looking at his hands. "Prentice, you see, he gets to carry a ball maybe only five, six times in a game. If he makes a mistake one of those times, he gets down on himself."

His visitor asked: Was this incident another sign of Johnson's maturity as a quarterback—this ability to pick up his players mentally?

He put up his hand. "Oh, please," he said, "don't make it sound like I'm using people, that I'm making someone do my bidding. It's just that I hate to see anyone get down on himself."

What he was saying, of course, is that first of all Charley Johnson is a human being, second a quarterback.

But at 4:17 the next afternoon, standing in the eerie shadows of the artificial lights of Yankee Stadium, hands on hips, staring, then staring again and again at the Giant defense, he was every inch the quarterback. From his bench they were hollering, "Take it in, Charley!" But he was a long way from taking it in.

He was 95 yards from taking it in. The ball was on his own 5, there were exactly two minutes to play, the Giants led 14-10, and now—standing outside the U-shaped huddle in his own end zone—Charley stared at the Giants, searching his mind for everything he had learned about defenses in the past five years.

In the first half he had picked apart the Giant defense, mixing passing and running artfully, and the Cardinals had gone off leading 10-0. But the Giants went ahead 14-10 midway through the last period.

Immediately Johnson had rallied the Cardinals, moving from his own 19 to the Giant 24. But here the Giants held, stopping Crenshaw on fourth and two.

Johnson came back to the bench with blood rimming his mouth, splotching his jersey. A trainer tried to close the gash on his chin with bandages, but the blood burst through, turning the bandages soggy red. Buddy Humphrey stared at him and said, "You all right, Charley?" But Charley—eyes fixed on the field—didn't hear him.

Out there the Cardinals held and the Giants had to kick. Ernie Koy sailed out a beauty, the ball rolling dead on the Giant 5. At the bench Charley said something to Lemm, and Lemm nodded and said, "Okay, do that."

He tossed a flare to Crenshaw, who got to the 14. He missed on a sideline pass, then threw on third and one to tight end Jackie Smith, who got the first down on the 24.

He rolled out on the next play, hitting Smith at the sideline on the 42. The Giants were peeling off on Conrad, and Johnson hit him in the gut with a pass that took the ball to the Giant 38. Little Billy Gambrell came into the game, ran a circle pattern toward the left sideline, where Johnson nailed him, and Billy toe-danced all the way to the 14.

One minute to go. First down on the 14. The stadium one big roar. Players off the benches. Charley staring at the Giant defense, his chin covered with blood.

Charley missed Conrad in the right flat. On third and 12 on the 16, Johnson floated a pass toward Conrad at the right sideline, but Conrad caught the ball out of bounds. Forty-five seconds to play. Johnson came out of the huddle in a saunter, a man calmly walking to church. Back he dropped, and up through the middle came Gambrell, weaving like a runaway snake, then cutting sharply—and falling down.

And as he fell, Johnson threw. The ball flew over Gambrell's head. The crowd, suddenly silent, erupted, showering sound and bits of paper onto the field.

Johnson came off kicking at the ground. He looked up at the clock: 37 seconds to play. The Giants bucked a play up the middle, but even before the players had untangled, Johnson was racing pell-mell toward the dugout that leads to the clubhouse, dodging shrieking fans, like a man running from something awful.

In the clubhouse he sat for nearly 15 minutes, his stool jammed tightly to his stall, head in his hands, the blood still dripping from his chin. He looked as though he wanted to close a door behind him.

But there was no door, and the reporters came, and after the four stitches had been put in his chin, Charley talked to them, quietly and politely. Yes, sir, he'd been cut by a face mask, he thought.

Did he feel personally responsible for the defeat?

He was buttoning his collar, but he turned to look directly at the questioner. Yes, sir, he said, he did.

After awhile the reporters went away, and he turned to someone who'd been with him and said, "I get that little pass to Billy, he doesn't fall down, he's all alone, and this would be a mighty different day." There was that lopsided smile, kind of rueful now. "A mighty different day," he said.

Now there was only he, Layne, Randle and a few hangers-on in the room. A writer who'd been bothering him with questions for a week said goodbye, and he smiled, shook hands and said, "I've enjoyed it."

"I'll see you at the championship game," said the writer.

Charley Johnson laughed and turned to leave with Layne and Randle. But then he looked back and he said, "Okay. It may take some doing, but we'll be there."

He walked out of the room and out into the cavernous tunnels under Yankee Stadium, and someone who watched him walk away noticed that his head was up.

KOUFAX WINS ANOTHER CORVETTE

For the superb Dodger lefthander, his World Series triumphs were an appropriate ending to a remarkable season

For the first time since SPORT began awarding a Chevrolet Corvette to the top performer in the World Series, we have a double winner. In 1963, the Los Angeles Dodgers beat the Yankees in four straight. Sandy Koufax won two of those four games—and a white Corvette. This year it was a seven-game Series against Minnesota's Twins, and Sandy pitched three games. He lost the first one, and then he bore down. In the fifth game he shut out the Twins, allowing only four hits and striking out ten. In the seventh game, with only two days' rest, Sandy was given a two-run lead and it was enough. Again, he shut out the Twins, this time on a three-hitter. For Sandy Koufax, who in 1965 had won 26 games, set a major-league strikeout record, pitched a perfect game—this had to be the perfect ending to a perfect season.

Martin Blumenthal

SPORT Editor Al Silverman presented Sandy with the keys to his new car at a post-World Series luncheon at Cavanagh's Restaurant in New York City.

THE PRO SCOUTS' BASKETBALL ALL-AMERICA

(*Continued from page* 16)

One of the dissenters to the strength-weight thinking is Boston's Red Auerbach, whose clubs have combined speed and defense to win seven straight world championships. "I think speed and timing are the most important assets a prospect can have," says Red. "As this game gets faster and faster, speed becomes more and more important."

Sometimes a scout spends a lot of time looking for a specific type of player to fill a need on his club. In my own case I spent most of last season touring the country for a big defensive guard before deciding on Jerry Sloan of Evansville. We felt we needed one to handle the ever-increasing number of great shooting 6-5 guards like Oscar Robertson and Jerry West.

The big guard I was looking for had to possess excellent quickness and good speed, not the same things by any means. Without them, no matter how great a shooter a boy may be, he'll never make it as a pro.

RUSSELL and Guokas, our first-team guards, are the type of backcourt prospects all scouts look for. Both are quick, strong, excellent shooters and passers and have the "tools" to play good defense. In addition they're both 6-5.

Russell, a 220-pound senior from Chicago, was picked as pro basketball's next superstar by most of the scouts. They picked him for his physical ability, certainly, but there were other reasons, too. Marty Blake summed it up best, saying, "When we talk about superstars we're talking about players with more than just natural ability. We all know Cazzie's tremendous natural ability. He's an excellent shooter, tremendous passer, does a fine rebounding job for a guard and runs the game. But he's got another asset that means just as much as his physical ability. He's got the God-given instinct to take a game over in the last few minutes and dominate it."

Russell averaged 25.7 points per game last season in leading Michigan to its second straight Big Ten title and to the finals of the NCAA. He put on unbelievable one-man shows in the last few minutes against Wichita, Illinois and Vanderbilt, all key Michigan games. Against Wichita, with first place in the national rankings on the line, he calmly hit a 25-foot jump shot as the buzzer went off.

Guokas, despite averaging only 13.3 points per game last season, was voted the nation's top sophomore by most of the scouts. Matt's father is a former Philadelphia Warrior star and now the St. Joseph's radio voice, which must make for some interesting broadcasts.

Matt, a native Philadelphian, goes about his job efficiently and without much fanfare. But at the end of the game you realize he's hit the key shots, has led in assists and steals, done an excellent defensive job and led in recoveries (fancy term for hustling to pick up loose balls).

You won't find Walt Wesley, our first-team center, listed on many preseason teams. But the scouts rate the 7-0, 220-pounder from Kansas as the best big man in the nation. He's the kind of player a team has to have to win a league championship. As Pepper Wilson said, "We can teach a boy a lot of things. We can help him with his shooting and defense and moves. But one thing not even the greatest coach in the world can teach a boy is height. You can't coach them to be 7-0. If we find a 6-9 to 7-0 boy with good desire, co-ordination and jumping ability, we know we've got the makings.

Wesley, who averaged 23.5 points per game last season, has been slow to display all his natural ability and has not yet shown the mean streak he'll need as a pro. But dollar bills dangling in front of the eyes have a way of bringing out the mean streaks in many men.

Aside from the fact that they both have great desire, our first-team forwards, Lee and Darden, have very little in common. At 6-9, 215 pounds, Clyde has been a great college center for the last two years, but he'll have to make the difficult switch to forward when he turns pro. In addition to gaining some 20 pounds, he'll have to shoot more facing the basket and handle the ball from a forward position. He's been used to having someone get the ball to him. Now he'll have to go out and help get it.

However, Lee averaged 22.4 points per game last year and has dominated the Southeastern Conference for the last two seasons. He has shown he has the guts and the potential to make the switch.

Darden has had little publicity during his career. But the 6-7, 225-pounder has impressed the scouts enough to be ranked as the finest forward prospect in the nation. Playing with Russell and Bill Buntin (Detroit's No. 1 selection in last year's draft), Oliver averaged only 14.5 points per game in Big Ten play last season. During the last two years he sacrificed some of his scoring to concentrate on getting the ball to Russell and Buntin and playing good defense. The scouts expect him to emerge as a finished all-round player this year.

OUR second team forwards, 6-5, 210-pound senior Lou Hudson of Minnesota, and 6-7, 200-pound junior Ed Lacey of UCLA, are both fine shooters, excellent jumpers and have good speed.

Hudson averaged 24.8 points per game in Big Ten play last season. The only question about Lou is whether he'll eventually play forward or guard. Earl Lloyd is very high on him. "Lou's got to be one of the finest prospects around," says Earl.

Lacey played a big role as UCLA won its second straight national title last year. He did a solid defensive job, was an excellent rebounder and got the ball to playmaker Gail Goodrich. Ed has two years to put on the weight he'll need as a pro forward. Last year he averaged 11.6 points and ten rebounds per game.

Mel Daniels, a 6-9, 220-pound leaper from New Mexico, doesn't have a firm national reputation. But this junior has the raw physical ability to make a fine pro center. The Detroit native and former junior-college star averaged 17 points and 11 rebounds per game in leading a defensive-minded team to the NIT tournament.

Dave Bing and Bob Leonard, our second-team guards, are both 6-3, 185-pound seniors. Bing, from Washington, D.C., just missed our first team despite what some pro scouts called a "disappointing" 1964-65 season. He averaged 23.3 points per game—a fine year for most players.

Leonard, developed at Wake Forest by one of the game's finest teachers and a former pro coach and player, Bones McKinney, is another example of what ability and desire can do. He has improved tremendously all-round in the last two years. He averaged 23.9 points per game last season and did an outstanding defensive job.

Our third team is composed of forwards Dave Schellhase of Purdue and Sonny Dove of St. John's, center Henry Finkel of Dayton and guards Steve Barnett of Oregon and John Austin of Boston College.

Schellhase, 6-4, 210, has played both forward and guard as a collegian. He'll have to go to the backcourt to make it as a pro. Dave is the highest scorer among the college seniors, hitting for 29.3 points per game last season.

DOVE, 6-7, 200-pound junior, has outstanding speed and quickness, is a fine shooter, and, like Lacey, has two years to gain the weight and strength he'll need as a pro. He's the last of the Joe Lapchick-trained prospects.

Finkel will make history next May. That's when the 7-0, 240-pound Dayton center will become the first player in pro basketball history to be drafted three times. He was eligible for the draft after his sophomore year because he had transferred to Dayton after two years at St. Peter's College. He was taken on the third round by the Lakers. Last year he was taken by Philadelphia on the fifth round.

Barnett, 6-3, 185-pound senior, is rated the finest guard in the Pacific Northwest in many years. He averaged 19 points per game last season.

Austin, a 6-1, 180-pounder whom Red Auerbach calls "one of the finest pure shooters in college basketball in years," averaged 26.9 points per game last season. John's lack of size may hurt him in his bid to make a pro club, which is one reason why we have him down as far as our third team.

Among the players who just missed making the first three teams were a pair of senior guards, 6-1 Kelly Pete of Wichita and 6-2 Chris Pervall of Iowa. Both are fine pro prospects, and had it not been for an outstanding crop of guards, would have been ranked higher.

After noting the ever increasing number of small-college players who are making it big as pros, the editors of SPORT asked us to pick a small-college All-America team. Schools like Grambling and Pan American—which produced the NBA's top rookies last year, Willis Reed and Lucious Jackson—are regular stopping points on the scouts' itinerary.

Our team includes two forwards, Larry Humes of Evansville and Earl Monroe of Winston-Salem, a pair of centers, Dick Pruet of Jacksonville and Ken Wilburn of Central State of Ohio, and one guard, Henry Logan of Western Carolina. Wilburn, Humes and Monroe can and have played both the front and backcourt.

Humes, 6-4, 190, averaged over 30 points per game last season and is a tremendous shooter. Larry has played in the pivot and at forward offensively and has played some defense in the backcourt. But he will have to make the switch to the backcourt as a pro.

Wilburn, a 6-6 senior, led Central

Ohio to an unbeaten season and the NAIA championship last year. He's an excellent jumper and shooter. Monroe, a 6-2 junior from Philadelphia, led Winston-Salem into the NAIA tournament last season. Pruet, a 6-9, 235-pounder, took his Jacksonville team to the NAIA tournament as a sophomore.

Logan, only 5-11, 170 and a sophomore, nevertheless is an excellent pro prospect. Playing in a conference in which freshmen are eligible, he averaged 26 points per game last year for Western Carolina. He's a fine outside shooter, has speed, and his jumping ability has to be seen to be believed.

Looking for the stars of the future? The scouts have seen at least five sophomores who should be tremendous college players and are already considered pro prospects. Heading the list is Wes Unseld, a 6-8, 240-pound forward-center from Louisville. One scout said, "He could play on any club in the pro league right now." Unseld is joined on the front line by 6-7 Jim Kissane of Boston College and 6-7 Mike Lewis of Duke.

The top soph guards appear to be 6-4 Larry Miller of North Carolina and 6-3 Ron Williams of West Virginia.

Now, as the scouts get ready to travel hundreds of thousands of miles in preparation for the draft in May, you can be sure of two things: Somewhere along the line somebody will get a report on a "can't-miss prospect" who will miss easily, and some young prospect who didn't rate last year will gain 25 pounds or improve a weak point and suddenly blossom into a fine pro.

— ■ —

DON DRYSDALE: ANATOMY OF A CLUTCH PITCHER

(*Continued from page* 23)

The season cannot be taken apart without taking Drysdale apart. He was woven into it, a huge player in the drama. No matter where you turned, you saw Drysdale. You saw him pitch—he'd make more starts, 43, than any Dodger pitcher in history, and the guy whose record he broke was a guy named Drysdale. You saw him bat a solid .300, with seven home runs. And the way he batted, his front foot, the left foot, up front in the front corner of the box, facing the pitcher. A closed stance, a huge target, and for a man who is accused nearly every week of throwing baseballs at another man's skull, it is a desperately brave stance, a brazen challenge.

On April 1, 1965—April Fool's Day—it was revealed that Sandy Koufax had flown home from Florida, because his left elbow had become terribly painful and swollen. Koufax had "traumatic arthritis of the left elbow, which tends to flare up under repeated stress." Repeated stress, like throwing a baseball.

So strike the Dodgers dead, right there.

Drysdale, that day, went seven innings against the Pirates in spring training, gave no runs. His record became 4-0. You do not win pennants in spring training, but you can at times right a wobbly ship. Koufax was a question mark, and would remain a question mark all year, despite the luminous record he would compile. Drysdale was never a question. Only an answer. You need somebody to go today? Drysdale. Only two days' rest? Drysdale. You need a pinch-hitter, a close game, a pennant in the balance? Drysdale. And at the end, you need a man in the bullpen, behind Koufax? Drysdale.

From the very start, from March of 1965, he was the clutch man, the stopper.

It was a year the injuries mounted, until it seemed the team must buckle. But Drysdale knew about injuries. In 1963 he played with shingles, which is no more painful than placing your flesh in open flame. In 1964 he broke his right thumb and did miss a turn. Exactly one. He broke ribs, and missed no turns. He pitched with a twisted back, with sprained ankles, with a knee heavily taped. He packs his right arm in ice, after every game, because even if his left wrist is weak (as it is), and his left knee buckles (as it does), and everything aches, what truly matters is his right arm. Pack it in ice, make sure it is strong, and t'hell with the rest. He'll do.

It is a lesson, and the Dodgers learned it well. Drysdale had injuries by the score but there he was, indestructible, a winner. He would say, late in the year, "I've noticed the wear and tear more this season than any other," but then he would add: "I feel good." And when you asked *how* he felt the wear and tear—pain, fatigue, nerves, or what—he would say, as he did before a World Series game, "*I* didn't bring up this business of 'wear and tear.' You did." And he drops the subject. If you press him about the sore knee, he will suddenly say: "Let's cut this talk about the knee. It's like a bad hop groundball basehit. Nothing can be done about it. Just try to forget it."

This, too, is a lesson. What is, is. Nothing can be done. Forget it.

On April 5, Tommy Davis tore a muscle in his groin. Nate Oliver gashed his right hand. Two injuries. Drysdale, the same day, went the route, blanked the lordly Yankees, 2-0. He also hit a home run. The ship was righted, again.

That is how it began, 1965. The official opening was April 12, at Shea Stadium. Drysdale beat the Mets, 6-1. He pitched a 4-hitter, struck out nine. He hit the 21st home run of his career, a blast over the centerfield stockade, 410 feet away. But something happened that day that could have spelled disaster. No, not the fact Willie Davis twisted his right knee. It happened to Drysdale. Nobody noticed it, except a woman in Brooklyn, watching the game on her television set. Her name is Grace Davis, and she is Tommy Davis' mother. That night, she said to her son, "What is wrong with Drysdale's leg?"

Tommy Davis shrugged. "Nothing."

"Yes, there is," she said. "Watch him. There's something wrong with his left leg."

And there was. Nobody knows why it happens, but it buckles. It is not painful, not serious, but it is a liability, as you saw in the opener of the Series, Drysdale fielding a bunt, and suddenly sprawled on the field, his left leg caving in on him. Drysdale was not going to win that World Series opener, even if his knee were perfect, but it did not help matters. If you ask him what it feels like, he will say, "Like this," and tap you behind the knee so your knee suddenly bends, in reflex. Will he have it operated on? Drysdale laughs. "Duke Snider says it's a minor operation. Just three hours."

So Drysdale was the tipoff, the first day. He won, despite pain; the Dodgers won.

On April 29, Drysdale faced the Giants, who would eventually prove the team to beat. Drysdale opposed Marichal, and it was a great game, a 2-1 game, and the Dodgers had the 2. The game marked the beginning of the 1965 version of the Giant-Dodger feud, a continuing struggle that marks the National League history with so many splotches of blood. In the eighth inning, Drysdale knocked Mays down. In the Dodger half, Drysdale was the batter, and Bob Bolin hit Drysdale in the small of the back.

Juan Marichal, who lost the game, declared war. Specifically, on Don Drysdale. "For the five years I've been here," Marichal fumed, "I've seen too much of this. Drysdale has hit Felipe Alou, Willie Mays and Orlando Cepeda. I'm not saying he tried deliberately to hit them, but he has too good control to be so far off the plate. Next time he comes close, and I'm pitching, he'll get hit. And real good, too."

You want to mark the beginning of the Marichal-Roseboro incident? This is it.

Don Drysdale heard the challenge. "I haven't backed away yet," he snapped. "If Marichal gets me, I'm going to get four Giants, and they won't be .220 hitters, either."

This is no eulogy. Brushback or beanball, it is an ugly business, and it disgusts me. But this is Don Drysdale. You throw down the glove, and he'll pick it up. You want to walk down the dusty street? He'll be there at high noon. He hasn't backed away yet.

Drysdale's answer was buried in the press. Something bigger had happened. Tommy Davis slid awkwardly into second base. They carried him off the field, in the fourth inning, his right ankle badly broken. Now you knew. The Dodgers were dead. The lone big gun, gone. Grimly, the Dodgers held on, and beat the Giants that day, 4-2.

Two days later Drysdale shut out the Giants, at San Francisco, and it was a rare laugher, 9-0. How did Drysdale react to Marichal's threat? He knocked Willie Mays down twice. The Dodgers led by 2½. The Giants were eighth.

On May 25, Curt Flood, the leadoff batter for the Cardinals, hit a one-hop smash back at the mound, and Drysdale, as he will, reached with his bare hand. The ball burned loose, and Flood had a single. If the Dodgers lost the game, Cincinnati would take over first place. Drysdale shook off the sting. Not another Cardinal hit safely.

So it went. There were days the infielders played shabbily. You never knew who your three outfielders would be. Claude Osteen pitched well, but in dreadful luck. Yet the Dodgers led.

Not always. They fell out after the All-Star break, but on July 15, Drysdale three-hit the Cubs, 5-0. He batted in two runs, and was hitting .303. Two weeks later, they had stretched the lead—to two games.

You know the rest. The Reds caught them, and then fell back, and the race moved into August. Then, on September 9, an odd story appeared in the Los Angeles press. Don Drysdale had been offered half a million dollars to pitch in Japan the following year. It was here that Drysdale mentioned the wear and tear of the season. It had been the most rigorous he'd ever experienced. Yet somehow the story of the Japanese offer always seemed spurious. During the World Series, Commissioner Ford Frick snorted: "It was phony from the start. If Drysdale ever left here, he'd be banned for life." And the Dodgers seemed to ignore it all. Or, if they thought about it, it had to do with the future. It had nothing to do with 1965, with the here and now of winning a pennant. "That's all I'm thinking of," Don Drysdale said, "winning the pennant, and then the World Series."

THE team rolled—or crawled—on. Maury Wills began to slow down; his right leg was swollen thick. Roseboro was battered bloody by Marichal's bat. He returned to action and split a finger. Ron Perranoski, who earlier had to rip adhesions in his arm before he could pitch well, now pulled a hamstring. Don Le John, up to help out, twisted an ankle, and was lost almost three weeks.

Finally, it happened. The Giants, with the incredible Mays, began to win as August closed down. They came into Los Angeles, trailing by two, and beat the Dodgers, 7-6—clubbing Drysdale—and again, 3-1. They led, by percentage points. They kept winning and soon the lead was 4½. There was no time to catch them, so the bubble had burst. The Dodgers had made their run on guts, but guts alone wasn't enough. They needed Mays or McCovey or Hart, or somebody to hit the ball.

Drysdale went to Alston and said, "Pitch me with two days' rest." Alston would not, but the words burned home. Nobody gave up. Work harder. Keep playing. They played. Fought, rather.

The Giants won their 14 in a row, then they ran out of gas. The Dodgers began to win. And they didn't run out of gas. They won 13, and in that 13, Don Drysdale was the big man. The biggest. He beat the Cards, 3-2, on September 17; beat the Braves, September 21, 3-1; beat the Cards, 1-0, on September 26; and beat the Reds four days later, 4-0. He won four in that incredible streak. Nobody else won as many. He pitched two successive shutouts at the end of the streak.

"It was my most satisfying season," Drysdale said. But he didn't mean *my* alone. He meant the team. "Like the commercial, they said it couldn't be done. We did it. They said the pitching staff would fold. We didn't."

That the Dodgers didn't fold with all that befell them was the big surprise of the 1965 season. That Don Drysdale did what he did was expected. One assumed Drysdale would have a Drysdale season, which is why they are paying him $70,000, or maybe $75,000. He'd pitch 300 innings (he pitched 308). He'd strike out 200 men, or more (210). He'd win 20 games, or more (23). In 1964 he'd won 18, but six times his team got him zero (0) runs—2-0, once; 1-0 four times, and 0-0 once—so he won none of those six. He could easily have been 24-11. One assumed Drysdale would be a winner, a rubber-armed man who would march out every fourth day, or third, when needed, and give his best.

But the man's responsibilities are a burden that have taken a certain toll on Drysdale. His face has thickened. His jowls are heavy. He does not anymore have the All-American, Jack Armstrong look, all wavy blond hair and dimples and tall, lean build. He is good-looking, but no longer pretty. There is a pondering quality, a hulking quality about him these days. He weighs 15 or 20 pounds more than when he joined the Dodgers. He's a married man, with a gorgeous wife, and a lovely five-year-old daughter. If you want to sum it up, Drysdale has slowed down. In every way. Three years ago he began to take some of the velocity off his pitches.

"I stopped throwing as fast as I could. I searched for better control."

Better control. Less velocity. In every way.

"I can still throw as fast, when I have to."

But he doesn't have to, every pitch. He has harnessed the black temper, the red rages. Now he turns them onto the job at hand. Where hot blood flowed before, today it seems to be icewater. Cold out there, mouth twisted down almost in smug contempt as he delivers the ball. No longer does the ball flash in any which direction. Now he brings it to the knees, brushes the corners. Sure, he still has his angers. Before the first day of the World Series, it was brought to his attention it would be cold in Minnesota. "Good," he said wickedly, eyes flashing, "I don't care if it's 20 degrees. You hit a few guys on the bat handle in weather like that, and it takes a little out of them."

The killer instinct is intact. It just doesn't find itself directed against a bag of bats or a helmet, or himself. He has grown up.

DRYSDALE has coined a new word for baseball's cliche-makers. He speaks, today, of "command." The first day of the Series, beaten badly in Minnesota, he said he did not have his usual "command." After he beat the Twins, he said he had his old "command." Everyone speaks of "command." The day after Drysdale lost, because his "command" had failed him, Jim Kaat said, "I watched Sandy Koufax, and I marvelled at his command. I became determined to have that sort of command myself." If you can bottle the stuff, you're rich.

But it isn't funny, with Drysdale. It's the truth. Command is what he has out there, or he has nothing. You could see it the fourth game of the Series. He would whip in a pitch tight to the fists, and Frank Quilici would jump back, but the ball hugged the corner for a strike. Quilici would look down, thinking, baffled. Drysdale was in charge. Now he went for the outside corner, and Quilici, or Battey, or whoever, would go down. Drysdale said before the game, "I'll handle four men better today than I did the first day." He named them: Quilici, Valdespino, Battey and Mincher. When the game was done, the four men had gone 1 for 14, striking out six times.

This is a new Don Drysdale, over the last three years. He is in command. Of his pitches. Of himself. No longer does he lead the league in hit batsmen, as he did four straight seasons, 1958-1961. He is less terrifying a figure, but even more domineering, and more effective. He has taken off a little velocity, but he still has it. Bob Bailey, of the Pirates, says: "Drysdale is two yards quicker, with men on base." Then he reaches for the old velocity. In the second inning of the fourth World Series game, Killebrew walked, with none out. Drysdale called Roseboro to him, and they chatted briefly, and then—with a man on base—Drysdale struck out Hall, Mincher and Battey. In the ninth inning, with one out, he walked Killebrew again, and though he was tired, and had been tired—he said—all game, he finished up by striking out Hall and Mincher. The final strike was a blazing fastball that sailed in on Mincher's fists. If Mincher had hit it, he would have broken his bat. But he didn't hit it. Drysdale can still throw his bullets at you.

BUT one thing happened at the tag end of the Series that may have a delayed impact on Drysdale. All his career, Drysdale has worked his turn. Nothing gets him out, injury, sickness, an all left-handed lineup, nothing.

The last Series game fell on Drysdale's turn. He had his three days of rest. Sandy Koufax had just two days of rest, and pitching earlier with two days' rest, Koufax had said: "I felt 100 years old." Walt Alston had a decision to make. He made it with as much grace as he could muster. He passed over a better-rested Drysdale, and went to Koufax. He had a choice, he said: Koufax, followed by Drysdale and Perranoski, or Drysdale, followed by Koufax and Perranoski. He chose lefthander, righthander, lefthander, because the Twins could not as easily stack their lineup. Also, he said, Drysdale takes less long to warm up than does Koufax. Neither reason mattered. What mattered was winning the game, and Alston felt Koufax was a better bet.

Drysdale reacted beautifully. When the game was won, he was all smiles. He hugged Koufax. He said the right and gracious words.

But you never know. Buzzie Bavasi had once said, "If we need a ballgame, Drysdale would be my starting pitcher." Put to the test, it is not true.

A man's ego is a strange thing. It may bruise easily, under the merest tap. It may stand under the cruelest battering. Drysdale is a proud man. His pride may have been wounded by Alston's passing him by. But he is no longer a boy. He is a man, and all season long he spoke of winning, of not yielding to the easy way out, of sticking in there when everything went wrong. He stood up, all season, and he inspired others when injuries threatened to swamp the boat and sink it.

Now the injury is his. Not to his arm, which still will be packed in ice, nor to his knee, which will continue to buckle and hurl him to the ground, defenseless. An injury that lies inside, where it cannot be seen. Buzzie Bavasi also said, years back, "Somewhere in the back of his head he may have a fear of not being able to make the grade." It was his own fear, then. Now—he may sense—it is others', as well. To absorb this blow, and go on with the same determination, may take all the courage in the man. Still, that's his name. Courage.

— ■ —

THE SPORT QUIZ

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 76

Jimmy Dudley airs Cleveland Indian games on radio station WERE. He's been at that mike for 16 seasons, and done play-by-play of three World Series.

1 Ten National League players hit 30 or more home runs in 1965, a record. But only two American Leaguers hit 30 or more. Name these two.

2 In 1954, he averaged 41.7 points per game to become the only major-college basketball player ever to average more than 40 ppg. Name him.

3 During the 1964 NFL season, he intercepted passes in seven consecutive games to set a league record. Name him and his team.

4 This team completed three triple plays in 1965:
a Detroit Tigers
b Chicago Cubs
c New York Mets

Gene Elston broadcasts the Houston Astros' baseball games and special regional sports events on KPRC radio and KTRK television in Houston.

5 Joe Louis won the heavyweight boxing title from:
a Jim Braddock
b Max Schmeling
c Primo Carnera

6 He led the American League in slugging in 1965:
a Fred Whitfield
b Harmon Killebrew
c Carl Yastrzemski

7 He threw touchdown passes in 19 straight AFL games:
a Len Dawson
b Babe Parilli
c Al Dorow

8 In his pitching career he gave up 1775 walks, a record:
a Early Wynn
b Bob Feller
c Warren Spahn

Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers— (he's been at it for 30 years), covers the White Sox over WCFL radio in Chicago.

9 She won three straight U.S. women's singles tennis titles:
a Althea Gibson
b Darlene Hard
c Maureen Connolly

10 Cy Young, who won 511 games, more than any other major-league pitcher, lost 315 games, also a record. Is this true or false?

11 He played 16 years in the NFL, more than anyone else:
a Andy Robustelli
b Y.A. Tittle
c Sammy Baugh

12 In 1943, during his first game in the NHL, he scored a goal 15 seconds after stepping onto the ice. Can you name him?

Dan Daniels is the voice of the Washington Senators on WTOP's radio and television stations in the nation's capital and does a Sunday evening telecast.

13 He was walked at least once in 19 straight games:
a Ted Williams
b Babe Ruth
c Ernie Banks

14 Match these colleges with their football conferences:
a Bowling Green—Southern
b Morehead—Mid-American
c Richmond—Ohio Valley

15 In 1964, he kicked six field goals in one AFL game:
a Gene Mingo
b Gino Cappelletti
c George Blanda

16 He has three lifetime pinch-hit grand-slam home runs:
a Ron Northey
b Bill Skowron
c Gordy Coleman

(*Continued from page 8*)

and Maris and Howard and Kubek and Pepitone. That's what this club has done down through the years, tremendous home-run hitting. That's what I want.

Restoring our long-ball punch will be one of my main concerns when we get to spring training. With our four big men in the lineup last season, it would have taken the pressure off the pitching. A lot of the mistakes that were made by our pitchers, a bad day here or there, could have been overcome by the hitting we would have gotten with our power men in there all the time. The kind of power this club has makes up for a lot of things that happen in a game, whether it be bad pitching or some fielding or mental lapse. Without it, and playing those games as tightly as we did, we just didn't leave any margin for error at all.

But we're not looking to change the makeup of the club, except maybe moving up some of our younger players who show us they are ready. We brought several of them up at the end of the season—kids like Roy White, Rich Beck, Arturo Lopez, Horace Clarke and Bobby Murcer—and none of them embarrassed us.

IF I had to pinpoint the time when I first felt we might be in trouble last season, it would be the night of June 28. That was the night when Maris heard something pop in his right wrist as he batted in the first inning of the second game of a twi-night doubleheader.

He had originally jammed the fingers on that hand against umpire Bill Haller's shin guards when he slid across home plate against the Athletics a week earlier. The doctors figured that he hurt his wrist favoring his injured fingers. At the time, nobody thought it was as serious as it turned out to be.

One thing I want to make clear. While it was suggested in at least one newspaper that Roger could have played if he wanted to, I never doubted the seriousness of his injury. I knew he was hurting and that if he could have played he would have. I know how much he tried to come back while the hand was still paining him. The fact is, Roger went into the hospital to have the hand operated on a week before the season ended. Roger is not the kind of a ballplayer to sit down for no reason.

If the regular season was going to present me with my share of managerial headaches, I had no warning of it in spring training. It was a set club and everybody was pretty much of a star at his own position. Mantle and Kubek and some of the others who had had difficult springs in the past stayed sound through the training period. Everything went according to the plans I had laid out.

The only doubts I had had nothing to do with how I felt the club would perform on the field. But I was concerned about how I'd be received coming in after Yogi Berra's dismissal. After all, there were boys here who had played ball with Yogi and palled around with him and then played for him. I had to wonder how the players would react to me. I must say the players were friendly toward me the moment I got there. Maris, Mantle, Kubek, Richardson—they all made me feel welcome. Nobody went out of his way or overdid anything, understand. I don't think the Yankees act that way. I didn't either. These boys are professionals in every sense of the word, and I'm a professional manager. We treated it in a professional manner. That's the way it should be.

I don't recall exactly what I said to the players in our first meeting, but I'm sure it was something like, "I'm new here coming into this league, so I'll need your help in learning things about the different players and teams." And I got it. Mostly, it was during pre-game meetings during the season where I would ask Whitey Ford or Mantle about a team's pitching or pattern of play, or where I'd get from Kubek and Richardson in the middle of the diamond their ideas about defensive play. It proved very helpful during the year.

One of the problems I was most concerned about in the spring was the movement of Mantle to left field. I wondered how Mickey would respond to it. But that's where I thought he should play. I felt it would be easier for him and better for the club if he played left field instead of center. But when I approached him about it, he readily accepted it. He said anywhere you want me to play, that's where I'll play, and that's the way he's been all through his career. And I think the move turned out pretty well.

BUT not everybody thought so. Although Mickey himself never questioned me about it, some of the writers did. Mickey had been in center field through most of his 14 years with the Yankees, and they thought it wasn't yet time to move him. I happened to think that because of the difficulty Mickey had been having with his legs, left field would be easier for him. We even padded the left-field line some to protect him. I also thought with less ground to cover and a shorter throw to make that there would be less wear and tear on him.

Perhaps leading out of my decision on Mantle, a false story of dissension on the Yankees suddenly sprang up. It happened shortly after I had told a group of writers that Mantle was going to play left field. A story then appeared in a New York newspaper that we had dissension on the ballclub. The story seemed to imply that Ford was unhappy in Mantle's behalf and maybe that was why he had been hit so hard in a recent exhibition game with the Dodgers.

Almost right away, the writer came to me and told me that now that he had written the story he felt there was something wrong with it. He told me that he had no real basis or fact for such a story. Mantle and Ford came and talked to me about it. They said they hadn't talked to the writer at all and that there was no dissension here of any kind. The writer himself then admitted he'd written the story without giving it too much thought and just told me to forget it. Which I did.

As we moved into opening day, there was no reason to believe that we weren't ready for another run at the pennant. After all, this was a club that had won five flags in a row and nine in the past ten years. But then Ellie Howard got hurt on opening day and required an operation to remove two bone chips from his right elbow. We knew that he was going to be out maybe six weeks so we made the deal for Doc Edwards to fill that breach.

One of the reasons we didn't make any major deals after our injuries began to pile up is that we felt there was a certain reluctance on the part of the other American League clubs to help us. The Yankees have always been the club to beat, and I think there was an attitude that if you can keep them back in the race, well, so much the better. The other clubs certainly weren't going to do anything to help us over these rough spots by replacing our injured players with players of their own who would help us climb back into the race. Nobody wants to help the Yankees, especially when they've got them down.

Getting Ray Barker from the Cleveland Indians for Pedro Gonzalez was the only deal that we made. We knew that Barker could play first base and give us some left-hand power at the plate and that we could switch Pepitone to the outfield to take Maris' place. I've been asked if Barker was the best we could get and my answer is yes. It's been pointed out to me that there were some players around the league who weren't helping their clubs much but who could help us, fellows like Jim King of the Senators. Well, we would have been interested in King, but they weren't interested in moving him at that time. We—Ralph Houk and myself—explored everything there was to explore. But we found it wasn't going to be that easy to get a Jim King or two or three other players that might have helped us at the time.

ANOTHER major incident from last year that I haven't dealt with is the unpleasant incident at Newark airport. It's a matter of public knowledge now, which is why I'm willing to discuss it at all. I've never been one to talk about my players outside of the clubhouse. But we were waiting for a flight to Kansas City and the plane was delayed a couple of hours. Some of the players had gone to the airport bar and I guess things got a little noisy. You don't normally crack down on professional ballplayers; these men have their stresses and strains just like everybody else. But it just happened to be one of those times when I thought that it was a little flagrant and I had to fine three of my players—Mantle, Hal Reniff and Pedro Ramos. I wouldn't mention their names, except that it got out later on.

I'm not saying my action was intended to shake anybody up, because I think they realized the kind of a season we were having. Nor was I trying to establish myself as a boss. I've never attempted to do anything like that. I feel the players generally accept that a manager is the boss and has to crack down once in a while, although that wasn't the case here. Certainly, if a player tried to show his strength, it would become necessary. But I had none of that last year. There were only a few minor infractions, such as Pepitone coming late to batting practice, and of course I fined him. You can't have things like this happen. There has to be organization, a regard for the rules. Joe himself

told me right away that I was right. "I wasn't there," he said. "I deserved the fine." He was a pro about it and he never did it again.

But all that was last year. My only thought from here on is to get this club moving back to where it belongs, right in the middle of things. Our intention is not to go around changing faces. I'd much rather go with most of what is here in a healthy stage, rather than give up any of these players for someone I don't know much about. Certainly we will consider trades. But I just don't believe in changing faces, even swapping one star for another star just to make a move. All I ask for, really, is a healthy ballclub.

Along those lines, I discussed with Mantle the idea that he work out some over the winter months. He lives in Dallas, where he could exercise both indoors and outdoors. It isn't something he would have to do all winter, but he could start on such a program say, the first of the year. I told him that a real program where he could get in some running and keep the muscles of his legs in shape would really get him ready for spring training. This way, it wouldn't put too much pressure on him through the six weeks he has to get ready in camp. I honestly feel that he won't have as many pulled muscles in the upper parts of his legs if he can prepare himself over a reasonable period of time. The way Mickey's knees are, he's not able to give them that much conditioning during the six weeks of spring training that we have. Mickey's an all-out player and when he gets into a ballgame he drives himself, and there's so much sprinting that he does, that eventually he pulls a muscle. That's the only way he knows how to play; he wants to go all-out and the result has been these muscle pulls, hamstrings and such, where the muscles are not conditioned completely.

The important thing is that when I discussed it with Mickey at the end of last season, he seemed to buy it. He's as anxious as I am for him to come into camp as strong as possible. From a healthy Mantle, I'd settle for a hundred games this year.

Overall, though, I look for us to have our power back in the lineup again in 1966. Getting four, five runs a game shouldn't be too tough for this ballclub, and I think that's what we need to win more games. Our record last year when we scored five runs or more in a game was phenomenal. It was 43-4. So, obviously, we look for restored power to bring us back to where the club was after the 1964 season. And we have every reason to look for it. Maris and Howard should be 100 percent again after giving their injuries a winter's rest, Tresh had a fine year in '65, and we look to some of our younger players to be of some real help to us this coming season.

Naturally, we want the pitching to take up some more of the slack than it did last year. Some of our boys had bad years. Jim Bouton came up with an arm that seemed to have lost its strength, but he didn't have any injury and we're hopeful it will have worked itself out by spring training. Al Downing is still trying to overcome his control problems—which we worked on all last year—and maybe our new pitching coach, Jim Turner, who did so fine a job building past Yankee mound staffs, can help him to solve it. Al has great stuff and certainly he's a pitcher who should win more than 12 or 13 games a season.

On the brighter side, Mel Stottlemyre had a solid year as a 20-game winner, and is still coming into his own. And Whitey Ford, who won his 16th game on the last day of the season, showed us he can still pitch. There was a little doubt last year about how he would go in cold weather, but as soon as the weather warmed up he got back in stride, and we expect even more from him this year.

The fact is, we expect more from all our players. And we expect to be right there in the thick of the pennant race all season long.

— ■ —

THEY ALL LOVE BOB HAYES' FLASH

(*Continued from page* 12)

tackler Dick Lynch, who outweighs Hayes.

Looking up at Hayes, Lynch said, "I didn't know you could hit like that."

"You on the ground, ain't you, baby?" said Hayes.

When kicker Danny Villanueva was injured just before halftime of that opening game, a press box announcement informed writers: "If Villanueva can't play the second half, Hayes will do all the kicking for the Cowboys." Writers, who couldn't have been more taken aback if the announcement had said Helen Hayes, confronted general manager Tex Schramm. Feathers fairly budding from his lips, Schramm said, "Why not? Far as I can tell, there's nothing he *can't* do."

Schramm says, "You've heard of bad-ball hitters in baseball? Hayes is a bad-pass catcher, the best kind in pro football." What he meant was demonstrated in the fourth game of the season when Philadelphia defender Irv Cross tipped an overthrown pass in the air and watched in frozen horror as Hayes plucked it and completed an 82-yard pass play for his fifth touchdown of the season. "The difference between an interception and a touchdown on that play," said Cross, "was speed. And I'm a 9.7 man myself."

In that same game Cross did intercept one. He grabbed it in the flat. Before Cross could gain momentum Hayes, bolting from across the field, had him by the neck. This was the kindling for a later flare between Hayes and another Eagle defender, Nate Ramsey, who gave Hayes a late jolt and got an elbow in the mouth for his impropriety. "Man, you can't let them get away with nothing, else you're a dead duck," Hayes said later of the incident, then added, "'course I begged his pardon right away."

"He can take it and give you change," says Hickey admiringly.

The Cowboys would like to pretend they suspected all this when they drafted Hayes seventh as a redshirt after his junior season and well before the Tokyo Olympics. "It would be nice to think our scouting system was that brilliant," says general manager Schramm, "but everyone knows we drafted speed. A seventh-round draft choice, even for a redshirt, that's like saying, 'Well, what have we got to lose?' "

"We never dreamed Hayes was this kind of football player," Hickey says. "We saw him at the Senior Bowl and we knew then he was good, but nobody would predict he could develop this quickly."

Ironically, Hickey coached several of the great trackmen who tried it in the NFL. "You can't compare Hayes with any of the trackmen," Red says. "He's far ahead of them. He reminds me a lot of Don Hutson, who was an instant sensation with that speed and those hands. He also reminds me of (Elroy) Hirsch, although Hirsch was a mature football player when he came to us."

Hungry Dallas fans already had a taste for speed. In 1964, Mel Renfro was a sensation on kickoff and punt returns and a timebomb with intercepted passes. As a rookie he gained better than 1500 yards without playing a down of offense, and the Cowboy climate fairly tingled at the thought of Hayes and Renfro in twin safety. Landry quickly ignored the idea: "You want your No. 2 return man to be one of your best blockers. He's the man who gets that first clearing block. I want Renfro to handle all kicks. I've never seen his likes in all my years in football. Maybe Hayes will be our backup guy if something happens to Mel."

Nothing happened to Mel, but something did to Landry because in the second preseason game against the 49ers he found temptation greater than logic and put both back on a punt. Renfro caught it and so did the first 49er downfield, a bolt of Bob Hayes right at the knees. Landry had himself a tandem to make obsolete anything football had ever seen.

Even Renfro seemed bewildered. Mel, one of the nation's top track stars at Oregon, took one look at Hayes and said, "Me running against Bob would be like a linebacker running against me."

Pete Retzlaff, the great veteran end of the Eagles, said of Hayes: "His only flaw is he doesn't know yet how to use his speed. He's not really running until the ball is in the air. When he starts to use his speed at the snap of the ball, there's no telling what's going to happen."

If there is a lesson here, it's that the use of even 9.1 speed is an art. Hayes frets constantly over technique. It is rare to hear a rookie lecture on technique, but Hayes will stop you on the street with such gems as "Coach Hickey taught me to catch the ball with my feet on the ground. I had a habit of jumping for passes when I didn't have to. He told me, 'Nobody is going to outrun nobody with his feet in the air.' He taught me not to let up on square-outs, to cut for the sideline at full speed and the ball'd be there. He showed me how to read linebackers and safeties when I lined up so I'd know if they were playing me inside or outside. Oh, he taught me plenty and still is. That makes you feel good.

"I come late to camp from the All-Star game and I figured I'd take a lot of kidding. Coach Hickey, he told me more'n once he was going to send me home. But everyone helped me. Frank Clarke stayed out after practice and showed me how to hold my hands, how to stop fighting the ball

and just let it come. He taught me how to catch over my head, with my thumbs out. Everyone made me feel like a part of the team."

Being a part of something is the most intriguing aspect of football for Hayes. "Catching a game-winning touchdown," he says, "is more of a thrill than winning gold medals. You play football for your team, not for yourself."

"Bob wants more than anything to belong," says Jake Gaither, the Florida A&M coach. "He's a gregarious boy. He wants to be a part of the group."

After the first week of training camp Hayes knew everyone by name. In another week he had the nicknames in lock and could use them without sounding supercilious. He has the personality to make himself instantly popular. He pulled a surprising number of votes in balloting for captain of the college All-Stars.

Gaither had supervised the signing of his NFL contract: "It was—believe me—a *de*-light to *be*-hold," he told snoopy writers. In fact, Gaither has supervised Bob's growth into manhood. Jake and Mrs. Gaither accompanied Hayes to Chicago and followed him to the Cowboy camp. Mrs. Gaither, "Mama," brought fresh socks and underwear. She brought understanding too. "Mama," Hayes said one day, and he was clearly frightened, "Coach Hickey says he gonna send me home."

Mrs. Gaither said, "Then it's for your own good."

Bob Hayes grew up in a hard section of Jacksonville, Florida, affectionately known as "Hell's Hole." His father, a disabled war veteran, and his mother, a part-time domestic worker, were separated. Hayes was close to his mother. "She says I was a lazy baby," he says, grinning, "and the slowest dishwasher in Northern Florida." He shined shoes to earn money for school clothes, and his first competition was running for nickels. His brother, Ernest, wanted to be a boxer, Bob a punching bag. He needed to prove himself even then. "I'd fight and fight," Bob says, "but I never had the strength to knock no one down. But I got up every time and fought some more." Hayes once told Gaither, "I get my kicks from football. I like to see a guy get hit hard and get up and try again. That proves he is a man."

With his powerful fullback's legs, broad shoulders and trim waist, Hayes was hardly the picture of a track star, a tangle of arms and legs whipping down the cinders with the grace of a man falling off a horse. But in all his races, he lost only twice. Once was in high school, the second in college when Roger Sayers of Omaha ran a nondescript 9.6 and won the 1962 NAIA title. "I found out later I had a 103 temperature that day," says Hayes. "But I'll tell you this. I was humiliated. It wasn't so much me, but the people who believed in me. I decided that day I never wanted to lose again." (Roger Sayers, incidentally, is the brother of Gale Sayers, the Chicago Bear rookie who is racing Hayes for "Rookie of the Year" honors.)

In Tokyo, Hayes was unbelievable. Even a glimpse of him later in films created the feeling of incredulity. An infamously poor starter, Hayes won the 100-meter semifinal in 9.9, pure fantasy for the judges who disallowed it because of an aiding wind. Track buffs no sooner avowed they had seen

Sitting it out while the others dance? Because of acne? pHisoHex® can help!

First thing in the morning, get pHisoHex and wash with it exclusively 3 or 4 times every day. pHisoHex *really* helps because its powerful germ fighter attacks one of the important factors in acne—skin bacteria.

If you have a *bad* case of acne, go to your doctor and, along with his other treatment, he will probably tell you to start washing with pHisoHex. Not only for its definite germ-fighting ability, but because it cleans thoroughly and completely.

And, having gotten your skin as clean and germ-free as possible, pHisoHex leaves an invisible antibacterial film to protect you for hours.

Before your acne has a chance to get any worse, start using pHisoHex. Use flesh-colored pHisoAc® Cream, too, between washings and at bedtime to help mask and heal pimples—loosen blackheads.

Promise yourself today that you will start using pHisoHex. With a skin clean and clear—you'll dance!

pHisoHex in 5 oz. bottles; pHisoAc Cream in 1½ oz. tubes; or ask your pharmacist for the Combination Package of pHisoHex and pHisoAc.

Winthrop Laboratories
New York, N.Y. 10016

Great Moments in Sport

by Howard Cosell

ABC-Radio Sports Commentator

JERSEY JOE'S LAST CHANCE

THE WHOLE IDEA of this fight seemed a little silly. In the first place, Jersey Joe Walcott had already failed in two attempts to win the heavyweight boxing title from Ezzard Charles. Before that, he'd been beaten twice by Joe Louis when Louis was the champ. So, for the fifth time, Walcott was trying for the title, and nobody had ever had that many shots.

Other factors made the fight seem slightly ridiculous. 1. Walcott had just been beaten by Rex Layne, a journeyman heavyweight. 2. Walcott was at least 37 years old (there was some feeling that Joe had lost track of a few years) and nobody that old had ever won the title.

Disgusted with his inability to make his way up the heavyweight ranks, Walcott had quit fighting in the early 1940s and had supported his wife and six children at a variety of jobs. He'd been a stevedore, bricklayer's helper, ice and coal man, garbage collector and, during World War II, a caulker in a shipyard. But Walcott was talked out of retirement in 1946 and, after several years of knocking off heavyweight contenders, he earned a title fight with Louis. He knocked the champ down twice, but these efforts weren't enough and he lost a split decision. Many witnesses felt Jersey Joe had been robbed. Back he came for another shot at Louis. He floored Louis again but this time the champ recovered and knocked out Walcott.

Jersey Joe never seemed the same after that. There were the two title fights with Charles, which he'd lost decisively, and then the loss to Layne. He seemed finished. But the heavyweight division was going through one of its periodic promotional turmoils and when all the wheeling and dealing was done Charles and Walcott were matched again, at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh, on July 18, 1951.

Charles was not in a class with Dempsey or Louis as far as heavyweight champions go, but he was a good puncher and defended his title often. As champion, he had fought and won eight times and he had a win streak of 24 straight fights. More important, Charles was two days short of his 30th birthday and figured to have more stamina than the aging Walcott. Betting odds were more than 5-1 in Charles' favor.

The fight started slowly with both fighters cautiously testing each other and the surprisingly large crowd of 28,272 persons waited expectantly. Walcott, in excellent condition, weighed 194 pounds, 12 more than the champion. Charles landed the only important blows in the first round, but Walcott came in with a few body punches and jabs in the second. Beginning with the third round Jersey Joe took command. He jabbed with his left repeatedly and at one point shrugged off a hard hook by Charles and sent a straight right hand to Charles' jaw. The champion was bleeding from the lip.

Walcott danced back, hoping to get Charles to come after him, but the champion refused to bite. He was waiting for his own opening. Walcott landed several good punches in the fourth and won the round but the best punch was thrown by Charles, a right uppercut. Still, neither fighter had landed a really damaging blow. In the fifth, Charles scored with several rights to the challenger's body, but Walcott came back with rights to the jaw. Just before the round ended, Walcott was thrown off balance by a left jab, but he came back with a straight right hand and ringsiders thought they saw the champion's knees shake ever so slightly.

The sixth was quiet, with Charles having perhaps a slight edge, but he was hurting. There was a bruise under his right eye and a cut on his lip that would require two stitches. And rather than crowd in and bring the fight to his opponent, as was his style, Charles seemed hesitant and bewildered.

But early in the seventh round, Charles drove Walcott back into his own corner before Walcott could respond. With the advantage all the champion's, it was the challenger who responded. Walcott drove a left to Charles' stomach and the champion's guard went down. Walcott pivoted and threw a left hook that hit Charles flush on the jaw. The champion fell heavily to the floor, tried to balance himself on his knees and then fell on his face.

He lay on the canvas for seven seconds, then struggled to his knees and at the count of nine managed to get to his feet. Had he beaten the count? The crowd waited. But the referee never had to make a decision. Charles stumbled backwards, his arms hanging at his sides, and then collapsed on his back in a neutral corner. It was 55 seconds of the seventh round.

Because Charles had managed to get up it was, strictly speaking, a technical knockout but nothing could mar the victory for Jersey Joe Walcott, who, on his fifth try, was the heavyweight champion of the world.

it all then they realized they had seen nothing. The realization came during the relays. At the final exchange of the baton, France's Jocelyn Delecour had a four-yard lead. Hayes was sixth. No one is prepared to describe what happened next, except that Hayes won by three yards.

"This is ridiculous," said Charles Walter, assistant U.S. track coach, shaking his watch violently. "I got Hayes in 8.6 seconds!"

"Yep, it's ridiculous," said head coach Bob Giegenback. "But it has to be true. Hayes had to do the impossible to win as big as he did from so far back."

Jesse Owens watched from the press box that day, and his description of Hayes' running style was prophetic: "He looks like a guy catching a ball in back of the line of scrimmage and dodging people."

When Hayes turned down an expense-paid European tour to return to college after the Olympics ("I can still get in the last half of the football season"), coach Gaither noticed that his squad was abnormally disturbed by the public attention surrounding Hayes. This embarrassed Hayes. He seemed to withdraw. Gaither gathered the others one afternoon and put it bluntly: "I know how you boys feel. And I'll give you a little secret. You can get all that publicity too. How? Beat him!" Says Gaither, "If they had any resentment, it ended right there."

The Gaithers were more than adopted parents for Bob Hayes. They were probation officers. Desperate for friends when he first reached the campus, Bob found himself a dandy—an amateur highwayman who pulled a water pistol on a passing student one night (the booty: a nickel, a penny, a pack of chewing gum) while Hayes, thinking what fun college life was going to be, stood as an immaterial witness to a robbery he wasn't sure took place. The police were quite sure. At Gaither's request, Hayes was bound over to the coach and his wife. That was Bob's home until he married his campus sweetheart last July and went to Dallas.

He is wealthy now (estimated contract: $100,000 for three years), and he is a homebody. At night he and wife Altamease answer all his letters. He still gets more than 25 a day, after a high of 100 immediately following the Olympics. "If some kid takes the time to write me," says Hayes, "I'll take the time to answer. I like kids. I have a special feeling for them. (Hayes plans to return to Florida A&M this spring to complete his degree in elementary education). If they want advice, I tell them three things—get your lessons done, stay out of trouble and give your coach all you got."

That's what Hayes gives the Cowboys. Their coaches are constantly amazed by his determination and capacity to learn. Someone asked Hickey, probing the negative in this sea of positives, "What does Hayes need to improve?"

"Time," Hickey said. The questioner looked put upon, so Hickey softened it: "That's really the best answer I can give. You never really learn to play this game until you're too old to play it. If there has ever been an exception, it's Bob Hayes. All he wants to do is work. And that's all he needs, time to work."

Bob Hayes has never had much trouble beating time.

—■—

THE HUNGER OF WILLIS REED

(*Continued from page* 39)
was so strange, they didn't know quite how to handle it.

After the exhibition season, Bill Russell called Reed the best young center he's seen come along in years, and after three regular-season meetings, Russell went further. "Reed," he said, "is the best center I've ever seen play for the Knicks." (Which was, of course, before this past November when the Knicks traded Jim Barnes, John Egan and Johnny Green to Baltimore for 6-11 Walt Bellamy.) This might have been damning Willis with faint praise, but Joe Lapchick, who used to coach the Knicks and is one of the game's most respected citizens, took one look at Reed and said he was "the best shooter the Knicks have had since Carl Braun." Reed is so good a shooter, in fact, that the Knicks were delighted to take advantage of his aim by moving him to forward when they obtained Bellamy.

Willis put together statistics which support these opinions. He scored 1560 points in his rookie season. Only six players scored more and their names are Wilt Chamberlain, Jerry West, Oscar Robertson, Sam Jones, Elgin Baylor and Walt Bellamy. Willis grabbed 1175 rebounds, breaking Harry Gallatin's club record of 1098. He played in every game and was named Rookie of the Year by the league's writers and broadcasters. Knick officials almost dislocated their sacroiliacs patting themselves on the back for their coup. They had made fools of the entire NBA. Of course, they couldn't have done it alone.

Late last April, the Knicks were winding up months of scouting, checking, rechecking, researching, calculating, manipulating and guessing preparatory to the draft. They had narrowed the field down to three big, strong ballplayers, and they had one last chance to see all three in action at the same time—at the Olympic Trials in the St. John's University gym on Long Island. When the trials ended, the Knicks announced they had their man. Their decision, they said, would be irrevocable. On the first round of the NBA draft, they would select Jim Barnes of Texas Western . . . unless they took Lucious Jackson of Pan American College . . . or possibly Willis Reed of Grambling.

"Our feeling was," Donovan recalls, "that Barnes had the most ability, Jackson was the most ready for the pros and Reed was the boy with the greatest long-range potential."

ON a warm, spring day in Bernice, Louisiana, the telephone rang in the home of Willis Reed Jr., and the man of the house, who had just returned from a day of student-teaching in the local high school, answered it. "Willis," said the voice on the other end, "this is Eddie Donovan of the New York Knickerbockers. How are you?"

"Fine, Mr. Donovan."

"Willis, how would you like to play basketball in New York?"

"I'd like that very much, Mr. Donovan."

"Good, because we just drafted you on the second round. How do you feel about that?"

The words came as a shock. "How could I feel about it?" Reed said recently. "I was disappointed. I saw $3000 flying out the window, but it wasn't only the money. My pride was hurt. I expected to be picked on the first round, which would have meant that somebody considered me the best player in the country. I couldn't blame the Knicks. Taking Barnes was a good move and I guess I expected it. But I couldn't believe there were eight other players in the country better than me."

It is necessary to know Willis Reed to understand that minor setbacks bring out the best in him. In his entire career, he has countered every crisis with the same remedy—hard work.

In high school, he was the tallest on the team, but lacked coordination. He built a basket in his backyard and practiced shooting for hours. He jumped rope to improve his coordination.

In college, he was considered too slow and not a good enough jumper to beat out Tommy Bownes, the regular center. So, Willis worked harder than Tommy Bownes and when the season opened, Reed was Grambling's center.

In the pros, when it looked like Lucious Jackson would be Rookie of the Year, Willis put on his biggest burst, finished strong and won the award.

TWO months before, Reed was happy that Jackson was considered a cinch to win the honor. "This is what I'm willing to believe," he said at the time. "I want to give him all the advantages because that will make me work harder. I don't want to be complacent. I want to be Rookie of the Year more than anything. He made the Olympic team and I didn't. He was picked second and I was picked 10th. I guess that means a lot of people think he's better than me, so I guess his chances of being Rookie of the Year are better than mine.

"Well, I'll tell you, I've played against him and he's not better than me, and he wasn't better than me in college. I played for a Negro school and his school was integrated, which meant he played against some of the big-name schools and he got more publicity than I did. I know my weaknesses. I'd be a fool to say I'm as good as Oscar, but I know I'm better than Jackson."

His pride was hurt when he did not get to go to Tokyo and when he was not drafted on the first round. There was only one way Willis knew to soothe the pain.

"I worked hard," he says now, "to be the best rookie in the league. I found not everybody was going to pat you on the back. Somebody is always going to tell you you can't do it and that infuriated me. Some people belittled me and questioned my ability."

"In this game it is the survival of the fittest. The strong survive, the weak do not. Now when I play, I look at those other coaches and I say to myself, 'I told you so . . . . I showed you.' I'm planning to make them remember that draft for a long, long time."

As a boy, Willis idolized Bill Russell. Reed watched him on television with great admiration and awe and he tried to pattern himself after the Celtic great. "Russell," he says, "sets the example of the kind of player I'd like to be on a basketball court." When Willis became a pro, the admiration was still there . . . the awe had vanished.

There is a strange rapport between the two, the mutual respect of one professional for another. It is rare, because Bill Russell does not go out of his way to talk to rookies. Reed was a very special rookie. He was brash. When he lined up for the tip-off against Russell, he would say, "Hi, Bill. Now take it easy on me tonight, will you? Let me score a couple of points."

Russell was sarcastic. "Good evening, Mr. Reed," he said.

When Willis was named to the All-Star team he was particularly pleased, because it meant for one night he and Russell would be teammates.

THE night before that game, Reed waited for the elevator in the Chase Hotel in St. Louis and when the doors opened, out stepped Russell. They stood there, jaw to goatee.

"Where you going, Mr. Reed?" Russell boomed.

"Just going to get something to eat," Reed said, rather sheepishly.

"That," said Russell, "is not a bad idea. I'll go with you."

Dinner lasted more than two hours, or until Reed ran out of questions.

Willis Reed likes to say he was born in Nowhere, Louisiana. Actually, Nowhere is a little town called Hico, which, Willis says, is so small "they don't even have a population." He was born June 25, 1942, the only child of Willis and Inell Reed. The day after the baby was born, Willis Sr. went overseas and Willis Jr. went over to Bernice, a town ten miles from Hico, to live with his grandparents. Bernice was practically a metropolis to Willis. "It is two red lights long," he says. "Hico has no red lights, just a couple of stop signs."

The Reeds were not poor, but daddy Reed, a 6-3, 220-pounder, tried to teach Willis the value of money. Young Willis did odd jobs to earn spending money. He cut grass and cleaned flower beds and in the summer he worked in the fields, hauling hay for $4 a day.

In the eighth grade, Willis fell off a bicycle and broke his left arm. While Willis was waiting for his arm to get better, his legs abruptly got longer. When he began his freshman year at West Side High, Willis stood 6-5 and there was something about him that interested Lendon Stone, who just happened to be the basketball coach. It was Stone who suggested the jump rope to Reed and when Willis grew stronger, Stone made him his regular center and Willis and West Side grew together.

He had grown to 6-7 by his sophomore year and you can hardly miss a kid that tall if he is standing on the corner, particularly if your name is Fred Hobdy and you coach basketball at Grambling College.

"I had gone to the bus depot to pick up Charlie Hardnett, who was coming in from Atlanta," is how Hobdy remembers the day of his great discovery. "I saw this tall kid in the street. I had never seen him around before. If you're in my business, you make it a point to get to know a kid that tall, so I walked up to him and introduced myself. He said he was only in the tenth grade, but I promised to keep an eye on him and I told him even if I never saw him again, he had a scholarship to Grambling when he graduated."

Reed's parents permitted him to

play football in his sophomore year, and the following season Willis was an All-State end in football. He was also All-State in basketball and helped West Side reach the finals of the state tournament. The following year, Willis was again All-State in football and basketball. West Side won the state basketball title in its classification and the offers started pouring in for Reed. He narrowed them down to Grambling, Southern University and Chicago Loyola. He eventually selected Grambling, probably because he got the feeling coach Hobdy was one of the family.

Each night after dinner, Fred Hobdy would say to his wife, "Let's take a little ride," and Mrs. Hobdy would say, "I know where you want to go." And so they would get in the car and drive to Bernice. Hobdy was such a good talker, he convinced Mrs. Reed her little boy should stay close to home and Mrs. Reed was such a good talker, her little boy stayed close to home.

But a recruiter dies hard and Ernie Fears, basketball coach at Southern, worked on Willis right up to the final night of the state tournament. He was making his last pitch, when he looked down and noticed Willis' sneakers. Superficially they were just a pair of Converse, high-back, white sneakers, but lettered on them were the words, "Grambling College."

"He wore a size 15," Hobdy says with a snicker. "He was having trouble getting his size. Heck, we get them wholesale, so we let him have a pair. If nothing else, at least we were publicizing the school."

At Grambling, Reed scored 2335 points in four years, made little All-America three times, was picked to play in the 1963 Pan American Games, led Grambling to an NAIA championship and a 110-17 record, and asked Gerry Oliver to dance. Fortunately, Gerry's real name was Geraldine. Willis and Gerry were married on campus in the fall of 1962. Karl Vance Reed came along a year later and Veronica Marie Reed two years after that.

Since any large young man who steps on the Grambling campus is odds-on to wind up under a football helmet, it is a tribute to Willis' ability and Fred Hobdy's guile that football coach Eddie Robinson never got Reed.

"Not this one, Eddie, please," Hodby begged. "This one has a chance to become a great basketball player."

Robinson must have a sixth sense about such things. He stopped trying to make a football player out of Reed.

So, Willis Reed became a Knick. The first time he walked into Madison Square Garden he was too much Knick. Donovan took one look at him and ordered Willis to lose 15 pounds. Willis lost 15 pounds.

"That's the way this kid is," Donovan says. "You tell him to do something once and he does it."

"Reminds me of Pettit," says Knick scout Red Holzman, who never fails to remind you he coached Bob Pettit in St. Louis. "He conducts himself exactly the same way Bob did when he was a rookie . . . the way he gets knowledge . . . the way he takes coaching . . . the way he picks up things."

"He's such a nice kid, too," Donovan says. "Even after the big year he had, he hasn't changed. He's still looking to improve. Nothing has gone to his head."

Willis is a likable guy, really a big kid at heart. He smiles easily and has a quick sense of humor. The Knicks have used him with success as a good-will ambassador during the off-season and Willis boasts he is an honorary lifetime member of the Fort Lee (New Jersey) Jewish Center.

The Knicks signed him for about $10,000, some $3000 less than he wanted. But he didn't argue and after last season, they gave him a substantial raise. This year he will earn close to $20,000 and he could become a $30,000 player, which would make him the highest-paid Knick in history.

"He can run, he can shoot, he can dribble," Donovan says. "The only thing he needs is experience. He's nowhere near his potential. I don't think anybody knows how far he can go, but because of his intelligence, he can become a superstar."

According to Holzman, Reed's greatest attribute is his intelligence. Donovan says the word that best sums up his makeup is attitude and Willis says the nicest thing anyone can say about him is "he hustles." It is only a matter of semantics. They are saying the same thing. They are saying he has a hunger to be the best there is, to erase the hurt of not making the Olympic team and not being selected on the first round of the draft. That is what drives him and that is why he will make it big.

—■—

BROOKS ROBINSON'S LOG OF A STRETCH RUN TO NOWHERE

(*Continued from page* 55)

I made a bad throw tonight, but I have a hunch they won't start a Brooks Robinson Fan Club. It was one of three errors we made in the fourth inning that led to the winning run. We lost, 2-1.

We dropped to third place, four percentage points behind Chicago. It looks like we'll be fighting for second until the last day. It's worth fighting for, too. The difference between finishing second and third is at least $500 per man.

People in LA say it never rains here, but we've found that's so much propaganda. The Angels have had only four rainouts in five years, two when we were here. Brother, did it ever rain today!

Sunday, September 19: When I talked to Connie on the phone this morning, she said she took the kids to the doctor Friday for their hay fever shots. He told her there was no way that 55 cents could harm little Brooks and that it would come out sooner or later. It's been over a week now. Ah, it's only money.

Ninety-five degrees in Baltimore, she said. It was beautiful here, too, except that the field, as we suspected, was too wet to play on. So I studied the newspapers. For the fun of it, I counted the Negroes and Latins who were among the top ten hitters in each league. Nine out of ten in the National and only three in ours. They got the jump in signing Negro players. I'm thinking mainly about the veterans—Willie Mays, Hank Aaron and Ernie Banks. As a result, the National League has an edge over the American League in home-run power.

Monday, September 20: In the dugout before the game, I was saying how embarrassing it would be if Minnesota clinched the pennant by personally beating us tomorrow and the next day. Bauer looked up and growled, "This is a helluva time to be thinking about that—the last two weeks of the season. You shoulda been thinking about that all along." We were, but the Twins pulled away and now their magic number is down to three. They could wrap it up by beating us in this two-game series.

Tuesday, September 21: We beat the Twins, 6-4, in ten innings. Milt Pappas and Dave McNally are our pitchers in this series. If they both lose, the Twins will clinch the pennant. "It happened to me once before," Pappas said. "I was pitching the night in 1961 when the Yankees locked it up and Roger Maris hit his 59th home run." When Dave heard Milt say that, he said with a straight face, "Do it again, then. You're used to it. Don't put the load on me." I guess Dave didn't realize that the only way Milt could keep the load off him would be to win the opener. If Milt loses, the Twins can wrap it up by beating Dave in the second game.

Milt didn't lose this one, but he didn't win, either. We did, though—6-4 in ten innings.

This Oliva is some kind of good hitter. Makes no difference to him whether the pitcher is right or left-handed, and he hits with as much power to left field as to right. Three hits today shot him up to .320, ahead of Yastrzemski. I'm down to .303 and it doesn't look like I'll catch them.

I heard on the radio that the White Sox lost, which puts us back in second place by one percentage point.

Wednesday, September 22: We beat the Twins again and it's too bad we're not closer to them. We're still eight games behind. Anyway, we got in and out of Minnesota without being embarrassed.

I wasn't much help today. I drove in one run, but twice I left two men on base. When I was called out on strikes I guess I made it obvious I didn't like Cal Drummond's call. Sometimes I wonder how Connie can tell people: "Brooks is so patient." I told Drummond the pitch was outside. When you're up there battling for a hit, you want the umpire to bear down, too.

I was still fuming when Bob Allison hit a wicked shot to my right. I knew I had the ball in my glove, but it was mainly luck because I was just trying to protect myself. Martin, Minnesota's third-base coach, needled me: "Most third-basemen get in front of balls like that." I said, "Oh, I forgot, we aren't on TV today, are we? I didn't have to make it look spectacular."

Thursday, September 23: Mail really piles up during a trip. We were off today, so I looked through some of it. One boy wrote, "I was hoping you would consider being my pen-pal." I guess I'll tell him that if I became a pen-pal of every boy who wrote, my hand would be so tired I couldn't swing a bat. Then I wouldn't get any hits and he wouldn't want to be my pen-pal any more. Another boy wrote, "You're my second favorite player.

My first is Mickey Mantle. Please send me a picture of you." Here's a beauty: "There are too many swelled heads and over-rated players on the team." I don't know how I'll answer that one.

Friday, September 24: Connie said she's tired of checking for that 55 cents. She's going to stop because the doctor convinced her the money couldn't hurt Brooks.

I got my Golden Glove trophy for 1964 tonight. I'm glad they didn't present it on the field because I felt like anything but the best-fielding third-baseman. I made one error and failed to come up with another ball. Although it was ruled a hit, I should have had it.

We beat the Angels, while the Twins were rained out.

Saturday, September 25: I gave a speech at an orphanage playground-dedication ceremony this afternoon. A ballplayer has to do things like this once in a while without pay—sort of a civic duty.

We had no sooner started our doubleheader with the Angels than the scoreboard flashed word that the Twins had won two in Washington to clinch at least a tie for the pennant. Truthfully, I didn't even have a reaction. The odds against us have been staggering for weeks. It was of more interest to me to see that the White Sox also won a doubleheader. That meant we'd have to beat the Angels twice to stay in second. We did.

Sunday, September 26: The thread has snapped. The Twins clinched the pennant by edging the Senators, 2-1, but the turning point was two months ago. Late in July we won the first two games of a series with Minnesota and were leading, 5-1, in the eighth inning of the third. Suddenly, our usually dependable bullpen collapsed. The Twins won the game and went on to take the fourth, too. If we had taken three out of four we'd have only been two and a half games out.

The Twins deserved to win the pennant. They met every challenge, they beat everybody when they had to.

Monday, September 27: I had one of those rare and cherished moments with my entire family before going to the park. My mother and father are up from Little Rock, Arkansas, for a visit and all of us—Connie, the three kids and my parents—drove out to Vanderbilt's Sagamore Farm. Native Dancer was there, and they told us his stud fee is $15,000. I knew there must be a better way to make a living than playing baseball.

This was one of those nights when you wondered when they were going to unlock the gates. Only 703 people showed up, the smallest crowd we've ever had at home. We won our eighth straight.

Tuesday, September 28: When Dick Brown walked into the clubhouse, Bowens asked him: "Anybody steal your car last night?" "No," Brownie said, "but I checked to see if I still had my hubcaps." Poor Brownie. The A's stole eight bases last night. That's a frustrating experience for any catcher—especially for a guy like Dick, who actually has a fine arm—because 95 percent of the time the runners steal on the pitchers. Yet the catchers are the ones who look bad. Brownie said he was dying just to throw out one runner; then he would have turned and bowed to the crowd.

Aparicio led off the first inning tonight with a single, and he asked the umpire to toss the ball to Gene Woodling, our first-base coach. Looie thought it was the 1500th hit of his career, but it was really only No. 1498. "I musta been counting those two home runs I hit in the exhibition game in July," he said.

We beat the Twins to run our winning streak to nine, tying our club record.

Wednesday, September 29: Before the game, they honored Weidner, who is in his 15th season with the club after starting as a scoreboard operator in 1916. Doc is more than a fine trainer; he's a philosopher. Some of his lines are classics. "They say an elephant has a great memory," Doc once observed, "but what's an elephant got to remember?"

It more or less figured we'd lose tonight. During the National Anthem, Jerry Adair was standing very straight and proper, his hand over his heart . . . and his cap still on his head. We lost, 3-2, but the Twins temporarily lost a catcher. Jerry Zimmerman was hit so hard by Curt Blefary on a play at the plate that he had to leave the game. Blefary really plays hard. Several times this year Bauer has said, "That's the way I used to play."

Thursday, September 30: I think I'd have to vote for Zolio Versalles as the Most Valuable Player. With the pennant clinched, Mele rested him in the first two games of the series, but tonight he hit a double and a grand slam homer before retiring in the fifth inning. We lost again, and now we're really going to have to bust our backs to finish second. Chicago is only three points behind.

Aparicio finally got his 1500th hit, but third-base umpire Nestor Chylak was puzzled when they tossed the ball out of the game as a souvenir. "Hey," he shouted to our dugout, "I thought he got his 1500th the other night?" "He did," said my roomie, Bob Johnson. "He's got 2000 already."

Friday, October 1: This is our last trip, and it's a short one, thank goodness. Everyone's eager to get home. When I'm finished playing, I'll never manage or coach. It's no fun being away from the family so much.

We split our doubleheader with the Indians, but the White Sox won a single game from the A's and tied us for second place.

Saturday, October 2: As soon as we saw Chicago's early 10-0 lead over Kansas City on the scoreboard, we knew the best we could do, if we lost today, would be to tie for second place. We did lose, and a bad play by me set up the winning run.

Sunday, October 3: Steve Barber picked up a bat in the dugout before the game and said, laughing: "I have a hunch I won't do much with this today." None of us figured to—not with McDowell pitching. We finally got a run for Steve, though. Then, feeling real generous, we got another and he won, 2-1. I needed 1-for-2 or 2-for-4 to finish at .300, but I went oh-for-4 and ended at .297. Three hundred wasn't a matter of life and death, but it would have been nice.

Second place would have been even nicer. It wasn't until we got to the airport that we heard Chicago had beaten Kansas City to edge us for second place. Still, despite a few disappointments, I think we had a good season. Even without changes, we're good enough to win the pennant next year.

We still haven't recovered that 55 cents. In the meantime, we're charging little Brooks 4½ percent interest.

— ■ —

Why men in Accounting, Banking, Sales, Credit, Real Estate, Traffic, Insurance, Government and the Armed Services

STUDY LAW IN SPARE TIME

as a way to increased earnings

WHATEVER your present position—whatever your previous schooling—you can multiply your opportunities for rapid promotion, big income and prestige through LaSalle law training at home.

A knowledge of Law is regarded today as indispensable equipment in every activity of business. The greatly increased role of government in business, the many new problems of Law involving taxes, insurance, contracts, liability, employment, and much more—all require the legally-trained executive who can make day-to-day decisions effectively. That is why leading corporations seek out such men for key positions and reward them with top salaries.

You can master Law easily and enjoyably at home—at remarkably low cost—under the supervision of LaSalle's distinguished Law faculty. Your study is illustrated with actual legal cases. Upon completion of your training, you are awarded a Bachelor of Laws degree, if qualified. The famed *LaSalle Law Library of 14 volumes is given to you as part of your course.*

For more than half a century LaSalle has been an acknowledged leader in business training, with more than 1,000,000 students. Mail coupon today for free illustrated booklet "Law Training for Leadership" and see how LaSalle can help you move up rapidly in business. Address 417 S. Dearborn, Chicago 5, Illinois.

Send for this Free Booklet

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
417 S. Dearborn, Dept. 49-052, Chicago 5, Ill.
Please send me your free illustrated booklet "Law Training for Leadership"

Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City & Zone.....
County.....State.....

THE SPECIALIST IN PRO FOOTBALL, NO. 16: DON CHANDLER, KICKER

(*Continued from page* 19)

extra points. They weren't in very many close games, so Chandler didn't kick very many field goals. Whenever he tried for three points, he found his timing off.

"They used to say I kicked two out of four," he said. "But last year they were saying I missed two out of four." This may sound like the same thing to you, because it is. But the point was that he kicked only nine of 20 field goals and 27-for-29 in extra points. The Giants had a chorus girl offense—one, two, three, kick—and about all Chandler did was punt, punt, punt. He punted 73 times—more than he'd ever punted in a season before—and wound up with a 43.6 average, third best in the league.

It's uncommon for a player to both punt and place-kick. That's because a different type of "leg action" is required. A different type of shoe, too. In his first six years with the Giants, Chandler was exclusively a punter. He'd hit the ball with what they called an "Oklahoma roll," swinging his foot from right to left in a pendulum-like arc. When Pat Summerall retired after the 1961 season, the Giants were left without a placekicker. So Allie Sherman, the coach, asked Chandler if he'd handle the job. This meant Chandler would have to learn to hit the ball with a straightaway motion. It also meant he'd have to buy two pairs of cleats—square-toed ones for placekicks and the normal round-toed ones for the punts. The next time you see the Packers, Chandler is the one kneeling down in front of the bench lacing up his right shoe. (There's no need to change the left, of course.)

The tough part is when the Packers reach midfield. Chandler can be called on to try a field goal or punt. Don keeps his eyes on Lombardi, trying to figure out his thinking. He keeps both right shoes ready. "Sometimes, when Vince changes his mind, I feel like a one-armed paper hanger," Chandler said, laughing.

THE flat, square-toed shoe keeps Chandler's foot locked for the placekicks. The Giants experimented with different types, one of which was zipped on instead of laced. None of them worked, however.

"I've been trapped a couple of times," said Chandler. "I've punted with the heavy square-toed shoe and kicked extra points with the regular low-cuts. I suppose some day I'll go out there in my stocking feet."

The placekicker, of course, can be the "glamor guy" on a ballclub. Hornung found this out. A fine ballcarrier and a deadly blocker, Hornung nonetheless gained much of his acclaim with his placekicking. How many times have you read wire-service leads that began like this?

> *CHICAGO, Nov 10 (UPI)—Paul Hornung scored all of Green Bay's points today with a touchdown, three field goals and an extra point as the Packers . . .*

It created the illusion that Hornung was a one-man team, which of course he wasn't. His placekicking kept his name high in the headlines and brought attention to his all-round abilities that might otherwise have been overlooked.

At the same time, though, blow a kick you should have made and everybody talks about it. Nobody talks about the guard who is trapped—because nobody sees it, including the coaches, who'll tell you "we'll have to look at the movies." The placekicker doesn't have this anonymity. He's out there for all to see.

That's why Chandler says that 90 percent of placekicking is mental. "It's all up here," he said, tapping the side of his head. "If you lose your confidence, you lose everything—your timing, your rhythm . . . and sometimes your job."

The thing is, said Chandler, you never know in practice whether you're in the groove. "I've gotten off some great kicks in practice, then couldn't hit the side of a house in the game. Other times I've been pitiful in practice and kicked everything straight in the game."

HE particularly remembers the November day in 1962 against the Philadelphia Eagles. He tried 25 kicks in practice—and missed 20 in a row. It was one of those snow-mixed-with-rain November days and the field was wet and slippery. When the game started, Chandler tried a field goal from the 43. It missed by a mile.

As he shivered on the sidelines, he kept thinking how nice it would be to be back home, in front of the fire, with a warm drink and a book. But then, almost inexplicably, his touch returned and Chandler kicked field goals from the 28, 20, 37 and 36. That broke the club record of three, shared by Ray Poole, Ben Agajanian and Summerall. The Giants won, 19-14, and 13 of New York's points came out of Chandler's leg.

Later that season, he kicked four in a game against the Bears to lock up the Eastern Conference title, 26-24. But his most spectacular day was probably the one in Cleveland in 1963. The Babe—and you knew that'd be his nickname—kicked four field goals, added three extra points, kicked off eight times and punted twice as the Giants engulfed the Browns, 33-6. When it was over, they gave Chandler the ball he had kicked so well.

He has one basic philosophy about placekicking: "I try to kick extra points and 50-yard field goals the same way . . . to kick straight and let the distance take care of itself."

The worst thing a placekicker can do, said Chandler, is to "overkick" the ball. "It's like overswinging in golf," he said. "You try to overpower the ball and more often than not you dub it."

He has his little practice gimmicks to improve his aim . . . such as the two antenna which are fastened inside the uprights to reduce the width of his target. He also stands at the side of the end zone and kicks at the uprights in an effort to sharpen his eyes.

He'll never forget the time the Giants went out to the West Coast to play the San Francisco 49ers. They worked out on the Stanford campus near Palo Alto. All week he kicked at the oversized college posts. When the Giants went into Kezar Stadium for the game, Chandler looked at the pro posts and almost fainted.

"They were so close together it looked like the ball wouldn't fit through," he said. He settled for three extra points that day.

In Chandler's opinion, three players play an equal part in placekicking—the center, the holder and the kicker. "Unless you have confidence in each other, you're lost." On the Packers Bill Curry does the centering and Bart Starr the holding. "They're both good men," said Chandler. "You never have to worry about them getting lax."

Chandler likes the ball straight up and down, and, if possible, with the laces facing away. He breaks down the mechanics of placekicking this way:

1. "The ball is set down exactly seven yards from the line of scrimmage. This is the ideal spot. It keeps the linebackers from looping around your blockers and getting in on you.
2. "My right foot is a little in front of my left. My head is down and I approach the ball in a straight line. I take a small step with my right foot, a big step with my left—then kick.
3. "You've got to keep your head down. Even during the follow through. If you look up—again, it'll be like golf—you'll scuff the ball.
4. "The important thing is to kick every ball the same way, with the same rhythm. If you hit it right, the distance will take care of itself. The thing is to hit it straight."

In the first two years he was placekicking for the Giants, Chandler hit on 37 of 57 field-goal attempts (an excellent 64.9 percent). They still talk about the one he kicked against Dallas in the Cotton Bowl on December 1, 1963. It went 53 yards, the third longest in NFL history and a Giant record. The only kicks to top Chandler's effort were Bert Rechichar's 56-yarder for the Baltimore Colts in 1953 and Glenn Presnell's 54-yarder for the Detroit Lions in 1954.

TYPICALLY, Chandler shrugged off the feat. "The wind was blowing pretty hard," he said. "In fact, the kick carried well over 60 yards."

Wind or no wind, nobody in the history of pro football has ever punted a ball farther than this high-cheeked, 31-year-old Oklahoman. He set the record this past October 10th against the 49ers when he hammered the ball 90 yards, breaking Bob Waterfield's record by two yards. Actually, Chandler's kick traveled 113 yards. It went from his own goal line and rolled three yards out of the 49ers' end zone. It was measured at 90 yards, though, since the line of scrimmage was the ten.

"I hit it pretty good," Chandler said, grinning. "Like a weekend duffer getting off a 300-yard drive straight down the middle."

Chandler does nothing special to strengthen his legs. He just kicks. And kicks. And kicks. The key to it all, he says, is the drop of the ball.

Here's how he analyzes his punting:

1. "I line up 14 yards behind the center, with my left foot slightly ahead of my right. I take my first step with the left, then the right, then the left again—and then I kick.
2. "The most important thing is how you drop the ball. Few people realize it but you kick the ball when it's only 12 to 18 inches from the ground. If the point of the ball dips down, it'll be a bad kick. If the point is up, it'll be a bad kick. You've got to drop it absolutely flat.
3. "And, again, if you try to kick it too hard you'll dub it."

Chandler feels he does his best

kicking under pressure, such as from the end zone "when I just grab the thing and get it out of there." It's been recorded that with the Giants he had an average of 51 yards on kicks from the end zone. It is a moot question whether this is true since nowhere, except in a press agent's mind, are such statistics officially compiled.

It seems that people have been telling fibs about Chandler ever since he started playing football. He went to Bacone Indian College in Muskogee, Oklahoma, so naturally he became "part Indian." He has as much Indian blood in him as Sandy Koufax.

They also tell a wonderful story (often repeated in newspapers) about the time he walked out on the Giants in his rookie year and how the rough, tough Vince Lombardi, then the offense coach of the Giants, went to the airport, pinched his ear and led him back to camp.

They even have a quote to go with this one: "Listen," said Lombardi (obviously through taut lips), "you may not make this ballclub but you're sure as hell not going to run out on me."

Nice reading . . . especially since Chandler is now playing for Lombardi.

"It was Jim Lee Howell who came and got me," said Chandler, a little sheepishly. "Howell and his wife and a rookie named Henry Moore. He just said, 'C'mon back.' There wasn't anything dramatic about it. I don't know where that other story got started, though I really don't care because it's not all that important."

Chandler was born in Tulsa. His father was a former semi-pro fullback and that's how Don got interested in the game. As a pale-faced punter at Bacone Indian College, he was good enough to earn a scholarship to Florida. He won the national punting title in 1955 and was the fifth draft choice of the Giants. He was a halfback, but with the likes of Alex Webster, Frank Gifford and Mel Triplett around, there was little more for Chandler to do with a ball than kick it. He kicked it at a 44.6 average to win the NFL punting title in his sophomore year.

He patterned his style after Glenn Dobbs, one of the game's great kickers, who did his playing at Tulsa and now coaches there. "I used to watch him for hours and I guess some of his style rubbed off on me," said Chandler.

When Chandler began placekicking for the Giants in 1962—he'd never kicked a field goal in college—he rolled up 102 points and that broke the club scoring record. The following year he scored 106 points and that led the NFL.

He was even tops in the shortest retirement on record: one day. He wanted to be an "executive kicker," a la Ben Agajanian, and go home in the middle of the week. The Giants would have none of it and Sherman announced that Chandler had retired from the game. When Chandler heard about it in his home in Tulsa, he promptly "unretired" just 24 hours later.

The Packers planned to bring in Agajanian to work with their kickers this season. But one look at Chandler convinced Lombardi that his new man needed no more tutoring. In fact, Lombardi said, "Chandler can work with the others."

Allie Sherman? He wouldn't mind announcing Chandler's retirement again.

—■—

THE FRUSTRATION OF THE NEGRO ATHLETE

(*Continued from page* 25)

for five months of football, cries out that he is being discriminated against?

Johnson and Nisby readily agreed that theirs was not the most pressing complaint of the day. But, they argued, employment was only one of many grievances that makes today's Negro athletes bristle. "I know every bit as much football as some of these white guys who are getting coaching jobs," said Nisby, charging that his citizenship in the football world was second-class. He did not know it at the time, but he would be cut by the Redskins shortly after reporting to camp, though there are no indications that his release had racial overtones.

At any rate, if for no other profit than to satisfy their curiosity, Nisby and Johnson got out a form letter to Negro athletes around the country, probing them on "a whole range of frustrating situations that confront the Negro athlete."

Presumably Rozelle learned that something was up because the form letters were mailed to the players in care of their respective front offices, and because the return address on the envelopes bore the initials JHJ. As everyone in this country knows who LBJ is, everyone in football knows who JHJ is.

The form letter asked in part:

"Why, for example, don't teams hire Negro quarterbacks or Negro coaches? Why is it that a Negro who has had a long and illustrious career finds himself unable to capitalize on his reputation when he retires, whereas the white stars frequently end up in good positions? Where are the Negro broadcasters or officials? Why is there still a tendency to regard Negro players as troublemakers? Why is it that so many of the job opportunities that *are* available are the type of jobs that only utilize the Negro's ability to deal with other Negroes? That is, sales jobs and the like."

Getting down to basics, the letter further stated:

"Most important, we need to know of *your own experiences* in running up against the barriers. Have you ever discussed your problem with clubowners or general managers or league officials? What was the result? Please comment.

"Have you ever specifically applied for a job in a large or small corporation, or business, and been turned down? Please state your experiences, giving company names, etc. Have you had any difficulty with team owners, coaches, etc., because you spoke up and therefore were considered a 'smart nigger?' Please explain.

"Do you know of specific instances where white ballplayers have gotten jobs with the assistance of the owners or ballclub, that could have been had by you if you had had that assistance? Please state.

"Have you ever had [these words] applied to you concerning your per-

MARKET PLACE

For ad rates write Classified, 100 E. Ohio, Chicago

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS—Earn $950 to $1,600 monthly. Men urgently needed. Car furnished. Business expenses paid. Pick own job location. Investigate full time. Or earn $8.44 hour spare time. Write for Free information. Universal, CA-1, 6801 Hillcrest, Dallas 5, Texas.

I MADE $40,000.00 YEAR by Mailorder! Helped others make money! Start with $10.00—Free Proof. Torrey, Box 3566-V, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73106.

MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

INVESTIGATE FIRES, Storm Damage, Accidents For Insurance Companies—Pays up to $1,000 a month, part or full time. No college necessary. Car furnished; expense paid. We train you at home in spare time. Keep present job until ready to switch. Pick your location. Men badly needed now. Full information Free. Write Liberty School, Dept. C1241, 1139 W. Park, Libertyville, Illinois.

SELL Advertising Book Matches. Write us today; we put you in business by return mail, handling complete line ad book matches in demand by every business right in your town! No investment; everything furnished free! Top commissions daily! Superior Match, Dept. JX-166, 7530 S. Greenwood, Chicago, Illinois 60619.

PROFITS GALORE with your own business. Surprisingly easy. Details free. McIntyre, 502-C Waverley, Palo Alto, Calif.

FOREIGN FORUM MAGAZINE—Bonanza diversified World Trade opportunities. Instant ideas literature Free! Forum, 1608 Nelson, Chicago 60657.

SAVE UP TO $1000 on new and used cars! Now you can buy near dealer's cost! Any car Chevvy to Cadillac, VW's too! Free details, no obligations. Dept. UU53, Wholesale Trading Post, Great Neck, New York.

HOLLYWOOD Correspondence School of Bartending. Information Free, 5909 Melrose Ave., Suite 10E, Hollywood, California 90038.

SALESMEN

$17,000 PLUS NEW CAR as bonus for man over 40 in your area. Take short auto trips to contact customers. Write, H. K. Dickerson, Pres., Southwestern Petroleum Corp., 534 N. Main, Fort Worth 1, Texas.

EMPLOYMENT—INFORMATION—JOBS

FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT: South America, Africa, Europe, Australia, USA. Earnings to $2,000.00 monthly. Construction, all trades, professions, occupations. Many companies pay fare, housing, benefits, bonuses. Write: Universal, Dept. A-10, Woodbridge, Connecticut 06525.

TREMENDOUS OPPORTUNITIES. U.S.A.—Overseas Choose Jobs—Locations—Transportation. Free Details. Occupations, International Airport, Box 100-K6, Jamaica 30, N.Y.

EDUCATION—INSTRUCTION—SCHOOLS

INSURANCE Accident Investigators Urgently Needed. Top Pay—Car—Expenses. Age-Education No Barrier. Write—Adjusters, 1872 Northwest 7th Street, Miami, Florida 33125.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP. Develop Dynamic Personality and Self Confidence. Improve Health. Control Habits. 92% effective. Details Free. ASR Foundation, Box 7021M, Henry Clay Station, Lexington, Kentucky.

LOANS-BY-MAIL

BORROW $1,233 AIRMAIL! Repay $54 for twenty-nine months. State licensed. Postal Finance, Dept. 87-A, Kansas City, Kansas 66117.

HELP WANTED

FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT information. Construction, other work projects. Good paying overseas jobs with extras, travel expenses. Write only: Foreign Service Bureau, Dept. C, Bradenton Beach, Florida.

CARTOONING & COMMERCIAL ART

"HOW TO MAKE MONEY With Simple Cartoons"—Everyone who likes to draw should have this book; Free. Send name, zip code. Cartoonists' Exch., 2151, Pleasant Hill, Ohio 45359.

COINS

TOPS! Free Illustrated Booklet "How To Collect Coins." Plus large illustrated catalog! Approvals. Littleton Coin Co., Littleton 11, New Hampshire.

STAMP COLLECTING

ATTRACTIVE SET FREE! Worldwide approvals. Gorliz Drawer 388CM, Park Ridge, Illinois.

5000 GRAB BAGS! Dollar each. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue. Stamps, Huntsville, Ontario, Canada.

AUTHORS—PUBLISHERS—BOOKS

WANTED WRITERS! Short stories, articles, books, plays, poetry. Will help place, sell your work. Write today, free particulars! Literary Agent Mead, Dept. 42A, 915 Broadway, New York 10, New York.

HORSE TRAINING

"HOW TO TRAIN HORSES"—Everyone who likes horses or ponies should have this book; Free. Send name, zip code. Beery School, 2461, Pleasant Hill, Ohio 45359.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS NEEDED immediately for manufacturers. For additional information write Kessler Corp., C-921, Fremont, O.

MUSIC—SONGPOEMS

SONGPOEMS WANTED. Send poems for offer. Nashville Music Institute, Box 532-MG, Nashville, Tennessee.

INCOME GUARANTEED two years for songpoems accepted! Free public releases! Castle's, 203-A W. 46th St., N. Y. City 36.

HYPNOTISM

SLEEP-LEARNING—HYPNOTISM! Strange catalog free! Autosuggestion, Box 24-MX, Olympia, Washington.

FREE HYPNOTISM, self-hypnosis, sleep-learning Catalog! Drawer X-400, Ruidoso, New Mexico.

HYPNOTISM REVEALED! Free Illustrated Details: Powers, 8721 Sunset, Hollywood, California.

PERSONAL—MISCELLANEOUS

LIBRARY SEARCHING: Details—dime, self-addressed-stamped envelope, Clifford Johnson, 1345 4th Ave., Rockford, Illinois 61108.

DETECTIVE COURSE. Free Information. Universal Detectives, Box 8180-C, Universal City, California.

SCIENTOLOGY (APPLIED PHILOSOPHY) Book—by L. Ron Hubbard—reveals wonderful new easy methods to whip your everyday problems. $1.25 from Distribution Center, Inc., Dept. C, Box 242, Silver Spring, Md. 20907.

TWELVE AMUSING 800 YEAR Calendars $1.00. Midway Sales, 244 Concord Way, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

formances: 'He could have been a helluva ballplayer if he wanted to.'

"Do you have any special qualifications, educational or from past experience or otherwise, that you used to [attempt to] obtain a job but were turned down? Please elaborate. Do you know of cases where Negro ballplayers have been in the league a long time and are qualified to coach or broadcast, and have not gotten these positions, therefore are not gainfully employed? Please write us and tell us all you can. We do not expect that [this canvassing] will solve these problems, but it will be a good step forward in putting the spotlight on them."

The purpose of the letter, as stated in the last sentence, seemed reasonable and realistic. Negro athletes *are* unhappy because while their race supplies great numbers of performers and many top box-office attractions, their stake in sports is limited to the physical work of combat. Where indeed are the Negro coaches, managers, officials, broadcasters, and front-office executives? If a football club, for example, feels that it has no responsibility for finding a halfback a career in textiles or finance, it is nevertheless obligatory to an enlightened league and to such associated enterprises as TV networks that they employ the experience and savvy of the Negro ex-players as quickly as they hire the talents of aging whites. Judging from the monotonous prattle of expertise delivered by most of the ex-players now doing ballgame commentary, one wonders if there are not a few Negro ex-stars besides Jackie Robinson who could do at least as well.

There are, of course, tokens of equality in football and baseball: Emlen Tunnell is an assistant to head coach Allie Sherman of the New York Giants; former star Buddy Young has advanced from the Baltimore Colts' front office to NFL headquarters; the Chicago Cubs hired Buck O'Neil; the Los Angeles Dodgers employed Junior Gilliam as a coach; and umpire Emmett Ashford finally will make the majors in the American League next season. But tokens they are. A St. Louis Cardinal football player responding to the Johnson-Nisby letter spoke of a teammate whom he considered excellent coaching material.

"His playing days are limited," said the Cardinal, "but I am sure this man would make a damn good coach. This man is Jimmy Hill. It so happens that after (last) season our defensive back coach packed up and quit. And as of yet we do not have a defensive back coach. I know Jimmy would love to coach for the team to which he gave ten fruitful years of service. I don't know if he even was considered for the job or if he will get the job."

Jimmy Hill, long one of the craftiest and most exciting defensive backs in football, had made all-Pro twice and the Pro Bowl squad three times. In 1963, when age was coming upon him, the Cardinal clubowners and head coach Wally Lemm several times discussed with him the possibility of becoming an assistant coach at the end of his playing days. The next year, 1964, Hill injured his knee in midseason. It ballooned to twice its normal size, he says. Afraid that he was jeopardizing the Cardinals' chances of winning the title, he asked Lemm to remove him from the lineup. Lemm told him to keep playing and do the best he could.

Hill's best was not good enough. Soon Lemm benched him. The coaching staff and clubowners, says Hill, not only failed to inform the press that he had been playing with an injury but also quit speaking to him. This year Hill refused to sign a Cardinal contract and was traded to Detroit. Being 35, he knew his days as a player were numbered and he was asking around for a coaching job in '66. St. Louis, where he might have made the grade on the strength of his service to the club, was of course out, and now Hill was just another Negro whose chances were slim.

A little earlier, at about the time that John Henry Johnson and John Nisby were putting out their letters, a Negro named Nathaniel Childs, who lives in Bayside, New York, was writing a letter to newspapers and baseball officials. "As a recent graduate of Umpire Training School," wrote Childs, "I am acutely aware of the situation as it stands today. I understand fully how the choice and tenure of the umpires work. However, since there is only a portion of the nation available to the Negro in the minor leagues, this needlessly limits the possibility of an honest competitive choice.

"The field of sports has been for some time now the source of harmony and friendship among us all. It is for this reason I am seeking your assistance in rectifying this situation.

The SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 66

1 Tony Conigliaro, Norm Cash. 2 Frank Selvy. 3 Paul Krause, Washington. 4 b. 5 a. 6 c. 7 c. 8 a. 9 c. 10 True. 11 c. 12 Gus Bodnar. 13 a. 14 Bowling Green—Mid-American; Morehead—Ohio Valley; Richmond—Southern. 15 b. 16 a.

"This is an independent, but sincere, request, and I trust you not to reduce my efforts to a 'voice crying in the wilderness,' as you yourselves are honest and sincere men dedicated to the interest we all share, baseball."

Childs' letter was spotted by Leonard Shecter of the New York *Post* and Shecter wanted to know more. He found that Childs had sent his letter to 140 parties but had received only 11 answers, most of them from secretaries who said their bosses were in Florida. Commissioner Ford Frick sent him no reply. (Frick, incidentally, has been fond of construing himself as a sort of guardian of national virtues, having said, "I look upon this job as the protection and fostering of a great American institution.") Shecter found additionally that Childs was 34, had five children and worked as an ambulance attendant for the Department of Hospitals. His pay was $4800. He had gone to the expense of attending umpire school at Daytona Beach but was still umpiring sandlot games for $5 a game.

"They told me," said Childs, "there are only three leagues that will take us—the New York-Pennsylvania, the Northwestern, and the Pacific Coast. It's not hard to figure out that with three leagues they're not going to dominate them with Negro umpires."

Now we wend our way back to football. It is several months later. The Johnson-Nisby campaign to "put the spotlight" on Negro grievances has gotten off the ground. Suddenly the NFL announces that it has hired a Negro official, Burl Tolar. "Do you suppose," asks John Henry, grinning like the cat that dined on sparrow, "we had anything to do with that?"

Possibly not, but a man whom we shall call L.M. Kent, because he requests anonymity, says he knows from experience that a little prodding helps the great wide world of sports to progress by inches. Kent, who was once a member of a U.S. Olympic squad, and another former track star went to a public library and did a little research on the composition of the men's track and field teams that have represented us in the Olympics. They found that at the Berlin Olympics in 1936, Negroes comprised 17.3 percent of our team and accounted for 44.4 percent of our points. Our 1948 team was 11.4 percent Negro but the Negroes contributed 29.1 percent of our points. In 1952 the Negro manpower percentage was 22.3, their point percentage, 30.1; in 1956, the figures were 31.5 and 33.6; in 1960, 31.9 and 43.3.

Inasmuch as a good many of those Negro Olympians were coming from Negro colleges, it followed that Negro college coaches must have been doing a fairly good job of coaching. Yet with the 1964 Games approaching in Tokyo, the U.S. men's track and field coaching staff—as in past Olympics—included no Negro. Kent and his friend whipped off a letter to the U.S. Olympic Committee, under the letterhead "The Negro Olympians." Citing their statistics, they politely suggested that the coaching staff "should convey to the world the atmosphere of our democratic composition."

"Without any fanfare," says Kent, "they appointed Ed Hurt of Morgan State to the staff. It was a small thing, but it was progress, I suppose. I look back on my life and figure maybe I was saved because I went to high school in a peaceful, well-off neighborhood. When I finished college, I was qualified to teach, and because I'd been in the Olympics I naturally wanted to coach.

"But all they would offer me," Kent explains, "was a teaching job in an elementary school. Why couldn't they hire me to coach in a secondary school? The point is, the Negro kids look around and see all these Negro stars who can't even get a job coaching, and they say, 'What good did it do them?' How are those kids going to be saved?"

More than coaching jobs, however, the Negro athletes of today want doors opened to them in the business world. Their problem, of course, is more complex than a simple matter of categorical exclusion; it is safe to say that some of the people keeping the door closed are fair-minded, for the fact remains that even though many of the Negro athletes hold college degrees, a good many of those degrees are from Negro colleges, where career training under inexpensive faculty cannot possibly be the equal of an education at a major institution. Moreover, in many cases the degree has been in physical education. It is not enough to protest, as one veteran Negro football player did in an un-

Draw the Lumberjack

Awarded monthly: $595.00 Scholarship in Commercial Art

Draw the lumberjack in pencil—but make your drawing a different size from the picture at the right.

If you win the scholarship prize, you get the complete course in commercial art taught by America's largest home study art school—Art Instruction Schools. You will receive personal attention from professional commercial artists in the fields of advertising art, illustrating, cartooning and painting.

Even if you do not win, you will get a professional estimate of your talent without cost.

Entries for the February contest must be in before February 28, 1966. None can be returned. Our students and professional artists are not eligible. Clip the coupon below and mail it right away!

ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOLS

Studio 1596 • 500 South 4th St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55415

Please enter my drawing in your draw-a-head contest.

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name_____

Occupation_____ Age_____

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ State_____

County_____ Zip Code_____

Accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council.

grammatical and misspelled reply to the Johnson-Nisby letter, that "I know we have qualified ballplayers whom can work in such capasities as Management, Promotion, and Industrial positions." There have been cases of Negro business executives firing Negro ballplayers in order to sustain the performance of their departments.

Surprisingly, the players who responded to the Johnson-Nisby survey amounted to a mere handful—a result that may bring sighs of relief from the various commissioners of sports, who, like heads of business houses, know the headaches that organized protests bring. ("Let's face it," says a Negro newspaperman. "A lot of our athletes will squawk in private, but when it comes to putting something down on paper, they won't come through.")

Furthermore, the response was not nearly as angry as might have been expected. For example, Walter Beach of the Cleveland Browns wrote that when he discussed off-season employment with clubowner Art Modell, "Art reacted to my situation admirably," quickly procuring a job offer for him. At the same time Beach pointed out, "I am not naive enough to believe that my situation is the rule rather than the exception." Another NFL player wrote that his club gave Negro players no help in getting off-season jobs but gave white players no help, either.

"As for the coaches harassing the Negro players or talking them down," the NFL player went on, "this will happen once in a while. Mind you, not all the coaches will do this. We have one or two who will, but the bulk of them try to treat everyone the same."

There was a willingness on the part of the respondents to exercise calm judgment on the basis of the evidence at hand. In point of fact, one of the things that prompted John Henry Johnson to inquire into employment conditions was the formation by ex-Giant Andy Robustelli of a company called National Professional Athletes, Inc., a job-placement agency for athletes. What, John Henry asked, was the agency doing for Negroes?

Robustelli's brother Lou, executive vice president of the agency, quickly ticked off a list of Negro athletes his organization had approached. Johnson wrote to them for verification. One replied angrily that he had never heard a word from the Robustelli outfit. Another, however, confirmed that he had indeed been approached, and a third, Allan Webb, then of the Giants, said of Andy Robestelli:

"He's a square guy as far as the color question is concerned. He will judge you strictly on a man basis—that is, what kind of guy you are."

However objective the replies from Negro athletes may have been, their attitude should not be mistaken for a satisfied posture. Wherever Negro players gather, their frustrations—real or imagined—are topics of dialogue. They want nothing less than equal consideration. "A company offered Willie Mays $1000 for an endorsement," says L.M. Kent, who gets around in Negro sports circles, "and he said, 'Give me the same money you give Arnold Palmer.' So they did. They gave him $5000."

One would assume that a big-money Negro star would be in a prime position to combine his earnings and prestige into a business of his own, but a former Negro athlete fires back that commercial properties frequently are not for sale to Negroes—that even the use of a "straw" (a white man fronting in the attempted purchase) often fails. "We read about the Mickey Mantles going into business," says the Negro, "and we have a good right to suspect that other people are putting up the money and giving the Mantles a big piece of the business just for the use of their name. Okay. But now, after the riots in the Watts district in Los Angeles, an owner of a package store there wanted to sell out. There was a buyer, and as I understand it the buyer offered half the business to a Negro sports star for the use of his name. I'd hate to think that rioting accomplishes any good, but there you are—finally, a case of a Negro star getting the same break as a white star."

John Henry Johnson is on his way out. In the Steelers' league opener this year, he suffered torn knee ligaments and at 36 is not likely to rebound gingerly from the injury. But he has succeeded in making at least one point. The initial complaint that set him and Nisby to probing may have been the least of the complaints that they finally raised, for the prospering Negro athlete's difficulty in finding outside employment is scarcely as serious a condition as the hypocritical policy in sports that Negroes may play at the game but do nothing else. And yet that relatively trivial complaint about outside jobs exposes the people who close the doors. For are they not the same people who have long said the Negro is a shiftless man who does not want to work unless he's broke?

—■—

At training camp last summer Lincoln suffered one of the most painful and disabling injuries: a pulled hamstring muscle in his left thigh. "It takes so much time to heal," he complains, "and what bugged me was that I felt good mentally. I was ready to go. But as soon as I'd start to run hard, I'd hurt it again and I'd have internal bleeding and then I couldn't run again. It was like somebody stuck a knife in my leg."

Detroit Lions' cornerback Bobby Thompson had a "knife" in his leg before he even reported to training camp this year. "I pulled my hamstring working out at home," he recalls. "Then I repulled it the first day at camp. After that I hardly ever ran on it flat-out in practice. If I had a deep pattern to cover in practice, I'd just glide. But when the season started, it was different. On Sunday you *have* to play. I'd take a cortisone shot and some pain pills and if I felt 90 percent, I'd play. The little pain, you've got to play with it. You can bear it for four quarters."

In an early season game with the Vikings, Thompson made a big play that saved the win. Viking flanker-back Tom Hall ran at Thompson and cut toward the goal-post. Then he cut back toward the corner of the end zone. He appeared to have a couple of steps on Thompson as he looked around for Fran Tarkenton's pass. But Thompson got over and batted the pass away.

"I don't know how he got there with that bad leg," Lion coach Harry Gilmer said later.

"My leg hurt," Thompson says, "but I'd rather have the pain than get beat for six points."

Other players say it much the same way. "The game is so competitive," says quarterback Jack Kemp of the Buffalo Bills, "that you tend to discount injuries. You're fighting for your life. The rewards are so great but you're really so insecure. You have to overlook injuries if you're going to improve yourself." Kemp has improved himself despite a permanently bent middle finger on his passing hand, the result of overlooking an injury.

In 1962, when Kemp was with the Chargers, he was hit and felt his middle finger snap. With substitute quarterback John Hadl hurt Jack says he had to stay in the game despite the damaged finger. Every time he took the snap from center, the finger was snapped out of joint—25 or 30 times that game. Kemp kept popping it back in, but by game's end, it was permanently injured.

Kemp's bent finger ached for two years. Ed Sharockman's nose is permanently bent, too. It has ached him almost all his life. The Viking defensive back has had his nose broken 14 times—"a conservative estimate," he says. He likes to laugh that he has had so many fractures because "my nose is so big," but the real reason is that he is a head-first tackler. "Most guys tackle with their shoulders," he says, "but I like to stick my head in there and I'm always getting a knee above the face-bar." X-rays of his nose are now useless. "There's no way to tell where the new break is."

But according to Sharockman, an X-ray of his childhood in St. Clair, Pennsylvania, explains everything. "There were seven kids in our family and my father hurt his back in a cave-in at the coal mines," he recalls. "We had trouble. Rags for clothes. Tough neighborhood. But I was good in athletics and that was my way out. I had to prove myself to be tough physically as a kid and it stayed with me. I got used to playing with injuries in high school and college. I wasn't trying to impress anybody. It was a matter of self-improvement. As a pro, the money is a big thing, sure, but you need competitive spirit."

Sharockman's competitive spirit is at its best when his nose is smashed, which is most of the time. Usually he misses only a few plays while the bone is reset on the sideline. But once his competitive spirit was overruled. In a game in Baltimore last year, his broken nose did not merely bleed. It flowed. He had to be led to the locker room. "They were afraid," he says, almost apologetically, "that I would swallow too much blood."

If some of the Dallas Cowboys had their way, quarterback Don Meredith would have gone to the locker room for treatment during several games in 1964. Meredith was playing with a torn knee cartilage (which required post-season surgery), a separated left shoulder, a twisted foot and torn abdominal muscles. Every so often he would be wincing in the huddle and one of his teammates would say, "Get out of here, Don, you're hurt bad." But Meredith would say, "I'll be all right," and call the next play.

Fullback Don Perkins is another Cowboy who guts it. In 1964, he played with *both* shoulders separated. "I hate not to play," he says. "After all the work in training camp, it seems like such a waste of time if you're not playing. I hate to sit around." Perkins once was ordered to sit around a hospital. He had been kneed in the back. By Sunday, he still was unable to bend over or straighten all the way up. "But it was just muscle damage," he says. "I put a protective pad around it. I was all right." He did not miss a play.

Pete Retzlaff of the Philadelphia Eagles was sidelined for six games during the '62 season with a broken arm. He came back before it was fully healed, wearing a light cast covered with sponge rubber.

"Whenever I got hit," says the veteran pass-receiver, "I'd try to land on my elbow to avoid jolting the forearm. It worked fine, except that the blood vessels around my elbow broke. My arm was black and blue from my fingers to my shoulder."

Retzlaff suffered silently. He played the last four games of the season and caught 23 passes. To him, playing was the important thing. "The quickest way to lose your job in this business," he says, "is to sit around and give somebody a chance to take it away from you."

Retzlaff had been told by the club physician that his arm had healed well enough so that a re-fracture was unlikely. "When you're told that," Pete says, "you can kick about it if you want to, but if you do you don't really belong here."

Several years ago Bill Pellington, then the middle linebacker of the Colts, suffered a broken hand. "Suppose I play with a cast, Doc," he asked the doctor, "what'll happen?"

"The worst that can happen is that it'll develop into a compound fracture."

"What then?"

"We'd have to operate after the season," the doctor said.

"Put on the cast," Pellington said, ignoring the chance he was taking.

Abe Woodson of the St. Louis Cardinals took a chance early this season. He had been out two weeks with a shoulder dislocation and now he was sitting in the trainer's room before the game. He was being fitted for a protective brace. Two weeks is a short time to heal a shoulder dislocation and if he played, he would be involved in one of the most dangerous situations in pro football—running back the kickoff.

"With that brace," the doctor said, "I'd say the chance was a million-to-one you'd hurt it again. But there's always that chance."

Abe Woodson adjusted the brace and stood. "I know there is," he said. "But, Doc, I *want* to play."

Each one says it differently—"I'll be all right" . . . "I hate not to play" . . . "Put the cast on" . . . "I can play with it" . . . "It was pretty bad, but I played" . . . "I'm paid to play" . . . "They taped me up; let me try it" . . . "You can bear it for four quarters" . . . .

Pride and pain in pro football. You play it with small hurts, at times even with large hurts as the pride douses the pain. But you play.

— ■ —

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of October 23, 1962: Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)

1. DATE OF FILING: Oct. 1, 1965. 2. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: SPORT. 3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: MONTHLY. 4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION *(Street, city, county, state, zip code):* 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017. 5. LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS *(Not printers):* 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017.

6. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR: PUBLISHER *(Name and address):* Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; EDITOR *(Name and address)* Al Silverman, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; MANAGING EDITOR *(Name and address)* Steve Gelman, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017.

7. OWNER *(If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given.):* Bartell Media Corporation, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; Gerald A. Bartell, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; Lee B. Bartell, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; David Bartell, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; Melvin M. Bartell, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; Ralph and Rosa Evans, 3500 North Sherman Blvd., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53216.

8. KNOWN BONDHOLDERS, MORTGAGEES, AND OTHER SECURITY HOLDERS OWNING OR HOLDING 1 PERCENT OR MORE OF TOTAL AMOUNT OF BONDS, MORTGAGES OR OTHER SECURITIES *(If there are none, so state):* NONE.

9. Paragraphs 7 and 8 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Names and addresses of individuals who are stockholders of a corporation which itself is a stockholder or holder of bonds, mortgages or other securities of the publishing corporation have been included in paragraphs 7 and 8 when the interests of such individuals are equivalent to 1 percent or more of the total amount of the stock or securities of the publishing corporation.

10. THIS ITEM MUST BE COMPLETED FOR ALL PUBLICATIONS EXPECT THOSE WHICH DO NOT CARRY ADVERTISING OTHER THAN THE PUBLISHER'S OWN AND WHICH ARE NAMED IN SECTIONS 132.231, 132.232, AND 132.233, POSTAL MANUAL *(Sections 4355a, 4355b, and 4356 of Title 39, United States Code)*

	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date
A. TOTAL NO. COPIES PRINTED *(Net Press Run)*	827,780	825,116
B. PAID CIRCULATION		
1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS AND CARRIERS, STREET VENDORS AND COUNTER SALES	263,215	210,000
2. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS	401,331	454,838
C. TOTAL PAID CIRCULATION	664,546	664,838
D. FREE DISTRIBUTION *(including samples)* BY MAIL, CARRIER OR OTHER MEANS	3,985	3,596
E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION *(Sum of C and D)*	668,531	668,434
F. OFFICE USE, LEFT-OVER, UNACCOUNTED, SPOILED AFTER PRINTING	159,249	156,682
G. TOTAL *(Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)*	827,780	825,116

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signature of) FREDERICK A. KLEIN
Executive Vice-President

Draw the Lumberjack

Awarded monthly: $595.00 Scholarship in Commercial Art

Draw the lumberjack in pencil—but make your drawing a different size from the picture at the right.

If you win the scholarship prize, you get the complete course in commercial art taught by America's largest home study art school—Art Instruction Schools. You will receive personal attention from professional commercial artists in the fields of advertising art, illustrating, cartooning and painting.

Even if you do not win, you will get a professional estimate of your talent without cost.

Entries for the February contest must be in before February 28, 1966. None can be returned. Our students and professional artists are not eligible. Clip the coupon below and mail it right away!

ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOLS

Studio 1596 • 500 South 4th St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55415

Please enter my drawing in your draw-a-head contest.

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name_____

Occupation_____ Age_____

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ State_____

County_____ Zip Code_____

Accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council.

grammatical and misspelled reply to the Johnson-Nisby letter, that "I know we have qualified ballplayers whom can work in such capasities as Management, Promotion, and Industrial positions." There have been cases of Negro business executives firing Negro ballplayers in order to sustain the performance of their departments.

Surprisingly, the players who responded to the Johnson-Nisby survey amounted to a mere handful—a result that may bring sighs of relief from the various commissioners of sports, who, like heads of business houses, know the headaches that organized protests bring. ("Let's face it," says a Negro newspaperman. "A lot of our athletes will squawk in private, but when it comes to putting something down on paper, they won't come through.")

Furthermore, the response was not nearly as angry as might have been expected. For example, Walter Beach of the Cleveland Browns wrote that when he discussed off-season employment with clubowner Art Modell, "Art reacted to my situation admirably," quickly procuring a job offer for him. At the same time Beach pointed out, "I am not naive enough to believe that my situation is the rule rather than the exception." Another NFL player wrote that his club gave Negro players no help in getting off-season jobs but gave white players no help, either.

"As for the coaches harassing the Negro players or talking them down," the NFL player went on, "this will happen once in a while. Mind you, not all the coaches will do this. We have one or two who will, but the bulk of them try to treat everyone the same."

There was a willingness on the part of the respondents to exercise calm judgment on the basis of the evidence at hand. In point of fact, one of the things that prompted John Henry Johnson to inquire into employment conditions was the formation by ex-Giant Andy Robustelli of a company called National Professional Athletes, Inc., a job-placement agency for athletes. What, John Henry asked, was the agency doing for Negroes?

Robustelli's brother Lou, executive vice president of the agency, quickly ticked off a list of Negro athletes his organization had approached. Johnson wrote to them for verification. One replied angrily that he had never heard a word from the Robustelli outfit. Another, however, confirmed that he had indeed been approached, and a third, Allan Webb, then of the Giants, said of Andy Robestelli:

"He's a square guy as far as the color question is concerned. He will judge you strictly on a man basis—that is, what kind of guy you are."

However objective the replies from Negro athletes may have been, their attitude should not be mistaken for a satisfied posture. Wherever Negro players gather, their frustrations—real or imagined—are topics of dialogue. They want nothing less than equal consideration. "A company offered Willie Mays $1000 for an endorsement," says L.M. Kent, who gets around in Negro sports circles, "and he said, 'Give me the same money you give Arnold Palmer.' So they did. They gave him $5000."

One would assume that a big-money Negro star would be in a prime position to combine his earnings and prestige into a business of his own, but a former Negro athlete fires back that commercial properties frequently are not for sale to Negroes—that even the use of a "straw" (a white man fronting in the attempted purchase) often fails. "We read about the Mickey Mantles going into business," says the Negro, "and we have a good right to suspect that other people are putting up the money and giving the Mantles a big piece of the business just for the use of their name. Okay. But now, after the riots in the Watts district in Los Angeles, an owner of a package store there wanted to sell out. There was a buyer, and as I understand it the buyer offered half the business to a Negro sports star for the use of his name. I'd hate to think that rioting accomplishes any good, but there you are—finally, a case of a Negro star getting the same break as a white star."

John Henry Johnson is on his way out. In the Steelers' league opener this year, he suffered torn knee ligaments and at 36 is not likely to rebound gingerly from the injury. But he has succeeded in making at least one point. The initial complaint that set him and Nisby to probing may have been the least of the complaints that they finally raised, for the prospering Negro athlete's difficulty in finding outside employment is scarcely as serious a condition as the hypocritical policy in sports that Negroes may play at the game but do nothing else. And yet that relatively trivial complaint about outside jobs exposes the people who close the doors. For are they not the same people who have long said the Negro is a shiftless man who does not want to work unless he's broke?

—■—

INSIDE HOCKEY

By MAURICE RICHARD

IN ITS BID to establish a second six-team division, the National Hockey League has already given its approval to four new cities: Los Angeles, St. Louis, Vancouver and San Francisco-Oakland. Still in the running for the remaining two berths are Baltimore, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and Buffalo.

The NHL expansion plan is finally taking shape and is directed mostly toward the American market. Is that bad? Some Canadian sportsmen think so. They feel their own cities should be considered first. And we can't blame them for being disappointed.

On the other hand, sport is a big thing in the U.S.A. and hockey has already caught the fancy of Americans in Chicago, Detroit, Boston and New York. Of course television is the big factor now, as the league hopes by going national to eventually get a very good TV contract.

There is no doubt that expansion helps develop more hockey players in the States and ten years from now we might see many American-born players in the NHL, which is good.

With hockey spreading so fast, I believe the time has come to establish a world body in hockey, a truly International Hockey League! Many people will consider this a little too fanciful because of the existing conflict between the Communist world and ours. But if the East can meet the West in Olympic competition—under what is widely considered a false status of amateurism—there must be a solution somewhere that could permit the best European players to compete against our best hockey players who are all professionals.

I say this because a few of the European teams are presently strong enough to make the jump into the NHL, at least into the new division. I've been to Prague a few times and I've seen the Russians and Czechoslovakians play a really good brand of hockey. And they both looked even better when they came to Montreal last winter.

* * *

What is the difference between a winner and a runner-up? Sometimes there is very little. Such was the case last season as the Montreal Canadiens defeated the Chicago Black Hawks in the seventh and final game of the Stanley Cup classic.

On paper the Black Hawks were possibly as good a team as the Canadiens . . . but the Chicago players lack what we call a "team spirit." And that's what has been the downfall of the Hawks in recent years.

In defense of the players, it must be said that it's not easy to play hockey in cities like Chicago and New York. The fans are behind their players in a game, but the players are completely ignored and unknown once they get in civilian clothes. In Montreal and Toronto hockey players are quickly spotted by the man in the street and if you have just played a bad game these fans are quick to remind you of it. Next game around a player tries that much harder. You just don't find that kind of hockey bug in Chicago and New York.

To compensate for this, Black Hawk coach Billy Reay has come up with an idea this season that might give his boys the "team spirit" so desired by every coach in all sports. Reay, who was a teammate of mine some ten years ago in Montreal, has built a sort of a play-room close to the Black Hawks' dressing-room where the players linger after every practice instead of leaving the Stadium in a hurry.

This way the boys get to feel they belong to a big and happy family. It's a good idea. Let us hope it works!

* * *

Before Gordie Howe hangs up his skates, he will have established many records that will never be surpassed—in goals scored, assists, points, games played, etc. . . . In his 20th season in the National Hockey League, Howe is considered a phenomenon. What is his secret?

Besides being a natural all-round hockey player, Gordie has always had the knack of knowing how to pace himself. That doesn't mean he loafs on the ice, but every one of his moves is calculated. Doug Harvey, who still plays hockey in the American League although he's 41 years old, is much the same as Howe. Both of them play the game scientifically.

In the case of Gordie Howe it certainly has paid off. Not that I complain. I preferred an "explosive game" and I enjoyed every minute of it . . . despite the many injuries it cost me!

Maurice Richard

"You Play With Small Hurts" . . .

PRIDE AND PAIN IN PRO FOOTBALL

(*Continued from page 53*)

and get me a new pair."

The next day, the coaches graded the game film. Jim Ringo received the highest mark ever given to any Packer in the regime of coach Vince Lombardi. He had not missed a block.

Ringo had one slight psychological edge. He had geared himself for the pain and had been medically fortified against it. Sometimes a player must defy it during a game.

In the '63 NFL championship game between the Giants and Bears, Y.A. Tittle threw a first-quarter touchdown pass to Frank Gifford. But as Tittle released the ball he was hit hard by the Bear rush men; Y.A.'s left knee was severely wrenched. Although Tittle lost mobility, he could still throw and he did. Then, with 6:53 left in the half, Y.A. dropped back, looked to his right and fired toward Gifford again. He never saw right linebacker Larry Morris, who dove and hit Tittle's planted left leg. Y.A., unable to put weight on the leg, had to be helped off the field in pain.

But during the halftime break, the knee was tightly taped and Y.A. was injected with Novocain and cortisone. If the Giants were to have a chance for the championship, Tittle would have to play quarterback. "Tittle asked to play in the second half," said Giant coach Allie Sherman. "I permitted him to play but asked him to please take himself out if he couldn't go. He went. He was superb as far as courage goes."

However, today's players are by no means a new breed. They carry on a tradition begun by the old-timers. Bronko Nagurski once played with a steel brace protecting three ribs that had been torn from the base of his spine. Ernie Nevers once played with two broken ankles encased in rubber tubing. Bucko Kilroy, a feared defensive tackle for the Philadelphia Eagles, once told a teammate, "Don't get hurt because you're going to have to play anyway."

There are several catch-phrases for it. "Gut it" is one. "Go tough" is another. But Vince Lombardi perhaps expressed it best.

When Lombardi took over the Packers in 1959, he ran the players unmercifully the first day of training camp. That evening their muscles were stiff and sore. The next morning there were about 20 players lounging around the trainer's room. Some of them were hoping to be excused from practice.

On his way through the half-empty locker room, Lombardi wondered where everybody was. Then he saw them. "What is this?" he hollered. "An emergency casualty ward? Get this straight. When you're hurt you have every right to be in here. When you're hurt you'll get the best medical attention we can provide. But I have no patience with the small hurts that are bothering most of you. You play with small hurts."

The trainer's room emptied. The next morning Lombardi looked in again. Two players were there.

You play with small hurts. It has become the password of the Packers and, in one form or another, a byword throughout pro football. But what are the small hurts? Lombardi calls them "injuries that are painful, but not

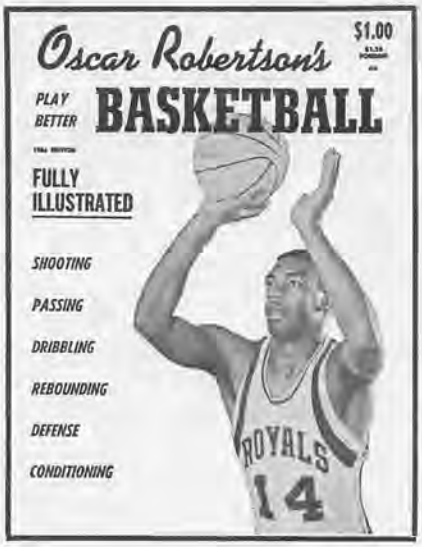
Introducing:

A Coach's Book Written for Players

Play Better Basketball leaves the strategy and the diagrams to the $5.95 coaches' books.

Oscar Robertson explains only **fundamentals** in language any player, regardless of age or experience, can understand.

Shooting, passing, rebounding, dribbling, and defense are illustrated in detail with photos of Robertson and his teammates. All for $1.00.



If you play basketball, you should have this book. If you coach, your players should have copies. Look for **Play Better Basketball** at your newsstand.

If your newsdealer doesn't have it, order copies by mail for $1.25 each (extra 25c covers postage) from

OSCAR ROBERTSON BASKETBALL BOOK
1935 Madison Road • Cincinnati, Ohio 45206

disabling." Such as Ringo's attack of boils. "Or injuries that have healed to the point where they cannot be injured further by playing with them." Lombardi is careful to add, "With a serious injury, you don't expect or want a man to play. And some players just can't play with any kind of pain. Their pain threshold is lower. It doesn't make that type of player any lesser a man. I've had some great players who can't play with a hangnail."

He hasn't had many. Psyched by Lombardi's philosophy, almost all the Packers have played with small hurts.

"Coach Lombardi," says Jim Ringo, "instills in you the purpose of winning. 'Mental toughness,' he calls it. The game always comes first and after you play with these hurts, you are quite proud of yourself. Looking back on it, I've forgotten the pain I played with. All that's in my memory is winning. It's natural to baby yourself, but he taught you not to. He taught you to go above and beyond the call of duty, so to speak, and it got so that the players kept these hurts to themselves."

Sometimes they were big hurts, too.

One year Packer quarterback Bart Starr suffered a painfully torn stomach muscle. Week by week it grew worse. Soon he was unable to straighten his body when he was passing.

"Tell the coach about it," one of Starr's teammates told him. "That's a serious injury."

"He's got enough troubles without worrying about me," Starr said. "I can play with it."

Starr went on to direct the Packers to the NFL title. One of his receivers, Max McGee, has played with cracked ribs. Dave Hanner, the former defensive tackle who is now a Packer coach, played 12 days after an appendectomy. Paul Hornung is another Packer with a reputation for ignoring small hurts. Some years ago he ran on a puffed knee. The past couple seasons he has been stabbed with pain from a pinched neck nerve.

Hornung has another definition of what he refers to as "small injuries." In his recently published autobiography, *Football and the Single Man*, Hornung writes of Alex Webster, the former Giant fullback: "He was the kind of ballplayer pro coaches admire because he played with small injuries. A small injury is this: No matter how badly you are injured, the coach defines it as small. I mean, he thinks it's small. 'Well, you take it easy all week,' he says, 'but you'll be ready on Sunday, won't you?' And Alex Webster was always ready. He gutted it up quite a bit."

Webster suffered with sciatica his last two seasons. He was in constant pain. "It was like a toothache in my back and down through my legs," he says now. "It was pretty bad, but I played. Watching a game now I can't figure out why I did it. There was the money. But really, I think it's the love of the game. I liked to hit and get hit. I got great satisfaction out of it. Even when it hurt."

Maybe, as Hornung says, coaches minimize injuries. But not always. Norm Van Brocklin, coach of the Minnesota Vikings, preaches the importance of playing with injuries. Like most coaches, though, Van Brocklin knows when a man should *not* play. Eight days before the 1965 season opener his best offensive tackle, Grady Alderman, suffered a "two-finger" shoulder separation. A two-finger separation is when you can put two fingers in the space between the separation of the bones. The injury usually takes two to three weeks to heal. "But if I asked Grady to play in the opener, he'd play," Van Brocklin said. "So I'm not asking him."

Alderman has that intense feeling of responsibility to himself as a professional. So does Mike Ditka. "I'm paid to play," says the Chicago Bears' big tight end. "That means whether I'm hurt or not."

Ditka has been hurt for much of the past two seasons. He had a dislocated shoulder a year ago. "It was dislocated three times," he says, "and I had to wear a leather brace all season. It hurt every time I got hit or made a quick turn." In training camp last summer he tore ligaments in his right foot. "Some of the ligaments were under the arch," he says, "and the arch dropped. It was a lot more painful than the shoulder."

Ditka missed almost all of the '65 exhibition games, yet when the Bears opened the season he was ready. "Every step, I get a lot of pain on it," he admitted early in the season. "But I try to forget it. If you're a receiver, you got to think about making your cut and beating the defensive back, so you don't have time to think about your foot hurting, too."

The other teams knew he was hurting. And they knew which foot it was. "Against the Rams," Ditka says, "somebody twisted it in a pileup. On purpose. But I can't kick about that. I know who it was. It'll even out somewhere. Maybe I'll get a chance to twist something of his sometime."

Ditka talks about the responsibility to himself. Fullback Keith Lincoln of the San Diego Chargers talks about the responsibility to his teammates.

"It's loyalty to the other guys," Lincoln says, "because 90 percent of them do the same thing." But 90 percent of them don't play with the injuries he has played with. "He's as tough a football player," says Charger trainer Jimmy Van Deusen, "as I've ever seen." Van Deusen has seen him quite often. During the 1964 season Lincoln suffered a jammed shoulder (he crashed into a sideline TV camera, and no one could blame the Chargers for saying television is hurting the game), a hyperextended knee, a broken finger, a sorely bruised kicking toe, a badly bruised ankle and a thigh contusion.

At one time he was playing with a bad shoulder, knee, finger and toe. But the pain of the injuries didn't bother him as much as the sight of the hypodermic syringes.

"Those big needles," he moans, "the ones they use to put cortisone in your knee, they're awful. They're three, four inches long. I hate those needles worse than the pain of the injuries. The injuries are something you just ride out. They weren't so serious they were going to jeopardize my career."

Still, Lincoln has tried to play with an injury which *did* jeopardize his career. Early in the 1964 AFL championship game, he turned to catch a flare pass. As he looked back, Buffalo Bill linebacker Mike Stratton, racing in full force, drove his helmet in Lincoln's left side in a perfectly timed, brutally effective tackle. Lincoln went down as if he had been struck by an iron wrecking ball. He stayed down for several minutes. When he finally wobbled to the bench, it was discovered that he had a fractured rib. This is a dangerous injury because the jagged bone can puncture a lung.

Yet at the start of the second half, Lincoln went up to coach Sid Gillman. "I'm all right now," Keith said. "They taped me up. Let me try it."

Gillman agreed. But when Lincoln trotted to the sideline after the kickoff, his face was as pale as a ghost's. "Sit down," Gillman said. "And stay there."

At training camp last summer Lincoln suffered one of the most painful and disabling injuries: a pulled hamstring muscle in his left thigh. "It takes so much time to heal," he complains, "and what bugged me was that I felt good mentally. I was ready to go. But as soon as I'd start to run hard, I'd hurt it again and I'd have internal bleeding and then I couldn't run again. It was like somebody stuck a knife in my leg."

Detroit Lions' cornerback Bobby Thompson had a "knife" in his leg before he even reported to training camp this year. "I pulled my hamstring working out at home," he recalls. "Then I repulled it the first day at camp. After that I hardly ever ran on it flat-out in practice. If I had a deep pattern to cover in practice, I'd just glide. But when the season started, it was different. On Sunday you *have* to play. I'd take a cortisone shot and some pain pills and if I felt 90 percent, I'd play. The little pain, you've got to play with it. You can bear it for four quarters."

In an early season game with the Vikings, Thompson made a big play that saved the win. Viking flankerback Tom Hall ran at Thompson and cut toward the goal-post. Then he cut back toward the corner of the end zone. He appeared to have a couple of steps on Thompson as he looked around for Fran Tarkenton's pass. But Thompson got over and batted the pass away.

"I don't know how he got there with that bad leg," Lion coach Harry Gilmer said later.

"My leg hurt," Thompson says, "but I'd rather have the pain than get beat for six points."

Other players say it much the same way. "The game is so competitive," says quarterback Jack Kemp of the Buffalo Bills, "that you tend to discount injuries. You're fighting for your life. The rewards are so great but you're really so insecure. You have to overlook injuries if you're going to improve yourself." Kemp has improved himself despite a permanently bent middle finger on his passing hand, the result of overlooking an injury.

In 1962, when Kemp was with the Chargers, he was hit and felt his middle finger snap. With substitute quarterback John Hadl hurt Jack says he had to stay in the game despite the damaged finger. Every time he took the snap from center, the finger was snapped out of joint—25 or 30 times that game. Kemp kept popping it back in, but by game's end, it was permanently injured.

Kemp's bent finger ached for two years. Ed Sharockman's nose is permanently bent, too. It has ached him almost all his life. The Viking defensive back has had his nose broken 14 times—"a conservative estimate," he says. He likes to laugh that he has had so many fractures because "my nose is so big," but the real reason is that he is a head-first tackler. "Most guys tackle with their shoulders," he says, "but I like to stick my head in there and I'm always getting a knee above the face-bar." X-rays of his nose are now useless. "There's no way to tell where the new break is."

But according to Sharockman, an X-ray of his childhood in St. Clair, Pennsylvania, explains everything. "There were seven kids in our family and my father hurt his back in a cave-in at the coal mines," he recalls. "We had trouble. Rags for clothes. Tough neighborhood. But I was good in athletics and that was my way out. I had to prove myself to be tough physically as a kid and it stayed with me. I got used to playing with injuries in high school and college. I wasn't trying to impress anybody. It was a matter of self-improvement. As a pro, the money is a big thing, sure, but you need competitive spirit."

Sharockman's competitive spirit is at its best when his nose is smashed, which is most of the time. Usually he misses only a few plays while the bone is reset on the sideline. But once his competitive spirit was overruled. In a game in Baltimore last year, his broken nose did not merely bleed. It flowed. He had to be led to the locker room. "They were afraid," he says, almost apologetically, "that I would swallow too much blood."

If some of the Dallas Cowboys had their way, quarterback Don Meredith would have gone to the locker room for treatment during several games in 1964. Meredith was playing with a torn knee cartilage (which required post-season surgery), a separated left shoulder, a twisted foot and torn abdominal muscles. Every so often he would be wincing in the huddle and one of his teammates would say, "Get out of here, Don, you're hurt bad." But Meredith would say, "I'll be all right," and call the next play.

Fullback Don Perkins is another Cowboy who guts it. In 1964, he played with *both* shoulders separated. "I hate not to play," he says. "After all the work in training camp, it seems like such a waste of time if you're not playing. I hate to sit around." Perkins once was ordered to sit around a hospital. He had been kneed in the back. By Sunday, he still was unable to bend over or straighten all the way up. "But it was just muscle damage," he says. "I put a protective pad around it. I was all right." He did not miss a play.

Pete Retzlaff of the Philadelphia Eagles was sidelined for six games during the '62 season with a broken arm. He came back before it was fully healed, wearing a light cast covered with sponge rubber.

"Whenever I got hit," says the veteran pass-receiver, "I'd try to land on my elbow to avoid jolting the forearm. It worked fine, except that the blood vessels around my elbow broke. My arm was black and blue from my fingers to my shoulder."

Retzlaff suffered silently. He played the last four games of the season and caught 23 passes. To him, playing was the important thing. "The quickest way to lose your job in this business," he says, "is to sit around and give somebody a chance to take it away from you."

Retzlaff had been told by the club physician that his arm had healed well enough so that a re-fracture was unlikely. "When you're told that," Pete says, "you can kick about it if you want to, but if you do you don't really belong here."

Several years ago Bill Pellington, then the middle linebacker of the Colts, suffered a broken hand. "Suppose I play with a cast, Doc," he asked the doctor, "what'll happen?"

"The worst that can happen is that it'll develop into a compound fracture."

"What then?"

"We'd have to operate after the season," the doctor said.

"Put on the cast," Pellington said, ignoring the chance he was taking.

Abe Woodson of the St. Louis Cardinals took a chance early this season. He had been out two weeks with a shoulder dislocation and now he was sitting in the trainer's room before the game. He was being fitted for a protective brace. Two weeks is a short time to heal a shoulder dislocation and if he played, he would be involved in one of the most dangerous situations in pro football—running back the kickoff.

"With that brace," the doctor said, "I'd say the chance was a million-to-one you'd hurt it again. But there's always that chance."

Abe Woodson adjusted the brace and stood. "I know there is," he said. "But, Doc, I *want* to play."

Each one says it differently—"I'll be all right" . . . "I hate not to play" . . . "Put the cast on" . . . "I can play with it" . . . "It was pretty bad, but I played" . . . "I'm paid to play" . . . "They taped me up; let me try it" . . . "You can bear it for four quarters" . . . .

Pride and pain in pro football. You play it with small hurts, at times even with large hurts as the pride douses the pain. But you play.

—■—

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of October 23, 1962: Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)

1. DATE OF FILING: Oct. 1, 1965. 2. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: SPORT. 3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: MONTHLY. 4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION *(Street, city, county, state, zip code):* 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017. 5. LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS *(Not printers):* 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017.

6. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR: PUBLISHER *(Name and address)* Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; EDITOR *(Name and address)* Al Silverman, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; MANAGING EDITOR *(Name and address)* Steve Gelman, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017.

7. OWNER *(If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given.):* Bartell Media Corporation, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; Gerald A. Bartell, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; Lee B. Bartell, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; David Bartell, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; Melvin M. Bartell, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017; Ralph and Rosa Evans, 3500 North Sherman Blvd., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53216.

8. KNOWN BONDHOLDERS, MORTGAGEES, AND OTHER SECURITY HOLDERS OWNING OR HOLDING 1 PERCENT OR MORE OF TOTAL AMOUNT OF BONDS, MORTGAGES OR OTHER SECURITIES *(If there are none, so state):* NONE.

9. Paragraphs 7 and 8 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. Names and addresses of individuals who are stockholders of a corporation which itself is a stockholder or holder of bonds, mortgages or other securities of the publishing corporation have been included in paragraphs 7 and 8 when the interests of such individuals are equivalent to 1 percent or more of the total amount of the stock or securities of the publishing corporation.

10. THIS ITEM MUST BE COMPLETED FOR ALL PUBLICATIONS EXPECT THOSE WHICH DO NOT CARRY ADVERTISING OTHER THAN THE PUBLISHER'S OWN AND WHICH ARE NAMED IN SECTIONS 132.231, 132.232, AND 132.233. POSTAL MANUAL *(Sections 4355a, 4355b, and 4356 of Title 39, United States Code)*

	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date
A. TOTAL NO. COPIES PRINTED *(Net Press Run)*	827,780	825,116
B. PAID CIRCULATION		
1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS AND CARRIERS, STREET VENDORS AND COUNTER SALES	263,215	210,000
2. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS	401,331	454,838
C. TOTAL PAID CIRCULATION	664,546	664,838
D. FREE DISTRIBUTION *(Including samples)* BY MAIL, CARRIER OR OTHER MEANS	3,985	3,596
E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION *(Sum of C and D)*	668,531	668,434
F. OFFICE USE, LEFT-OVER, UNACCOUNTED, SPOILED AFTER PRINTING	159,249	156,682
G. TOTAL *(Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)*	827,780	825,116

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signature of) FREDERICK A. KLEIN
Executive Vice-President

"NOW THAT I'M HERE, WHERE AM I?"

(*Continued from page* 35)

after that, they shuttled back and forth, living with their respective parents. Paul's parents had five children. Sophia's mother, who was separated from her husband, and who worked as a cook, had 10 children. "When we sat down to eat, we had more than was at the Lord's table," says Paul.

Paul had a number of college scholarship offers in his various sports but in his circumstances, he had little choice: He had to discard those from Negro colleges down south, which could not afford much. He had to discard those from the big schools on the West Coast, which, because he had poor grades, wanted him to prep at junior colleges first. He took one that came from Oregon State with no strings attached. Tommy Prothro was coaching the single-wing there then and he needed a trained tailback. But he had trouble keeping Paul eligible. Paul is a quick-minded, serious, intelligent fellow. But he grew up disinterested in studies, burdened by family responsibilities, bitter, hungry for fun and fame. He thought football would be enough.

Lowe lasted only two varsity seasons in Corvallis. As a sophomore in 1956, he was spectacular, but inconsistent. He did run and pass for 700 yards and even booted a 61-yard field goal and helped the Beavers into the Rose Bowl. Then he flunked out. He was sent to Compton Junior College, where he starred in football and track and did well enough in his studies to gain readmission to Oregon State. Prothro used him irregularly during the 1958 season, though Paul had a 71-yard run against California that is considered a classic. And then Paul flunked out again and for good. He went home and sat around for months, wondering what he might do.

Since his original class was to graduate in June, Paul was eligible for the pro draft, but he was passed up. He wrote to Lynn "Pappy" Waldorf, the San Francisco 49er chief scout, who formerly coached at California, asking a tryout on the basis of some fine games he had played against Cal. Waldorf invited him to sign a $6500 contract, conditional on his making the club in the pre-season camp.

The first time Paul handled the ball in pro play, in the opening exhibition against Washington, he fielded a kick and ran 76 yards to a touchdown. However, he was a single-wing tailback trying to learn to play T-formation halfback in competition with veterans like Hugh McElhenny. Coach Red Hickey was unimpressed and after Paul twisted an ankle in the second exhibition game, he was not used much.

Hickey is a tough man, but a fair man, and he gave Paul a last chance in the final exhibition against New York. "It was a disaster," Paul recalls. "Hickey was fining us backs if we didn't learn the names of the defensive men we'd face. I couldn't afford fines, so I learned names. I still remember the names—Huff, Grier and so forth. But, I forgot the plays. I blew my assignments and I blew my chance. Hickey cut me."

Paul was home before the impact of his failure hit him. He had earned $400 for eight weeks of hard, nervous work and he had nothing to show for it. He had no job and had no idea what kind of job he might get. And no one outside of his immediate family seemed to care. He recalls, "I'd go out among my friends and they'd say, 'Well, I knew you wouldn't make it, boy'. Even my close friends laid it on me. They acted like I'd been a fool to think I could play pro ball. It got so I was ashamed to go out of the house. They made me want to show them up. And the more I thought about it, the more I thought I *could* make it. I felt in the little chance I'd had I'd held my own against guys like Jimmy Brown, even if no one else had thought so. I had to do something.

I started to write and call the other clubs. Detroit said they'd call me back. I waited, but they never did. They could of had me cheap, but no one wanted me."

The Chargers did. They were just being formed as the Los Angeles Chargers then. Frank Leahy, the general manager, and Al Davis, the talent scout, at the time, were signing up everyone who knew a football from a pineapple. Paul had better credentials than some, so they even gave him an $800 bonus. "It seemed like $8000 to me," Paul recalls. "It was the first money of any amount I'd ever had. We moved into an apartment and bought furniture and a stove and a refrigerator. We bought cheap. We even managed to save a few bucks." Thus encouraged, he asked Leahy to find him a job. They found a place for him learning IBM machines in team owner Barron Hilton's Carte Blanche offices. "I was working in the same building with my new coach, Gillman, before he even knew the team had signed me," Paul recalls.

Paul went to pre-season camp at Orange with an $8500 contract and high hopes he'd get to keep it. In his first AFL play, he returned a kickoff 105 yards for a touchdown against New York. No one can say he breaks in quietly. However, he was still inexperienced at his new position, uncertain of himself and in deep trying to beat out "name" candidates such as Ron Waller, Billy Wells and Charley Flowers.

As the team broke camp for the final exhibition game, Paul's wife read in the papers that Gillman was going to cut him, so she called up Paul to warn him. Paul began to sneak around, hiding from Gillman and his ax. "The opening kickoff of that last game," Paul recalls, "this other fellow and I were deep to receive. He told me to take the ball no matter where it went. I wanted to make a big run, so I figured fine. I cut in front of him and took the kick, but I didn't get anywhere with it. When I got to the sidelines I saw Gillman walking toward me and I figured that was it. He asked me why I'd taken the other guy's ball and I told him. He looked at me for a moment without saying anything, then walked off. The next day, he cut the other guy, not me."

The following week, the team opened in Buffalo. Flowers was hurt and Lowe played. He gained more than 100 yards and has been the regular Charger halfback ever since. "I was running out of sheer fright," he recalls. In a 52-28 rout of Oakland, Paul set the Charger record of 26 carries in a single game and gained 149 yards. By season's end, he had rushed for 855 yards, only 20 yards less than

DON'T PAY FOR THESE GREAT SHOES

Tar-tan Grain with Air Cushion & Arch Support

GET THEM WITHOUT COST AS A REWARD—PLUS THE CHANCE TO "BE BOSS" OF YOUR OWN $10,000 A YEAR SHOE BUSINESS!

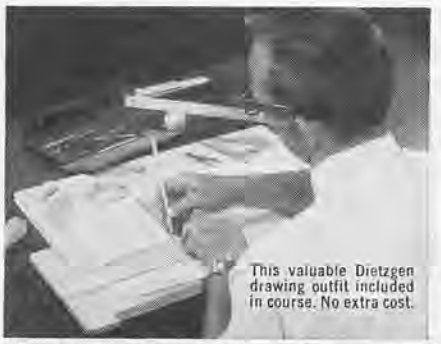
Brand new plan! You can earn marvelous new shoes instead of paying for them . . . and develop an extra income for life! Sell friends new Work, Dress, Casual Shoes and Boots in spare time. Revolutionary new leather soles guarantee twice the wear! Also earn Advance Commissions up to $10.00 a pair, plus big Bonus. No experience. Samples supplied. Write for new Selling Outfit—without obligation. CHARLES CHESTER SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. A-6638, Brockton, Mass.

DETECTIVE PROFESSION

Opportunities everywhere for trained investigators, both men and women, private and police. Send now for free information about easy home study plan, lapel pin, certificate and rewarding future. No salesmen will call.
PROFESSIONAL INVESTIGATORS
2759A W. Broadway, Los Angeles 41, Calif.

SONG IDEAS WANTED

Write with active, Professional songwriters with publisher contacts. Records made. Share royalties. Send ideas.
SONGWRITERS' ASSOCIATES Free examination
Studio 15, 236 W. 55 St. at Broadway, NY 19, NY



This valuable Dietzgen drawing outfit included in course. No extra cost.

Become a professional high-pay
DRAFTSMAN
Learn quickly at home

There's a great future for you as a trained draftsman. Jobs are always open for qualified men in every phase of this exciting field. You can earn big pay, get promotions and security.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

Get complete, low-cost training at home. All materials supplied. Skilled instructors give your work personal attention. Mail coupon for free booklet, "Careers in Drafting."

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
417 S. Dearborn, Dept. 49-053, Chicago, Illinois 60605

Please send free illustrated booklet, "Careers in Drafting," and full information on training at home.

Name.....Age.....
Address.....
City & State.....Zip No.....
921

the league leader, Abner Haynes. Lowe led in average with 6.3 yards per carry; he also returned 28 kickoffs for 610 yards, and caught 23 passes for 277 yards. He was selected for the AFL's first all-star team. And L.A.'s 24-16 loss to Houston in the league's first championship playoff on New Year's Day, 1961, was no fault of his. Paul rushed and returned kickoffs for 271 yards.

In 1961, the franchise was shifted to San Diego. Paul banged up an ankle in pre-season play and it troubled him all year. He had to have a shot of cortisone to play each game, and it slowed him down. He had also gained weight, building himself up to 215 pounds in order to increase his strength. This further slowed him down, but he realized it too late. However, he still averaged 4.4 yards a crack and totalled 767 yards.

In 1962 Lowe tripped throwing a block in the opening exhibition game of the 1962 season, broke his right forearm and was out for the entire season. It is significant that the Chargers missed the post-season playoffs for the only time in their history.

Healthy again, a slimmed-down Lowe had his finest season in 1963. He gained 161 yards in a 24-20 conquest of New York in October and 183 yards in a 58-20 romp over Denver in December. He wound up with a 5.7 average and 1010 yards rushing, second in the league again, this time 89 yards behind Oakland's Clem Daniels. Paul also caught his season high of 26 passes, for another 191 yards. In the 51-20 playoff rout of Boston for the Chargers' only title, Paul rushed and returned kickoffs for 117 yards.

The pre-season injury jinx returned to haunt the thin back last season. In an exhibition game against New York, Paul set out on a sweep and felt a pulling sensation high on his right leg. When a linebacker hit him, pain shot through the leg. Examination disclosed tissue in the thigh had been torn. After the leg was rested several weeks, Paul was bandaged up and returned to action for the regular campaign. But he could not move freely and settled for a 4.0 average and 513 yards total.

Last summer, the leg healed, though a tell-tale knot remains on the thigh. However, this year, again in pre-season exhibition play, Paul suffered a similar pull in his other leg, tearing the tissue of his left thigh. But this time the injury was less severe and he was ready when the regular season began. After nine games Lowe had rushed for a league-leading 802 yards.

They say Lowe is too small to be a heavy-duty back through a full season, but he doesn't agree. "The injuries I've had have been freak things," Paul says, "not the result of being hit or roughed up. My trouble is that I've got long legs and long muscles like a track man, which I was, so maybe I'm more susceptible to muscle injuries than some guys. But I am well aware that my kind of player depends on his condition, so I can't dissipate the way a big lineman maybe can. I keep in shape and if I'm lucky and don't fall down on my arm again or something like that I can play ten or 12 years."

Meanwhile, he is working hard to make himself a complete player. He is especially proud of his improved blocking. "I've gotten to the point where I can block as well or better than any halfback in the league," he says. "I even enjoy it now. I don't knock anyone down, but I get in their way pretty good." His friend, offensive tackle Ernie Wright, agrees. "I can't think of a single halfback and only a few fullbacks who block as well as Paul. But you never hear about it," he says.

One who does talk Paul up is his coach, Sid Gillman. He and Lowe are friendly. They share a love of jazz and swap tapes and records. Gillman considers Paul an outstanding player. "When he is going all out," Sid says pointedly, "he is as good as there is. He is an excellent runner. Lately, he has been blocking and catching passes very well. He has been working very hard. He's so eager, he complains if he isn't given the ball on every play. He deserves all the credit he can get."

The financial credit is coming to him now, $25,000 a year, but still he waits for his artistic due. After the Chargers beat the Jets this year, 34-9, the game in which Lowe ran for 159 yards, Paul came up to Speedy Duncan's locker. Duncan was leading the league in punt returns at the time.

"Hey, Speedy," said Lowe. "Did you hear someone holler, 'Fumble, fumble' when you were back for that kick?"

Duncan said no.

"Well, if you did," said Lowe, "it was me."

"You? Why?"

Paul Lowe grinned at Duncan. He said, "I'm finally getting the headlines and you're starting to horn in."

He was only kidding; sure he was.

—■—

© SPORT MAGAZINE

"I said, have some!"

HOW YAZ SHOOK HIMSELF UP

(*Continued from page* 42)

American League title. He has two cars. The license plate of one is Y 321, of the other 321 A. He not only hopes to earn higher numerals some day—he expects to.

"I'm sure I haven't won my last batting title," he said. "I thought I had it made this year because I usually finish strong when the weather gets cooler. This time I tailed off and lost the championship. I wouldn't want to promise that it won't happen again, but I definitely think I'll win a few more before I'm through."

Yet when he won the batting title in 1963 he said he would swap it for a pennant. He truly believes this, he dreads becoming known as a losing ballplayer. More, he longs to help lead the Red Sox out of baseball's wilderness. Boston is the only team he knows. Greater Boston is now his home, and his children have never known any other. In February, he will get a degree from nearby Merrimack College, where the former Notre Dame student has been taking courses for the past several years.

Yastrzemski faces the 1966 season in the prime of his career. He will be 27 years old in August, so his best seasons should be ahead of him. He has learned a good deal in the last five, not only from himself but from others. He has, as he told the sports audience three years ago, made some mistakes and, as he promised, he has corrected them.

He must be a bigger man for it.

—■—

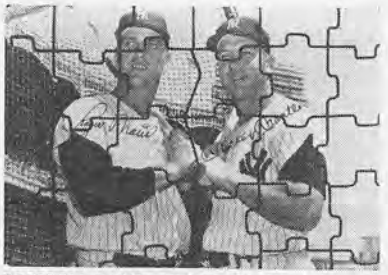
Shoppers Guide

The editorial portion of the SHOPPERS GUIDE is not composed of paid advertising.

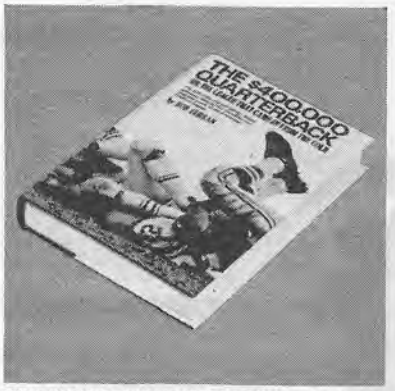
EARN MONEY as an accident investigator in your area, either full or spare time. No selling, no special education or experience needed. Keep your present job and earn a second income. For free facts on this fascinating work, write Universal, Dept. M-1, 6801 Hillcrest, Dallas 5, Tex.

MAJOR LEAGUE Insignia Wool Caps, True Colors, Built Up Front, XS, S, M, L, XL—$2.50 each; Official Full Season Baseball Scorebook with instructions—$1.50 each; Pennants—All Major League Baseball, Pro Football, College, 12x30, 3 colors—$1.00 each; Decals for Car Windows, All Baseball & Pro-Football (NFL)—2 for $1. Add 25¢ for postage. MANNYS BASEBALL LAND, 838 River Ave., Dept. MF, Bronx 51, N.Y.

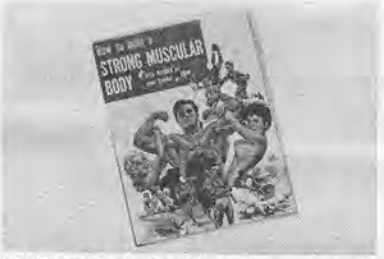
HERE'S CLANCY ROSS, holder of the "Mr. America" and "Mr. Universe" titles, a mass of power-laden muscles, with mighty 20-inch arms, a 50-inch chest and shoulders of iron a yard wide. He says: ". . . Do what I did—follow Weider as your leader—send for your free trial course today!" Andre Lepine, Jack Delinger, Ray Schaeffer and other "Mr. America" winners have also used the Weider system. Why not see what it can do for you? Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to let Joe Weider prove at his own expense that everything he says can be done.



BASEBALL FANS will love this Maris-Mantle glossy photo jig-saw puzzle. Autographed by Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle, when assembled it measures 8 x 10", can be permanently framed for your collection. $1 ppd.; 2 for $1.75. Pan American Photo, Dept. MF, 918 Boynton Ave., Bronx 72, N.Y.



"THE $400,000 QUARTERBACK" is the frank and funny saga of the AFL and its scramble to financial respectability. It spotlights history of each team, owners, coaches, sports writers, fans, the players themselves. $4.95 ppd. The Macmillan Co., Dept. SP, Front & Brown Sts., Riverside, N.J.



GIANT 48-PAGE COURSE tells how to build a strong muscular body. It's filled with exercises, training secrets, heroic photographs of mighty champions and private advice on how you can become a muscle star fast. And this free trial offer is yours without obligation for just 10¢ to cover cost of mailing and handling. Write today to Joe Weider, Dept. 43-16X, 531 32nd St., Union City, N.J.

POEMS WANTED

To Be Set To Music

Send one or more of your best poems today for FREE EXAMINATION. Any Subject. Immediate Consideration.

Phonograph Records Made

CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 164, New York

SPORTSMAN'S CHOICE

This new Norelco Cordless Speedshaver 15C is the ideal gift shaver for the sportsman, traveler, businessman. It tucks away in a small drawstring pouch . . . fits jacket or corner of briefcase. Gives comfortable rotary blade shaves. Runs on four replaceable penlight batteries —available anywhere. Self-sharpening rotary blades, on/off switch, easy 'fliptop' cleaning. Great for use in car, boat, office. For more details write to:

North American Philips Company, Inc.
100 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017

FOR TALL OR BIG MEN ONLY

McGregor Jackets, Slacks, Sweaters . . . all extra long. Dress, Sport Shirts with bodies 4" longer, sleeves to 38. Also 80 SMART SHOE STYLES in Sizes 10 AAA to 16 EEE. Hush Puppies, Boots, Dress, Sport, Casual shoes. Mail only. 100% Guaranteed. Send for FREE 64 Page CATALOG.
KING-SIZE, Inc., 5371 Forest St., Brockton, Mass.

BE A MAGICIAN!
1000 MAGIC TRICKS
AMAZE—MYSTIFY EVERYONE! BE LIFE OF PARTY! LOADS OF FUN! SEND FOR GIANT 160-PAGE CATALOG...LOADED WITH EXCITING TRICKS, JOKES, MAGIC, PUZZLES, ETC. ONLY 25c.
House of 1000 Mysteries, Dept. 516
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33308
GIANT CATALOG 25¢
MAKE MAGIC YOUR HOBBY! IT'S FUN!

EXTRA MONEY

SELL BOOK MATCHES

For Your Spare Time!

Turn spare hours into CASH! No experience necessary; no investment. Everything furnished FREE. Every business in your home town immediate prospect for Advertising Book Matches. Top commissions daily. Write us! Let us show you how!

SUPERIOR MATCH CO.
Dept.X166, 7528 Greenwood, Chicago, Ill. 60619

AND THE IDEAL LINE FOR ALL FULL TIME SPECIALTY MEN!

TIME OUT

WITH THE EDITORS

COLLEGE CLUB FOOTBALL IS A HAPPY DEVELOPMENT

In the last ten years, 133 colleges have dropped varsity football because of the pressures of competing on a big-time level. We have, more than once on these pages, outlined those pressures and deplored the excess of big-time college football—the recruiting merry-go-round, the lowering of academic standards, the professional, money-like atmosphere that surrounds the sport.

Now, though, we have something to cheer about in college football, a new development that is spreading rapidly all over the country, a development that is breathing fresh, clean air into the sport as played on the college level. Club football, it is called.

What is club football? The meaning varies a bit from campus to campus but basically it is football for fun, football that is mostly student-run, football that shuns high-paid coaching, high-pressure recruiting, million-dollar stadiums, a slice of television millions, and hand-picked squads, all of whom are attending college on the "free ride" implicit in a full football scholarship. None of this, thank you, is necessary in club football. At Manhattan College in New York City, which dropped big-time football 23 years ago, the club football program was initiated by the students. They raised more than $9000 to outfit a team. At St. Peter's College in Jersey City, the club team was coached by a student. At Iona College in New Rochelle, New York, 105 kids turned out, and not one was in school on a football scholarship.

Club football this fall was going big in the East, but the concept was spreading all over the country. Catholic University in Washington, D.C., had a club football team. So did Georgetown and the University of Chicago, and Santa Clara and San Francisco in the West, Imagine San Francisco, which once sent to the National Football League such stars as Ollie Matson, Gino Marchetti, Ed Brown and Bob St. Clair, fielding a club football team. . . .

Well, we think it's a delightful thing to imagine. We think club football can be important, a vital counter-balance to the crudities of big-time football. Not that we are against big-time football per se. More power to the Nebraskas, the Arkansas, the Michigan States, the Notre Dames of this world. The autumn of the year would be a cruel time indeed for most football fans if they couldn't enjoy college football at this near-professional level.

But there is a place, too, for college football at a thoroughly modest level. Club football is the perfect answer for the student who wants to play football but who doesn't want the sport to dominate his college life. Club football is the perfect answer for the college which simply cannot afford to be burdened by all that big-time football stands for.

Inevitably, club football will breed its own little pressures. At New York University the football coach quit before the end of the season because he said he had been promised that NYU would increase its schedule and become part of a league. Not so, said Vic Obeck, NYU's athletic director. "I told him," said Obeck, "that NYU wanted to restore football merely as another activity, so that boys who wanted to play the game could engage in it, just as boys who wanted to bowl or sail could partake in those activities . . . Club football is something that comes up from the students, not something imposed on them." And some schools are already looking at club football as only a stepping stone to bigger things. At Fordham, which fielded one of the best club teams in the East, the talk now is of eventually returning to regular varsity, inter-collegiate status. But we are sure that, for the most part, club football in college will remain what it is, a sport to be kept at a student-activity level. And that is, we think, a very high level. As University of South Florida athletic director Gil Hertz puts it: "It's good to see kids willing to give, not looking for what they're going to get." Yes, it is.

1966 Ford Galaxie 500 XL

Ford luxury comes in very sporty packages

XL, in one low, sleek, glittering, swift-moving package of performance—brings you more luxury than you might expect in such a decisively *go* car. Standard equipment includes: bucket seats; console shift; hefty 289 cu. in. V-8; Cruise-O-Matic transmission; deep wall to wall carpeting. You name it and you haven't named enough.

The 1966 XL offers still greater luxuries as optional equipment. You can order our new Stereo Tape system and get over 70 minutes of your favorite music on instant-change tape cartridges. Completely automatic. You can have your XL air conditioned or equipped with front disc brakes, or a vinyl-covered hardtop roof. And more.

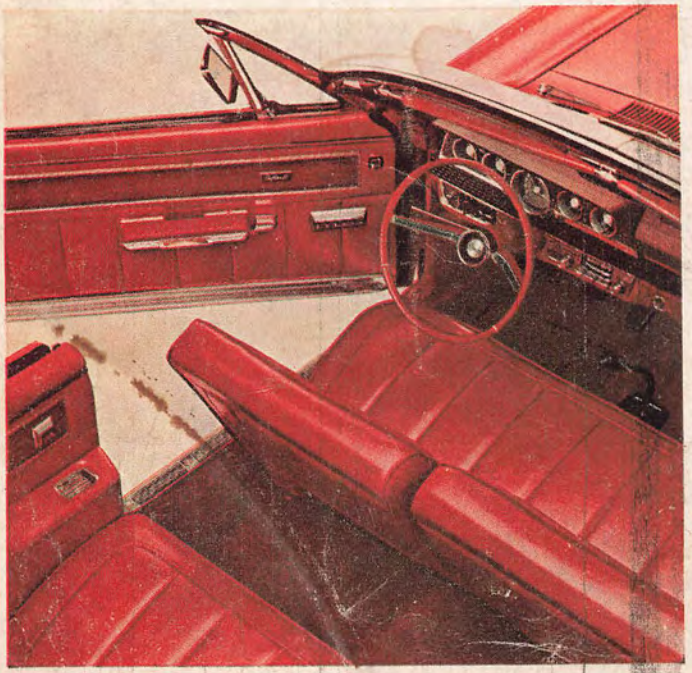
Something else you'll enjoy in the 1966 XL is a fantastically quiet ride. This results from Ford's advanced body-chassis-suspension engineering. Drive this 1966 Ford XL ... and listen! Just one quiet test drive can establish XL as the standard by which you judge luxury, performance, quiet ride, and value in any new car this year.

AMERICA'S
TOTAL PERFORMANCE CARS
FORD
MUSTANG • FALCON • FAIRLANE
FORD • THUNDERBIRD

COMET

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

Enjoy the great outdoors in this great indoors: Comet Caliente



Look closely and supply your own adjectives. Look at the wide, English-pleat vinyl seats. Look at the instrument panel. All business. With large, round instruments. Honest metal knobs, liberally chrome plated. And look at all the elbow room. (With padded arm rests to rest your elbows on.) Carpet? Of course. Wall to wall.

Now—how do you get this great indoors to the great outdoors?

With your choice of three muscular engines—all the way up to a 390 2-barrel V-8. Remember the name. Comet Caliente. It's one of America's big scenic wonders.

Mercury COMET

the big, beautiful performance champion